



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



SP21 4335. 14 A



Harvard College Library

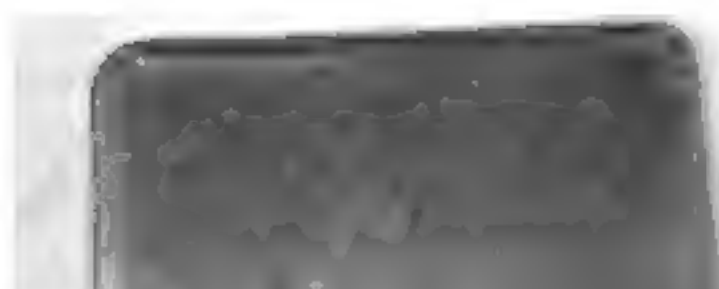
BOUGHT FROM THE FUND

BEQUEATHED BY

FRANCIS SALES

INSTRUCTOR IN SPANISH AND FRENCH

1816-1854





1

1

SPANIC

& MONOGRAPHS

**STUDIES, AND BRIEF
IES ISSUED BY THE
SOCIETY OF AMERICA**

INSULAR SERIES

IV

1

1



*ato perdido'' in The Royal Academy
of Spain*

de Cervantes Saavedra

IC ANTHOLOGY

LATED FROM THE SPANISH BY
ND NORTH AMERICAN POETS

FED AND ARRANGED BY

WALSH, Ph.D., Litt.D.

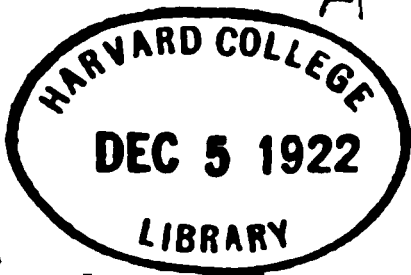
Member of the *Real Academia*
Buenas Letras, of the *Academia*
a and the Hispanic Society
of America



UTNAM'S SONS
ORK AND LONDON

1920

✓ 500 4335.14
A



Sales fund

COPYRIGHT, 1920
BY
THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA



To the memory

OF

JOYCE KILMER

**WHO, WHO EARNED A GLORIOUS
DEATH NEAR THE RIVER OURCQ,
JULY 30, 1918,—**

MY FRIEND.

iv

HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY

IV

HISPANIC NOTES

ORD	V
<p>ORD</p> <p>at glance, w world to re astilian; neve ats of this vo e greatest poe of ve presented i the beauties of e this achievement atter of legitimate spanist, the present fortune moment to aim he may have rethren of Hispanic ummary, in chrono- slations, by north- panish poems into</p> <p>ch a summary, and taneous tribute of</p>	
GRAPHS	IV

affectionate admiration to the contemporaneous Spanish poet—both Peninsular and American—from his English-speaking brethren of the north. It should perhaps be stated that, in the desire that this offering should be recognized as essentially a northern tribute, the editor has with reluctance omitted many able translations by Hispanic-Americans whose work, for the present at least, must be left to the more casual page of the periodical.

The *Hispanic Anthology* is also offered in the belief that it will greatly facilitate the work of the writer or lecturer on Spanish poetry who, hitherto, has been handicapped by the great difficulty in obtaining English versions adequate to illustrate his theme. To him, as to the student and general reader, the chronological arrangement of the material—the amount of which is surprising—and the bibliographical notes, which in many cases are the result of very considerable research, should prove extremely useful. Particularly is this true in the case of the more recent poets concerning whom accurate information is both scarce

WORD	vii
<p> matter of selection, a with the best c Hispanic-Ame t the editor has he opinions of </p> <p> re due to all those y permitted their in this collection— oldsmith, Mr. Wil- lfred Coester, Mr. arepont Rice, Miss , Miss Lilian E. Lee. </p> <p> THOMAS WALSH. </p>	
GRAPHS	IV

viii	HISPANIC ANTHOLO
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

SLATORS	ix
SLATORS	
BLACKWELL	
EN BRYANT	
ARKE	
R	
RALD	
LECKER	
ETT	
GIBSON	
TH	
GRAPHS	IV

x

HISPANIC ANTHOLO

**FELICIA HEMANS
ELIJAH CLARENCE HILLS**

JAMES KENNEDY

**MUNA LEE
J. G. LOCKHART
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFEL
ERNEST F. LUCAS**

**JOHN MASEFIELD
P. MOTTEUX**

THOMAS PERCY

**JOHN PIERREPONT RICE
THOMAS ROSCOE
R. SELDEN ROSE**

**ROBERT SOUTHEY
GARRET STRANGE
ARTHUR SYMONS**

**GEORGE TICKNOR
R. C. TRENCH**

**THOMAS WALSH
J. H. WIFFEN
WILLIAM G. WILLIAMS**

IV

HISPANIC NOTES

CTIONS	xi
CTIONS	
PAGE	
IGUEL DE	
<i>Frontispiece</i>	
. . .	155
. . .	167
. . .	179
. . .	189
. . .	213
SO DE . .	220
. . .	227
. . .	245
S DE . .	267
X DE . .	279
LEONARDO DE	285
. . .	298
GRAPHS	IV

	PAGE
FRAY HORTENSIO: FELIS DE PARAVICINO Y ARTEAGA	307
QUEVEDO VILLEGAS, FRANCISCO DE (<i>Photogravure</i>)	311
CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA, PEDRO .	332
GRACIÁN Y MORALES, BALTASAR .	340
SISTER JUANA INÉS DE LA CRUZ .	356
FERNÁNDEZ DE MORATÍN, LEANDRO .	375
HEREDIA, JOSÉ MARÍA DE . .	404
ESPRONCEDA, JOSÉ DE . . .	420
ZORILLA, JOSÉ	438
CAMPOAMOR, RAMÓN DE . . .	445
NÚÑEZ DE ARCE, GASPAR ESTEBAN .	485
CASTRO, ROSALÍA DE . . .	503
MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO, MARCELINO .	546
CASAL, JULIÁN DEL	565
DARÍO, RUBÉN	594
NERVO, AMADO	627

HOLOGY	I
<p>HOLOGY</p>	
RAPHS	IV

2	HISPANIC ANTHOLOG
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

U S	3
<p>S</p> <p>E CID</p> <p>posed about the orary record of panish chivalry. nchez (Madrid,</p> <p>a them, and he</p> <p>teway and the door, nantle nor coat</p> <p>goshawk, and</p> <p>ply, such grief</p>	
R A P H S	IV

And he spake well and wisely: "Oh
in Heaven that art
Our Father and our Master, now I
thanks to Thee.
Of their wickedness my foemen have
this thing to me."

2

Then they shook out the bridle rein for
to ride afar.
They had the crow on their right hand
they issued from Bivar,
And as they entered Burgos upon
left it sped.
And the Cid shrugged his shoulders
the Cid shook his head:
"Good tidings, Alvar Fañez! We are
ished from our weal,
But on a day with honor shall we come
Castile."

3

Roy Diaz entered Burgos with sixty
nons strong,

US	5
<p> in did the men townsman at t son, their gr her they spake an he had a welcome, but ng and the fury of came ere the ought it and it iaz give shelter r, let him know, </p>	
RAPHS	IV

He shall lose his whole possession, na
eyes within his head.

Nor shall his soul and body be fo
better stead."

Great sorrow had the Christians, an
his face they hid.

Was none dared aught to utter un
lord the Cid.

Then the Campeador departed un
lodging straight.

But when he was come hither, the
locked and barred the gate.

In their fear of Don Alfonso had the
even so.

An the Cid forced not his entrance,
for weal or woe,

Durst they open it unto him. Lou
men did call.

Nothing thereto in answer said th
within the hall.

My lord the Cid spurred onward,
doorway did he go.

He drew his foot from the stirrup, he
the door one blow.

Yet the door would not open, for th
barred it fast.

OUS	7
<p> mers came unto r thou girdedst even came the ought it, and it et you for any uses and lands r, the eyes with- ortunes, naught ain. power support ed away. Unto favor now well ward he spurred </p>	
RAPHS	IV

When he had reached Saint Mary's, then
he got swiftly down.
He fell upon his knees and prayed with a
true heart indeed:
And when his prayer was over, he mounted
on the steed.
Forth from the gate and over the Arlanzon
he went.
There in the sand by Burgos, the Cid let
pitch his tent.
Roy Diaz, who in happy hour had girded
on the brand,
Since none at home would greet him, en-
camped there on the sand
With a good squadron, camping as if with-
in the wood.
They will not let him in Burgos buy any
kind of food,—
Provender for a single day they dared not
to him sell.

6

Then said the Cid, who in good hour had
girded on the steel:

thou art a good

I shall pay thee

and all my gold is

test that I bring

ful for my good

othing, by might

get ready coffer

ill them, to lift a

umped leather with

er.

ather, well gilded

asten to Vidas and

Since in Burgos they forbade me aught to
purchase, and the King
Withdraws his favor, unto them my goods
I cannot bring.
They are heavy, and I must pawn them for
whatso'er is right.
That Christians may not see it, let them
come for them by night.
May the Creator judge it and of all the
Saints the choir.
I can no more, and I do it against my own
desire."

8

Martin stayed not. Through Burgos he
hastened forth and came
To the Castle. Vidas and Raqué! he de-
manded them by name.

9

Raquél and Vidas sate to count their goods
and profits through
When up came Antolinez the prudent man
and true.

IOUS

II

Vidas, am I dear

They tarried not.
apart.

Vidas, your hands

y me to Christian

rever. You shall

res went forth the

ered, but he only

n against him was

offers full of pure

favor a man may

ouses, his meadow

t bring you lest he
ed.

offers will deliver

GRAPHS

IV

And do you lend unto him whatever may
be just.

Do you take the chests and keep them but
swear a great oath here

That you will not look within them for the
space of all this year."

The two took counsel: "Something to our
profit must inure

In all barter. He gained something in the
country of the Moor

When he marched there, for many goods
he brought with him away.

But he sleeps not unsuspected, who brings
coined gold to pay.

Let the two of us together take now the
coffers twain.

In some place let us put them where unseen
they shall remain.

"What the lord Cid demanded, we, prithee,
let us hear,

And what will be our usury for the space of
all this year?"

Said Martin Antolinez like a prudent man
and true:

"Whatever you deem right and just the
Cid desires of you.

goods are left in

beseech the Cid

money the Cid is

him gladly," Ra-

sorely pressed.

his."

las: "Men do not

surety and there-

"So be it as for

ampeador for 'tis

with the chests,

r care,

Christian thereof

it well content,"

iel,

arks six hundred

chests again."

And Martin Antolinez rode swiftly with the
twain.

And they were glad exceeding. O'er the
bridge he did not go,

But through the stream, that never a
Burgalese should know

Through him thereof. And now behold
the Campeador his tent.

When they therein had entered to kiss his
hands they bent.

My lord the Cid smiled on them and unto
them said he;

"Ha, Don Raquél and Vidas, you have for-
gotten me!

And now must I go hence away who am
banished in disgrace,

For the King from me in anger hath turned
away his face.

I deem that from my chattels you shall gain
somewhat of worth,

And you shall lack for nothing while you
dwell upon the earth."

At the loading of the coffers you had seen
great joy of heart.

OUS	15
<p>leave the great they stark and tal to Vidas and forever till their</p> <p>l the Cid, Raqué : appy hour thou l. goest to the men ne and great thy ands again—but antle splendidly " the Cid in an-</p>	
GRAPHS	IV

“If from abroad I bring it, well doth the
matter stand;
If not, take it from the coffers I leave here
· in your hand.”

—*R. Seldon Rose and Leonard Bacon.*

OUS	17
<p>MOR</p> <p><i>inédits du XIII</i> vi, pp. 368-373), lished this poem ame of Lope de out he is conjec- ist.</p> <p>erflowing, ing</p> <p>hymes etimes) ice ice,</p> <p>weet</p>	
RAPHS	IV

In an olive grove I made retreat,
My dinner done, where the branches mee
And a cup of wine mine eyes did greet
In the cooling shade of an apple-tree
Full and ruddy as wine can be.
It had been placed by a lady fair
Who was mistress of the orchards there,
For on him she loved her mind would thinl
When he came that way he would stop an
 drink,
He would quaff it down in a fashion mee
Whenever he loitered there to eat,
And thus refreshed would remain always
Strong and healthy through all his days.
Higher up on the apple bough
Another cup caught my vision now,
Full to the brim of the water clear
That oozed from the dewy branches near.
I would have tasted its liquor pure
But I feared in it enchantment sure,
So I laid my head to the verdant sward
Where a midday rest I might afford,
And the heat of the day was burning so
I stripped my clothing from head to toe,
And slipped in the spring that flowed
 thereby—

eye!—
too,
through and
the shore
may no more.

margin fair;
rose,
close,
on row
know;
was shed
the dead.

en
;
wer,
t bower,
nd hour,—
ne—
the same—
is she;
s blown free,—
sing fair,
le rare.
ely turned,—

Ne'er such another have you discerned!—
 Her eyes of midnight shining clear;
 Her lovely lips where white teeth appear
 'Twixt the ruby smiles so full and free—
 Perfection's self, so it seemed to me!—
 Her girdle broad and measured well
 To a graceful line about her fell,
 Her cloak and gown were of nothing less
 Than samite white, her form to dress;
 The little hat upon her head
 'Gainst the midday heats was garlanded;
 And you would have known by the gloves
 she wore
 No peasant maid was she who bore.
 The flowers bent down before her feet
 As she walked along, while her lips repeat
 This song of love:

.
*“O friend of mine,
 Would that my arms could always twine
 About you here in love, and know
 The sweets of loving forever so!
 For you are a scholar as you show,
 And for this I hold you far more dear.
 Never a man did I ever hear*

heart makes clear.
 to share
 wear.
 heart
 ce may start;
 y bright
 as a right
 h a call
 ind in all;
 great,
 y abate.
 well,
 ful dwell!"

d so,
 go;
 not for long,
 n strong.
 t boor;
 pure,
 l down
 branches brown.
 dy, say,
 until today?"—
 th love I glow,
 I know;

But I should bid his messenger hear,
That I know he's a cleric, not cavalier;
That he reads and writes and sings full clear,
That he follows the troubadour's career.
I know, as well, that his birth is fair
And the first of his youthful beard is there."
"For God's sake, lady, say to me
What gifts hath he sent in courtesy?"—
"These perfumed gloves, this hat, he sent,
This ring, this coral ornament;
And for his love they are the sign
Of the love I bear this sweet friend of mine."
There I, in truth, the trinkets knew
That I had sent! and to her view
The little sash I wore, displayed
With the broideries her hands had made.
She doffed her shoulder mantle bright,
She kissed my mouth and eyelids right,
And such delight she took of me
That I cannot give the history.
"Lord God be praised that here below
My lover dear so well I know!"—
Full long, full long, we tarried there,
When came the thought unto my fair,
And she explained,—“My Master sweet,
If you should deem it more discreet,

ould I go—"
 shall show
 e,
 ror."—
 t,
 ent,
 the gate
 grew desolate
 sleep,
 to peep;
 blown
 lone,
 its way
 laid,
 ible great
 ranate.
 cup of gold
 arce uphold,
 ts weight
 e of the pome-

was filled
 was chilled,
 at an end
 de to blend.
 homas Walsh.

GONZALO DE BERCIO

(1180-1246)

THE PRAISE OF SPRING

(From *The Miracles of our Lady*)

GONZALO DE BERCIO was born at Be
 Little is known of the events of his
 except that he was a priest of the Ben
 tine Monastery of San Millán in the dioce
 Calahorra. His poems, for the most
 devotional, were edited by Florencio J
 (*Biblioteca de autores españoles*, vol.
 There is an edition of the *Vida de S*
Domingo by J. D. Fitzgerald (Paris, 190.

I, Gonzalo de Berceo, in the ge
 summertide,
 Wending upon a pilgrimage, came t
 meadow's side;
 All green was it and beautiful, with flo
 far and wide,—
 A pleasant spot, I ween, wherein the tra
 ler might abide.

best odors filled all
 ed the sense, but
 care;
 in gushed, whose
 er,
 mer sun, but warm

 and shadowy trees,
 en,
 egranate, the pear
 various kinds, the
 en,
 to the taste and
 en.

dow green, the odor

 the trees, tempered
 ers,
 urning heat of the
 ars;
 pon the balm and
 bowers!

Ne'er had I found on earth a spot that had
such power to please,
Such shadows from the summer sun, such
odors on the breeze;
I threw my mantle on the ground, that I
might rest at ease,
And stretched upon the greensward lay
in the shadow of the trees.

There soft reclining in the shade, all cares
beside me flung,
I heard the soft and mellow notes that
through the woodland rung;
Ear never listened to a strain, for instru-
ment or tongue,
So mellow and harmonious as the songs
above me sung.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

CÁNTICA OF THE VIRGIN

Keep watch, keep watch, keep watch,
Keep watch on the Council of the Jew,
Keep watch;
That they steal not God's Son from you,
Keep watch!

E BERCEO

27

re set upon;

John,

long,

long,

rs are,

it and bar,

e way,

rse they,

ave employed,

ployed,

o deceit,

ir feet,

ons wise,

OGRAPHIS

IV

That from His taking shall arise,
Keep watch;
Thomas and old Matthew too,
Keep watch,
They desire this theft to do,
Keep watch;
The disciple Him did sell,
Keep watch;
The Master did not deem it well,
Keep watch.
Don Philip, Simon, and Don Jude,
Keep watch,
For the stealing aids they sued,
Keep watch.
If they have succeeded here,
Keep watch,
On to-day it will appear,
Keep watch.

— *Roderick Gill.*

THE LIFE OF SAN MILLÁN

And when the kings were in the field,—
their squadrons in array,—
With lance in rest they onward pressed to
mingle in the fray;

BERCEO	29
<p> istians fell a terror us army,—a little n people stood in turned their eyes, ights on high; ; they beheld, all t, w-tallen snow their e white. horses more white such as before no en; rozier,—a pontiff's x,—such man ne'er ical, celestial forms h the fields of air pid way; Moorish host with ok, </p>	
DOGRAPHS	IV

And in their hands with dire portent their
naked sabres shook.
The Christian host beholding this, straight-
way take heart again;
They fall upon their bended knees, all
resting on the plain,
And each one with his clenched fist to smite
his breast begins,
And promises to God on high he will for-
sake his sins.
And when the heavenly knights drew near
unto the battle-ground,
They dashed among the Moors and dealt
unerring blows around;
Such deadly havoc there they made the
foremost ranks among
A panic terror spread unto the hindmost of
the throng.
Together with these two good knights, the
champions of the sky,
The Christians rallied and began to smite
full sore and high;
The Moors raised up their voices and by
the Koran swore
That in their lives such deadly fray they
ne'er had seen before.

elievers,—fast sped

numbered lay, and
h fright;

ed that to the field

om the battle they
shame.

em,—they dreamed

he Moors shot from
s

hem in their flight
a full sore,
alt the foe was paid

e crozier, and the
n

stle, the brother of

ucifix, and wore the

Millán of Cogolla's

. *W. Longfellow.*

SAN MIGUEL DE LA TUMBA

San Miguel de la Tumba is a convent
vast and wide;
The sea encircles it around, and groans on
every side;
It is a wild and dangerous place, and many
woes betide
The monks who in that burial place in
penitence abide.
Within those dark monastic walls, amid
the ocean flood
Of pious fasting monks there dwelt a holy
brotherhood;
To the Madonna's glory there an altar
high was placed
And a rich and costly image the sacred
altar graced.
Exalted high upon a throne, the Virgin
Mother smiled,
And as the custom is, she held within her
arms the Child;
The kings and wisemen of the East were
kneeling by her side;
Attended was she like a queen whom God
had sanctified.

.

face a screen of
 is, 'tis called in
 peacock's wing
 and fair,
 even above when
 people's sins, fell
 broke;
 walls the flames
 consumed, missal
 lives the monks
 forsook.

ing flame raged
 gin Queen, it did
 ury screen before
 s worth the image

The image it did not consume, it d
burn the screen;
Even in the value of a hair they we
hurt, I ween;
Not even the smoke did reach the
injure more the shrine
Than the bishop, hight Don Tell
been hurt by hand of mine.

—*H. W. Longfel*

<i>SABIO</i>	35
<p>X 4)</p> <p>A</p> <p><i>el sabio</i> or "The ther of all Spanish a successful ruler, codes, chronicles, The principal work is the <i>Cantigas de</i> ct of the Galician een edited for the id, 1889, 2 vols.), arqués de Valmar.</p> <p>of God, upon me! er-flood oh, see! uncles, all, thee; ie recall,</p> <p><i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>	
GRAPHS	IV

THE TREASURY

The strange intelligence then reached my
ears

That in the land of Egypt lived a man,
Who, wise of wit, subjected to his scan
The dark occurrences of uncome years;
He judged the stars, and by the moving
spheres

And aspects of the heavens unveiled the
dim

Face of futurity, which then to him
Appeared, as clear to us the past appears.
A yearning towards this sage inspired my
pen

And tongue, that instant, with humility
Descending from my height of majesty;
Such mastery has a strong desire o'er men;
My earnest prayers I wrote—I sent—
with ten

My noblest envoys, loaded each apart
With gold and silver, which with all my
heart

I offered him, but the request was vain.
With much politeness the wise man replied,
“You, sire, are a great king, and I should be

<i>SABIO</i>	37
<p>but in such a fee I take no sort of use them; I abide want wealth; in every way servant." I com- my argosies, the Alexand ing master to my ll kind courtesies; abilities, movement of the him these many ght of the wise. -J. H. Wiffen.</p>	
GRAPHS	IV

MOSSÉN JORDI DE SAN JORDI

(About 1250)

SONG OF CONTRARIES

Mossén Jordi de San Jordi, an elusive figure in early Spanish literary history, is confused with another figure called Jordi del Rey. Both are said to have been born either in Valencia or Catalonia about the middle of the thirteenth or fifteenth century, although the style of the present selection would seem to point to the later as the more probable date.

From day to day I learn but to unlearn,
I live to die—my pleasure is my woe;
In dreary darkness I can light discern,
Though blind, I see, and all but knowledge
know.

I nothing grasp, and yet the world embrace,
Though bound to earth, o'er highest heaven
I fly.

With what's behind I run an untried race

h holds me might-

g after bliss,

bt of all I see;

lost substantia

e dear to me;

r, of hearing v ;

ecomes falseh ood

hft, though un-

and sense to folly

the deeper fall,

nk, then mount I

waking, dreams I

ter than fire I feel;

ould leave undone;

est, slowest flows;

n, 'neath pain's

est lambkin grows.

—*Anonymous.*

JUAN LORENZO SEGURA
(Late thirteenth century)

MAY

JUAN LORENZO SEGURA, a native of Astorga, in the latter part of the thirteenth century who became an ecclesiastic—"bon clerigo é onrado"—and who left a long poem on Alexander the Great.

It was the month of May, a glorious
time,
When merry music make the birds in
boughs,
Dressed are the meads with beauty far and
wide,
And sighs the ladye that has not a
spouse;
Tide sweet for marriages; flowers and fresh
winds
Temper the clime; in every village near

ng, and with blythe
 good wishes of the
 naids, are all out of
 o gather flowers at
 er each to each,
 ost tender deem the
 —*J. H. Wiffen.*

JUAN RUÍZ: Archpriest of Hita
(About 1300)

TO VENUS

JUAN Ruíz, was the Archpriest of Hita, in the neighborhood of Guadalajara. It is conjectured that he was born in 1283. His ecclesiastical superiors found it necessary to imprison and degrade him. He is a poet of peculiarly personal character, strangely akin in spirit to the French poet François Villon. His *Libro de buen Amor* is to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores castellanos* (vol. lvii); other editions are that of J. Ducamin (Toulouse, 1901), and of Julio Cejador y Frauca (Madrid, 1913). See also *El Arcipreste de Hita* (Madrid, 1906), by Julio Puyol y Alonso.

Of figure very graceful, with amorous look,
correct,
Sweet, lovely, full of frolic, mild, with
mirth by prudence checked,

DE HITA	43
<p>dy-like, in wreathèd ks upon with love - ve, at thy footstool nt desire of all, thy ster of all creatures; reator, or for sorrow ble princes, every or their being; oh, amiss! give good fortune, y, nor harsh; sweet is! and so wounded by ncealed and buried art, the wound; I dare</p>	
DOGRAPHS	IV

Her name, ere I forget her, may I perish
with the smart!

I have lost my lively color, and my mind
is in decay;

I have neither strength nor spirits, I fall
off both night and day;

My eyes are dim, they serve alone to lead
my steps astray

If thou do not give me comfort, I shall
swoon and pass away.

Replieth Venus:

Tell all thy feelings without fear or being
swayed by shame,

To every amorous-looking miss, to every
gadding dame;

Amongst a thousand, thou wilt scarce find
one that e'er will blame

Thine unembarrassed suit, nor laugh to
scorn thy tender flame.

If the first wave of the rough sea, when it
comes roaring near,

Should frighten the rude mariner, he ne'er
would plough the clear

With his brass-beakéd ship; then ne'er
let the first word sever

DE HITA	45
<p>rst repulse, affright</p> <p>ts grow soft, walled</p> <p>;</p> <p>grave weights are</p> <p>many swear</p> <p>red are, and fishes</p> <p>n wave; then why</p> <p>ir?</p> <p>—<i>J. H. Wiffen.</i></p> <p>LE WOMEN</p> <p>sermon brief,—to</p> <p>—</p> <p>mon is my utter</p> <p>its at law without</p> <p>ighted with things</p> <p>-stock; he's a fool</p> <p>ng</p> <p>so much, one falls</p> <p>.</p>	
GRAPHS	IV

There are women who are very tall,
yet not worth the winning,
And in the change of short for long re
tance finds beginning.

To praise the little women Love besce
me in my musing;

To tell their noble qualities is quite be
refusing;

So I'll praise the little women, and y
find the thing amusing

They are, I know, as cold as snow, w
flames around diffusing.

They're cold without, whilst warm w
the flame of Love is raging,

They're gay and pleasant in the stre
soft, cheerful, and engaging,

They're thrifty and discreet at home,-
cares of life assuaging;

All this and more;—try and you'll
how true is my presaging.

In a little precious stone what sple
meets the eyes!

In a little lump of sugar how muc
sweetness lies!

DE HITA	47
<p>e grows and multi-</p> <p>b says,—“A word</p> <p>small, but seasons</p> <p>diments, although</p> <p>r;</p> <p>is, if Love will let</p> <p>the world you will</p> <p>rose you find the</p> <p>old much price and</p> <p>much odor doth</p> <p>here's a taste of</p> <p>s secret worth be-</p> <p>ie, in the clearness</p>	
GRAPHS	IV

Just so a little woman much excellence
displays,
Beauty and grace and love and fidelity
always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though
small and light of wing
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all
the birds that sing;
And so a little woman, though a very little
thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar and flowers that
bloom in spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have
many a thrilling note,
Each as a gay musician doth strain his
little throat
A merry little songster in his green and
yellow coat;
And such a little woman is, when Love
doth make her dote.

There's nought can be compared to her,
throughout the wide creation;
She is a paradise on earth,—our greatest
consolation,—

DE HITA	49
<p>py, so free from all</p> <p>the proot than in</p> <p>e woman's charms</p> <p>o be from all the</p> <p>e the less—said a</p> <p>it,</p> <p>nan-kind be sure</p> <p><i>W. Longfellow.</i></p>	
GRAPHS	IV

PERO LÓPEZ DE AYALA

(1332-1407)

SONG TO THE VIRGIN MARY

PERO LÓPEZ DE AYALA was a Basque courtier in the suite of Pedro the Cruel, He of Trastamara, John I, and Henry He became Grand Chancellor of Castile 1398. His principal work is the *Rimad Palacio* (*Biblioteca de autores españoles*, lvii). It is also to be found in a new edition edited by Albert Kuersteiner in the *Biblioteca hispánica*.

Lady, as I know thy power,
I place my hopes in thee;
Thy shrine in Guadalupe's tower
My pilgrim steps shall see.

Thy welcome ever was most sweet
To those who come in care;
When from this prison I retreat,
I'll seek thine image there.

ower,
thee;
pe's tower,
all see.

ld I call
ocate;
more than all,
i great.
ower,
thee;
pe's tower
all see.

shows the way,
my wrong;
today
along.
ower,
thee;
pe's tower
all see.

Thomas Walsh.

ALVARO DE LUNA

(1388-1453)

CANCIÓN

ALVARO DE LUNA, from a mere page became Grand Constable of Castile through the favor of Juan II. He obtained unbounded power and wealth, but earned the hatred of the nobles, who procured his abandonment and execution by his King in 1453. His poems are characteristic in their frivolous, daring manner of the age in which he flourished. Some of his poetical work is to be found in the *Cancionero de Baena* (edition of P. J. Pidal, Madrid, 1851).

Since to cry
And to sigh
I ne'er cease;
And in vain
I would gain
My release;
Yet I still

DE LUNA	53
<p>will, see way y e. it olight y joy; ath i breath</p> <p>ance glance i; rief</p> <p>corn. -<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>	
GRAPHS	IV

ÍÑIGO LÓPEZ DE MENDOZA

(1398-1458)

SERRANILLA

ÍÑIGO LÓPEZ DE MENDOZA, Marqués de Santillana, the son of the Admiral of Castile and nephew of López de Ayala, was born in Carrión de los Condes. He was a skillful politician and bitterly opposed to Alvar Núñez Luna. He died at Guadalajara on March 23, 1458. He is remarkable for a fine classical knowledge, and for his acquaintance with all the literary forms of the Provençal and Italian schools. He is thought to have been the first to employ the sonnet form in Spanish. His *Obras* were published in Madrid, 1793, edited by José Amador de los Ríos, and his poems are to be found in the *Cancionero castellano del siglo XV*, collected by M. Foulché-Delbosc in the *Nueva biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xix).

From Calatrava as I took my way
At holy Mary's shrine to kneel and pray

ids heavy lay,
nd was very rough

et a peasant child:
e herds around her,
nd her.

with tender grass,
rds, lad and lass,
I watched her pass:
e believe her what

around her.

s in the Spring
ir fashioning:
ow this secret thing,
er first as then I

ie herds around her,
her face to see
f my liberty.

ow what she might

assed this way?"

She smiled and answered me: "In vain
 you sue,
 Full well my heart discerns the hope in you:
 But she of whom you speak, and have
 not found her.
 Her heart is free, no thought of love has
 bound her,
 Here with the herds around her."

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

CANCIÓN

Whether you love me
 I cannot tell.
 But that I love you,
 This I know well.

You and none other
 Hold I so dear.
 This shall be always,
 Year upon year.

When first I saw you,
 So it befell.
 I gave you all things—
 This I know well.

E MENDOZA	57
<p>ou</p> <p>all things me.</p> <p>v you, ll, nder, ll.</p> <p>ed you, e, erve you e.</p> <p>sen d. gn not, ll. <i>Pierrepont Rice.</i></p>	
GRAPHS	IV

ANONYMOUS
(Fifteenth century)

VILLANCICO

THIS *Villancico* is a remarkable little poem found in the *Cancionero musical de los siglos XV y XVI*, published by F. Asenjo Barbieri (Madrid, 1890, no. 17, p. 62).

Three dark maids,—I loved them when
In Jaën,—

Axa, Fátima, Marien.

Three dark maids who went together
Picking olives in clear weather,
My, but they were in fine feather
In Jaën,—

Axa, Fátima, Marien!—

There the harvests they collected,
Turning home with hearts dejected,
Haggard where the sun reflected
In Jaën,—

Axa, Fátima, Marien—

MOUS	59
<p>vely they— vely, they hat day</p> <p><i>-Thomas Walsh.</i></p> <p>GLOVE</p> <p><i>nero general</i></p> <p>hite hand bare, ead pale parent veil al her hair. nd air, e displayed, rms arrayed, ugitive;— hat live, or the dead. . <i>W. Longfellow.</i></p>	
GRAPHS	IV

MICER FRANCISCO IMPERIAL
(Early fifteenth century)

DEZIR

MICER FRANCISCO IMPERIAL was the son of a Genoese jeweller settled in Seville. He is important as the first poet in Spanish to imitate the poems of Dante in their allegorical style. Thirteen of his poems are to be found in the *Cancionero de Baena*.

Passing on no vain journey was I upon the
day

On Guadalquiver's bridge I went with
footsteps free

Unto the fair encounter that thereon came
to me,

Where by the River's reaches, as old
Triana lay,

The lovely star Diana her beauty did display;
Upon that May day early, hard at the
break of morn

images to adorn,—
 praises due, I pay!—

to show, I chose

rare; the rose in

breathing rarest of

from the meadow

honest smiled so

the messenger of

murmured “Hail,
 ,

adise to speak its

, and authors wise

Dante, and he too,
he Art of Love is due,
 written the praise

For she is as the moon in the stars' citadel,
When her with other women one started to
compare,—

A shining flame amid the brightest planets
there—

A rose among the flowers for beauty and
for smell.

Though not to be disdained for beauty or
for grace

The fragile enfregyme, the flowery pride of
Greece,

The blossom that the Trojan voices never
cease

To praise on high and give the loftiest of
place;

Yet native to our soil, where never furrows
trace,

There sometimes comes to blossom so
beautiful a rose,

So stately and so lovely, it quite outshineth
those,—

And that alone is worthy to be put beside
her face.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

EZ TALAVERA.
ntury)

ERA was Comman-
ava. Sixteen of his
the *Cancionero de*
al distinction not
ice of his works to
ique and the verses
aque.

t aside the veil,
blurs and blinds

queror look aright,
beneath his flail.
let our sighs
art a penitent,
e has spent,
outh, against the

Surely no life at all we live, who here
But measure the assured approach
death—

The cruel, treacherous master of our bre
And when we think to live,—ah, he is ne
We are well certain of our hour of birth
But when we die, ah, certain we are no
No certitude of life an hour we've got;
With tears we come, with tears we le
the earth.

And what became of all the emperors,
The popes and kings, and all the prel
lords,

The dukes and counts whom hist
records,

Their rich and strong and learned servitc
And all who in the lists of love would w
In gallant arms throughout the spread
world,—

And all in art's and science's scroll enfur
Where doctors, poets, troubadours, enga

Father and son and brother, parents fo
And friends and sweethearts of our v
breast,

I drank and took

ong in friendships

I brave striplings

ness beneath the

short shift have

here and now are

the Admiral,
dee of Castile;
o pluck doth steal
his compeers out-

farthest East
and the glory's

ll his gracious, fine
nd bold increased.

are briefly grown
en to nothingness;

Others are bones that are of flesh the
And, refuse of the trenches, there are th
And others are disjointed limbs, their
Without a body, without hands or fe
Others whereon the worms begin to
Others new set for burial with the de

Where now the lordships, prelacies
powers,
The tributes and the rents signorial?
Where now their pomps and court
withal,
Where their campaignings and their co
hours?
Where all their sciences and learned l
Where are their masters of the poet'
Where the great rhymers, where the sin
heart,
Where he that struck the lute-string
and o'er?

Where are the treasures, vassals, serv
Where are their hangings and their pre
stones,
Where are their pearls baroque in
thrones,

the arks and scented
of gold and shining
s and their buckles
that glittered row
hat tinkled on their
and suppers gay be-
and tourney after-
ns and new-fangled
with which their
and the banquet
nd splendor of their
nd the pleasant plays,
l's and the joglar's

In faith meseems without a shade of doubt,
The days are now accomplished as foretold
Isaias, prophet son of Amos old,
Who said: "All order shall be blotted out;
Corruption shall be over every worth,
And death o'er all of humankind shall creep,
And every gate shall hear the voices weep,
And all the people be destroyed from
earth!"

Such is the end and tribulation seen
By Jeremias prophet of man's woes,
Whose eyes a flood of weepings did disclose
Whose loud lamentings did his grief demean
Mourning his sins and errors of his days,
And this is written, anyone may read,
Within his chapters and clear and full
indeed;
These surely are the times of which he says.

Wherefore good sense advises we should
arm
Our souls with all the virtues that they lack,
And take earth's empty treasures from our
back
Since they are sure to go at first alarm.

EZ TALAVERA

69

is with kindly eyes,
; dying give;
ses, ceasing but to

re never dies!
-*Thomas Walsh.*

DOGRAPHS

IV

JUAN II OF CASTILE

(1405-1454)

CANCIÓN

KING JUAN II of Castile was a weak character, a futile monarch, but a good critic and a graceful poet. He was lordly patron of a court to which flocked over two hundred troubadours and poets. His story is intimately involved with that of his favorite Alvaro de Luna.

O Love, I never, never thought
Thy power had been so great,
That thou couldst change my fate,
By changes in another wrought,
Till now, alas! I know it.

I thought I knew thee well,
For I had known thee long;
But though I felt thee strong,
I felt not all thy spell.

CASTILE	71
<p>thought n so great, change my fate, r wrought, w it. -<i>George Ticknor.</i></p>	
DOGRAPHS	IV

JUAN DE MENA

(1411-1456)

CANCIÓN

JUAN DE MENA was born at Cordoba, where his father was *regidor*. After travelling Italy he returned to Spain and became Latin Secretary to Juan II. He was a great favorite of this monarch and died at Torrelaguna. He was the leading poet of his time being called "The Spanish Ennius." His principal poem, *El Laberinto*, imitates the scheme of Dante's *Commedia*. *El Laberinto*, also known as *Las Trezientas*, was published by M. Foulché-Delbosc (Mâcon, 1904). See also F. Wolf, *Studien*, p. 772, and George Ticknor, *History of Spanish Literature*, i, p. 329.

As I upon my pallet lie,
The greatest grief I know
Is thinking when I said "Good-bye"
To the breast I'm loving so.

M E N A	73
<p>I feel ought, reveal brought. pering go ; e said "Good-bye" ring so.</p> <p>le hear s are, quite as near s far. ey show nigh, r "Good-bye" ring so. -<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p> <p><i>EL ENAMORADO</i> <i>aberinto)</i></p> <p>le looked so long cías; in a bower ing still the hour e and love in wrong.</p>	
D G R A P H S	IV

Nearer I drew for sympathy was strong
In me, when I perceived he was from Spain;
And there I heard him sing the saddest strain
That e'er was tuned in elegiac song.

"Love crowned me with his myrtle crown;
my name

Will be pronounced by many, but, alas,
When his pangs caused me bliss, not slighter
woe

The mournful suffering that consumed my
frame!

His sweet snares conquer the lorn mind
they tame,

But do not always then continue sweet;
And since they cause me ruin so complete,
Turn, lovers, turn, and disesteem his fame;
Dangers so passionate be glad to miss;
Learn to be gay; flee from sorrows touch;
Learn to disserve him you have served so
much,

Your devoirs pay at any shrine but his:
If the short joy that in his service is,
Were but proportioned to the long, long
pain,

Neither would he that once has loved com-
plain,

MENA	75
<p>ved despair of bliss. ssin or night-rover, l upon the wheel, olves with zeal haracter recover; ectacle is over, easy unconcern; espair return, ave lived, a lover!"</p> <p>—<i>J. H. Wiffen.</i></p>	
DOGRAPHS	IV

GÓMEZ MANRIQUE

(1415-1491)

TO A LADY GOING VEILED

GÓMEZ MANRIQUE, Lord of Amusco, was a nephew of the Marqués de Santillana and brother of Rodrigo Manrique, Grand-Master of Santiago, called "the Second Cid." At first a mere courtier, he devoted himself to the poetry fashionable at the court of Juan II. He was called to sterner duties by his warlike brother and supported in battle the claims of the Pretender Alonso and his sister Isabel of Castile. He is distinguished for a pathos similar to that employed by his great nephew, Jorge Manrique, and this, as well as his satirical poetry, may be studied in his *Cancionero* edited by Antonio Paz y Mélia (Madrid, 1885).

The very heart went out of me
When first I saw your face,
And soon it did appear to me
Your eyes in mine would trace.

<p>ENRIQUE</p> <hr/> <p> rarely breathe her veil beneath my trail. </p> <p> grace seen; warm would trace green; care w igled there view. <i>Thomas Walsh.</i> </p> <p> GOVERNMENT DO </p> <p> conqueror, man of fighting; soldier; her writing. </p> <p> out came elements from off her, fame from dishonor. </p> <hr/> <p>GRAPHS</p>	<p>77</p> <hr/> <hr/> <p>IV</p>
---	---------------------------------

Where none there be to rule the town
How soon its triumph will be ended!
How soon the roof-tree tumble down
Where not a dweller is attended!

When pigs without the dogs to herd
Will straggle quick to their perdition,
Can troops without a captain's word
Be long maintained in war-condition?

For sheep without a shepherd's rod
Will lay in waste both field and garden;
And monks that know no prior's nod
Will fall to sins beyond a pardon.

The vineyards left unwatched to grow
Unto each passer-by will yield them;
The courts where gallants never show
Are hands that have no gloves to shield
them.

The shoe that fares without a sole
Can ill preserve the foot that wears it;
The strings escaped the lute's control
Will make a sound—if you can bear
it—

ENRIQUE	79
<p>no lettered throng, ralls, must tremble; big and strong it nets dissemble?</p> <p>seemeth light hand is giver;— hand of might, it deliver!</p> <p>-<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>	
DOGRAPHS	IV

JUAN ÁLVAREZ GATO

(1433-1496)

CANTAR TO OUR LADY

JUAN ÁLVAREZ GATO was one of the poets of the court of Juan II. He fell into disgrace under Henry IV. He was highly esteemed by Gómez Manrique. His work is to be found in the *Cancionero castellano del siglo XV* (Nueva biblioteca de autores españoles, vol. xix)

•

Tell me Lady, tell, prithee,
When from earth I pass away,
Will you then remember me?

When there shall to all be known
How my time away was thrown,
How with sins my days were sown,
And my depths of misery—
Will you then remember me?

EZ GATO	81
<p>of the eternal t diurnal, n infernal, I see,— ber me?</p> <p>ed scales g fails nd bails ven in fee— ber me?</p> <p>f astounded surrounded ilt is hounded, ne can free,— ber me? <i>Garret Strange.</i></p>	
GRAPHS	IV

JORGE MANRIQUE

(1440-1479)

CÁNTICA

JORGE MANRIQUE was the son of Rodrigo Manrique, Grand-Master of Santiago, "the Second" (1391-1455) and was born at Paredes de Nava. From birth he was in the midst of wars, and he joined his father in supporting Alfonso and Isabel of Castile in their claims for the throne. He was killed before the walls of Granada in 1479. His father's *Coplas* were written after the death of his father in 1476. Innumerable editions of his great poem have made their appearance, among the best being that of M. R. Foulché Delbosc (Madrid, 1912). The *Coplas* have many commentaries in verse and have sometimes been set to music. H. W. Longfellow began his literary career with the publication of a version of the *Coplas* in English.

Let him whose time hath come to go
Put never faith where he must part;

nge of heart
 know.
 lover you.
 ncessant, thou,
 nished ere
 ghtly too.
 and start
 ath come to go;
 e of heart
 nt know.

Thomas Walsh.

DEATH OF HIS
 AND-MASTER
 AGO

oil

soul awaken,
 open eyes
 lding,—
 taken,
 stealthy guise,—
 ng;

flight of pleasure
 eems nothing more
 old;

How fain is memory to measure
Each latter day inferior
To those of old.

Beholding how each instant flies
So swift, that, as we count, 'tis gone
Beyond recover,
Let us resolve to be more wise
Than stake our future lot upon
What soon is over.

Let none be self-deluding, none,—
Imagining some longer stay
For his own treasure
Than what today he sees undone;
For everything must pass away
In equal measure.

Our lives are fated as the rivers
That gather downward to the sea
We know as Death;
And thither every flood delivers
The pride and pomp of signiory
That forfeiteth;

Thither, the rivers in their splendor;
Thither, the streams of modest worth
The rills beside them;

ENRIQUE	85
<p> surrender; no toil on earth, o guide them. </p> <p> <i>cation</i> </p> <p> ise and singing he proud ries; hither bringing hat but cloud ries; </p> <p> r burden— nplore ,— l had for guerdon at did ignore </p> <p> away going abode ow; gird them, knowing ong that road v. </p>	
DOGRAPHS	IV

We start with birth upon that questing;
We journey all the while we live,
Our goal attaining
The day alone that brings us resting,
When Death shall last quietus give
To all complaining.

This were a hallowed world indeed,
Did we but give it the employ
That was intended;
For by the precepts of our Creed
We earn hereby a life of joy
When this is ended.

The Son of God Himself on earth
Came down to raise our lowly race
Unto the sky;
Here took upon Him human birth;
Here lived among us for a space;
And here did die.

Behold what miserable prize—
What futile task we set upon,
Whilst greed awakes us!
And what a traitor world of lies
Is this, whose very gifts are gone
Ere Death o'ertakes us!

NRIQUE

87

age deprived,
n of fate
banished,
erent rived
ranching state,
l vanished.

vely blason,
nd contour
s,—
weet occasion,—
ce secure
im traces?

ature slender,
, and the strength
h,—
render
shadow's length

age kingly
d mighty reign
l,—
l and singly
cure again
lted!

GRAPHS

IV

Some through their worthlessness (How
lowly

And base among the rabble came
Their estimation!)

Whilst others as a refuge solely
In offices they only shame
Maintain their station.

Estate and luxury's providing
Can leave us pauper—who may doubt?—
Within an hour;

Let us not count on their abiding,
Since there is nothing sure about
Dame Fortune's dower.

Hers are the gifts of one unstable
Upon her globe as swift as light
Revolving ever;

Who to be constant is unable,
Who cannot stay nor rest from flight
On aughtsoever.

And though, say I, her highest favor
Should follow to the tomb and heap
With wreaths her master;

ANRIQUE	89
<p> nent waver am and sleep faster. </p> <p> day joy and ease al; ents that must pay ities al. </p> <p> e fond evasions l earth deploys ortals, fair persuasions Death decoys ortals? </p> <p> doom ensuing to the snare icion. doing, bolt is there, ition. </p> <p> cured the power youth anew d whole, </p>	
OGRAPHS	IV

As now through life's probation hour
'Tis ours to give angelic hue
Unto the soul,—

What ceaseless care we then had taken,
What pains had welcomed, so to bring
A health but human,—
Our summer bloom to re-awaken,
Our stains to clear,—outrivalling
The arts of woman!

The kings whose mighty deeds are spacious
Upon the parchments of the years,
Alas!—the weeping
That overtook their boast audacious.
And swept their thrones to grime and
tears
And sorrow's keeping!

Naught else proves any more enduring;
Nor are the popes, nor emperors,
Nor prelaties
A longer stay or truce securing
Than the poor herdsman of the moors
From Death's decrees.

ANRIQUE

91

Troy, or foeman
 wars is now
 ition;
 / fared the Roman
 s we allow)
 lition;

: homely fable
 up their sway
 es gone;
 amentable
 sterday
 upon.

king that ruled us,—
 s of Aragon,—
 e tidings?
 graces schooled us,
 sdom smiled upon,
 bidings?

urneys where they

d caparison,
 heathing,—

OGRAPHS

IV

Were they but phantasies that taunted,—
But blades of grass that vanished on
A summer's breathing?

What of the dames of birth and station,
Their head-attire, their sweeping trains,
Their vesture scented?

What of that gallant conflagration
They made of lovers' hearts whose pains
Were discontented?

And what of him, that troubadour
Whose melting lutany and rime
Was all their pleasure?

Ah, what of her who danced demure,
And trailed her robes of olden time
So fair a measure?

Then Don Enriqu  , in succession,
His brother's heir,—think, to what height
Was he annointed!

What blandishment and sweet possession
The world prepared for his delight,
As seemed appointed!

Yet see what unrelenting foeman,
What cruel adversary, Fate
To him became;

was no man—
 endured the state
 of claim.

Without stinting,
 the lairs of kings
 gluttoned;
 assail glinting,
 and crowns, and rings
 they strutted;

and bits to rein them,
 into the ground
 paces,—
 are to gain them?—
 the dew around
 places.

unoffending,
 in his reign
 ,—
 around him bending.
 y lord was fain
 there!

his station,
 soon distilled
 draining;

O Thou Divine Predestination!—
When most his blaze the world had filled
Thou sent'st the raining!

And then, Don Alvaro, Grand-Master
And Constable, whom we have known
When loved and dreaded,—
What need to tell of his disaster,
Since we behold him overthrown
And swift beheaded!

His treasures that defied accounting,
His manors and his feudal lands,
His boundless power,—
What more than tears were their amount-
ing?
What more than bonds to tie his hands
At life's last hour?

That other twain, Grand-Masters solely,
Yet with the fortunes as of kings
Fraternal reigning,—
Who brought the high as well as lowly
Submissive to their challengings
And laws' ordaining.

ANRIQUE

95

power and prize
every peaks of fame
could limit?—
at the skies,
ruthless came
d to dim it.

nd excelling,
l counts, the throng
lendid,
hast thou hid their

em wield so strong—
ended?

e they engaging,—
ving us in war
ion,
didst come outraging
nd swept them o'er
ion.

nbered hosting,
e battle-flag,
d splendor,—

OGRAPHS

IV

The castles with their turrets boasting,
Their walls and barricades to brag
And mock surrender,—

The cavern's ancient crypt of hiding,
Or secret passage, vault, or stair,—
What use affords it?

Since thou upon thy onslaught striding
Canst send a shaft unerring where
No buckler wards it!

*O World that givest and destroyest
Would that the life which thou hast shown
Were worth the living!
But here, as good or ill deployest,
The parting is with gladness known
Or with misgiving.*

*Thy span is so with griefs encumbered
With sighing every breeze so steeped,
With wrongs so clouded,
A desert where no boon is numbered,
The sweetness and allurements reaped
And black and shrouded.*

*Thy highway is the road of weeping;
Thy long farewells are bitterness
Without a morrow;*

NRIQUE

97

*es keeping
most possess
row.*

*with sighing;
ne obtained
ve;
is hieing,
have gained,
n.*

*knightly pastor
ed by all
ig,—
, Master
shall call
ending!*

*hant his praises
the skies,
; knows them;
ord that raises
a the prize
tows them.*

*ades found him!
hat a lord!
other!*

GRAPHS

IV

What foeman for the foes around him!
His peer as Master of the Sword
There was no other!

What precious counsel 'mid the knowing!
What grace amid the courtly bower!
What prudence rare!

What bounty to the vanquished showing!
How 'mid the brave in danger's hour
A lion there!

In destiny a new Augustus;
A Cæsar for his victories
And battle forces;
An Africanus in his justice;
A Hannibal for energies
And deep resources;

A Trajan in his gracious hour;
A Titus for his open hand
And cheer unfailing;
His arm, a Spartan king's in power;
His voice, a Tully's to command
The truth's prevailing!

In mildness Antoninus Pius;
A Marc Aurelius in the light
Of calm attending;

ENRIQUE	99
<p>;</p> <p>ight</p> <p>rding;</p> <p>n</p> <p>s of war</p> <p>ions;</p> <p>eterne;</p> <p>he bore</p> <p>ions.</p> <p>its of treasure,</p> <p>attained</p> <p>lling;</p> <p>all his pleasure</p> <p>es he gained,</p> <p>dwelling.</p> <p>prevailed</p> <p>ds into his hands</p> <p>compression,</p> <p>regaled</p> <p>h feudal lands</p> <p>ion.</p> <p>k and station</p> <p>his career</p> <p>hted?</p>	
DOGRAPHS	IV

Left orphan and in desolation

His brothers and his henchmen dear

He held united.

And ask you how his course was guided

When once his gallant deeds were famed

And war was ended?

His high contracting so provided

That broader, as his honors claimed,

His lands extended.

And these, the proud exploits narrated

In chronicles to show his youth

And martial force,

With triumphs equal he was fated

To re-affirm in very sooth

As years did course.

Then for the prudence of his ways,

For merit and in high award

Of service knightly,

His dignity they came to raise

Till he was Master of the Sword

Elected rightly.

Finding his father's forts and manors

By false intruders occupied

And sore oppressed,

ENRI - -

ht, shouts and ban-

is hand to guide,
d.

g how well
warfare keen
tion,
march tell,
ile have been
tion.

life, maintaining
in the fight
nted,
pent sustaining
im by right
ted,

nat Hispania
unt of all
ortal,—
caña
to strike and call
ortal:

DOGRAPHS

IV

Speaketh Death

“Good Cavalier,”—he cried,—
you

Of all this hollow world of lies
And soft devices;

Let your old courage now attest you
And show a breast of steel that vi
In this hard crisis!

“And since of life and fortune’s priz
You ever made so small account

For sake of honor,
Array your soul in virtue’s guises
To undergo this paramount
Assault upon her!

“For you, are only half its terrors
And half the battles and the pains
Your heart perceiveth;
Since here a life devoid of errors
And glorious for noble pains
To-day it leaveth;

“A life for such as bravely bear it
And make its fleeting breath subli
In right pursuing,

NRIQUE

103

who share it
e in the grime
ng;

verlasting
ght attained
rnal;
indulgence casting
ace stained
rnal;

y brothers
sing prayer
al;

re others
rs to win it bear
nd trial.

d undaunted,
m's blood have shed
rney,—
e the vaunted
ve merited
journey!

onfiding,
e and pure
ended,

D GRAPHS

IV

Away,—unto your new abiding,
Take up the Life that shall endure
When this is ended!"

Respondeth the Grand-Master

"Waste we not here the final hours
This puny life can now afford
My mortal being;
But let my will in all its powers
Conformable approach the Lord
And His decreeing.

"Unto my death I yield, contenting
My soul to put the body by
In peace and gladness;
The thought of man to live, preventing
God's loving will that he should die,
Is only madness."

The Supplication

O Thou who for our weight of sin
Descended to a place on earth
And human feature;

Thy Godhead in
thy worth
creature;

dire tormenting
endure
o ease us;
arts relenting,
poor,
Jesus!

odici

o nobly founded,
l unimpaired
d doubt him,—
ring fond surrounded,
s servants bared
ound him,—

im who gave it,
n ordain it place
glory!)
alm to save it,
upon our face!
s story.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RODRÍGUEZ DEL PADRÓN

(About 1450)

TO THE VIRGIN

RODRÍGUEZ DEL PADRÓN, known also as Rodríguez de la Cámara, is considered the last representative of the Galician troubadours in Spain. He is said to have been in love with a queen of Spain, and many fictitious accounts of him are discussed in Pidal's *Cancionero de Baena* (Edition, 1860), and in Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature* (vol. i, 355).

O fire of light divine,
Sweet Flame unscorching, pure,—
Against dismay our countersign,
Against all grief a cure,—
Shine on thy servant poor!—
The fickle glory of the world,
Its vain prosperity,
He contemplates;

ofound behold
there lie

aks him wise
attend!
end
at chastise,
eign must end.
—*Roderick Gill.*

RODRIGO COTA DE MAGUAQUE

(About 1492)

ESPARSA

RODRIGO COTA DE MAGUAQUE was a Christianized Jew, who has received mistaken notice as the author of the *Coplas de Mingo Revulgo* and the beginning of the *Celestina*. His most famous work is the *Diálogo entre Amor y un Viejo*.

Clouded vision, light obscure,
Moody glory, living death,
Fortune that cannot endure,
Fickle weeping, joy a breath,
Bitter-sweet and sweet unsure,
Peace and anger, sudden crossed,
Such is love, its trappings sure
Decked with glory for its cost.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

CASTILLEJO	109
<p>CASTILLEJO</p> <p>(1550)</p> <p>EN</p> <p>JO was born at Ci household of F brother of Carl v, In 1539 he we to Diego Hurtad Vienna where he is lt. His works were 1792. C. L. Nicolay <i>Works of Cristóbal</i> ia, 1910).</p> <p>one ar</p> <p>business there.</p> <p>, vain, and vile;</p>	
DOGRAPHS	IV

A chaos of perplexity,
A body without soul 'twould be;
A roving spirit borne
Upon the winds forlorn;
A tree without or flowers or fruit,
A reason with no resting place,
A castle with no governor to it,
A house without a base.
What are we? What our race?
How good for nothing and base
Without fair woman to aid us
What could we do? Where should we go?
How should we wander in night and woe,
But for woman to lead us?
How could we love if woman were not?
Love—the brightest part of our lot;
Love—the only charm of living;
Love—the only gift worth giving?
Who would take charge of your house, say
who?
Kitchen, and dairy, and money-chest?
Who but the women, who guard them best;
Guard and adorn them too?
Who like them has a constant smile,
Full of peace, as meekness full,
When life's edge is blunt and dull,

CASTILLEJO

III

frowning file,
 ich we go
 igh wasting woe?
 , is theirs
 et;
 ret
 appears,
 eirs,—
 e soul,— the seal
 an weal;
 they!
 q,—let none say

—*John Bowring.*

SOME DAY

e day
 ast,
 . rest.

irth,
 h
 he;
 d free
 ed
 rest.

GRAPHS

IV

The unattained
In life at last,
When life is passed
Shall all be gained;
And no more pained,
No more distressed,
Shalt thou find rest.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

TO LOVE

Love, grant me kisses beyond counting,
As the hairs upon my head;
A thousand and a hundred shed,
A thousand more be their amounting,
And then add thousands more again,
So that none shall know the number,
And no record shall encumber
With the list of where and when.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ALMOGAVER

(1340)

OF GARCILASSO

VER was born at Bar-
the Spanish Army in
ntor to the Duke of
were written in the
it when the Venetian
was passing through
in and urged him to
styles of poetry into
n followed in the lead
llana, and was most
ing the Italian verse

He frequently imi-
rch. His poems were
ose of Garcilasso de
ade a masterly trans-
l *Cortegiano*, reprinted
ay be found in W. I.
d, 1875).

Tell me, dear Garcilasso,—thou
Who ever aimedst at good,
And in the spirit of thy vow
So swift her course pursued
That thy few steps sufficed to place
The angel in thy loved embrace,
Won instant soon as wooed,—
Why took'st thou not, when winged to flee
From this dark world, Boscán, with thee?

Why, when ascending to the star
Where now thou sit'st enshrined,
Left'st thou thy weeping friend afar,
Alas! so far behind?
Oh, I do think, had it remained
With thee to alter aught ordained
By the Eternal Mind,
Thou wouldst not on this desert spot
Have left thy other self forgot!

For if through life thy love was such
As still to take a pride
In having me so oft and much
Close to thy envied side,—
I cannot doubt, I must believe,

ALMOGAVER

115

have taken leave

wards, unblest

heavenly rest.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

OGRAPHS

IV

COMENDADOR JUAN ESCRIVÁ

(About 1497)

CANCIÓN

El Comendador Juan Escrivá was of Valencian birth, and in 1497 went to Rome as ambassador for Ferdinand. He wrote verses in Catalán and Castilian. Lope de Vega wrote a *glosa* on the present *CanCIÓN*, which is also quoted by Calderón and Cervantes.

Come Death, with so much stealth
I shall not feel thee near;
Let not thy joy appear
The very breath of health!

Come like the thrust that cleaves
The wounded ere he knows
The purport of the blows
Which he, surprised, receives!

stealth
lear,
bee appear
health.
Thomas Walsh

MOSSÉN JUAN TALLANTE

(Late fifteenth century)

PRAYER TO THE CRUCIFIX

MOSSÉN JUAN TALLANTE was a devotional poet of Aragon, whose poems are to be found in the *Cancionero General*. Little is known of his life.

Almighty God, unchangeable,
Who framed the universe entire
Thy truth to see;
Thou who for loving us so well
Didst in Thine agony expire
On Calvary;
Since with such suffering didst deign
To make amend for our transgression,
O Agnus Dei.
Placed with the thief let us obtain
Salvation in his grief's confession:
Memento mei.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

A ELCINA

(1529)

AT AND DRINK
AY

called from the prob-
ly, was educated at the
nca and entered the
nd Duke of Alva. He
s to Rome where one
-*Plácido y Victoriano*—
He became a priest and
naster to Pope Leo X.
grimage to Jerusalem.
nd died at Salamanca.

drink today,
nd banish sorrow,
orrow.

fill
with wine and glee,
with eager will,
rs with revelry,

For that is wisdom's counsel still;
 Today be gay, and banish sorrow,
 For we must part tomorrow.

Honor the saint—the morning ray
 Will introduce the monster Death—
 There's breathing space for joy today,
 Tomorrow ye shall gasp for breath;
 So now be frolicsome and gay,
 And tread joy's round, and banish sorrow,
 For we must part tomorrow.

—*John Bowring.*

VILLANCICO

So rare a flock
 In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard!

A flock so rare,
 Of such a breed,
 Will quickly feed
 On land most bare;
 When grass is fair
 In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard!

LA ELCINA

121

ht
leep
leep
y night;
slight,
ard
s to guard !

hrong
s;
hows
ng;
ow long
ard
s to guard !

ind
thing
ing
eves find;
id
ard
s to guard !

harmed,
ale,

LOGRAPHS

IV

Where the wolves may rail,
But none is harmed;
A flock unarmed
In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard !

A shepherd true
Shall I alway be,
Since a joy to me
Is my flock to view;
And I swear to you
I shall ne'er discard,
But ever faithful guard !
—Roderick Gill.

SALDAÑA	123
<p>SALDAÑA</p> <p>th century)</p> <p>TRISTFUL</p> <p>yes so tristful, re and cumber, st and slumber, wakeful, wistful! r endless ; my distresses? l and friendless s caresses. , ye have made me that care not, et I dare not ve betrayed me. <i>H. W. Longfellow.</i></p>	
NOGRAPHS	IV

FRANCISCO SAA DE MIRANDA

(1495-1558)

WHERE IS DOMINGA?

FRANCISCO SAA DE MIRANDA was born at Coimbra and graduated from the university there. He traveled through Rome, Venice, Naples, Milan, Florence and parts of Sicily as well as throughout Spain. He was the typical philosopher and man of letters of Portugal, and wrote in Spanish as well as in his native tongue. See his *Obras* (Lisbon, 1595).

All gather from the village here,
But where's Dominga?—Tell me where.

The rest have come—they all have come;
I've counted them, yes, one by one,—

O, I roam
lone.
out her, none
way can cheer.
all me where.
John Bowring.

OLD SPANISH BALLADS

OLD Spanish Ballads are for the most part to be dated from the end of the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries, although as Gaston Paris has pointed out, some of them are concerned with snatches from older epic poems. It is an intricate question among the critics and may be found discussed in the *Journal des Savants* (May and June, 1898); in Menéndez y Pelayo's *Tratado de los romances viejos*, in the *Antología de los poetas líricos castellanos desde la formación del idioma* (vols. xi and xii, Madrid, 1890-1908), in Ramón Menéndez Pidal's *L'Épopée castillane à travers la littérature espagnole* (Paris, 1910), and in M. R. Foulché-Delbosc's *Essai sur les origines du Romancero* (Paris, 1912).

RÍO VERDE

I

Rto Verde, Rto Verdel

Many a corpse is bathed in thee,

I BALLADS

127

of Christians,
cruelly.

al waters
on gore;
and Christians
and sore.
bleeding near thee,
ere slain,
hidalgo
in.

ara,

the King
ied:
quoth he,
aid;
ive of us
ainsaid.

who deem it just
nain;
liers,
”

DO GRAPHS

IV

Forth followed they the noble Count,
They marched to Glera's plain;
Out of three thousand gallant knights
Did only three remain.
They tied their tribute to their spears,
They raised it in the air,
And they sent to tell their lord the King
That his tax was ready there.

"He may send and take by force," said
they,

"This paltry sum of gold,
But the goodly gift of liberty
Cannot be bought and sold."

3

The peasant leaves his plough afield,
The reaper leaves his hook,
And from his hand the shepherd-boy
Lets fall the pastoral crook.

The young set up a shout of joy,
The old forget their years,
The feeble man grows stout of heart,
No more the craven fears.

H BALLADS

129

standard,
all;
wear the yoke,
the Gaul.

'tis thus they cry,
e
e our king

we obey
aves,
ur sires,
n slaves.

so craven grown,
eins,
ny arms,
is.

Frank, forsooth,
ad lands?
ictory have?
e hands.

the gallant Leonese
l fall,

LOGRAPHS

IV

But that they know not how to yield;
They are Castilians all.

“Was it for this the Roman power
Of old was made to yield
Unto Numantia’s valiant hosts
On many a bloody field?

“Shall the bold lions that have bathed
Their paws in Libyan gore,
Crouch basely to a feebler foe,
And dare the strife no more?

“Let the false king sell town and tower
But not his vassals free;
For to subdue the free-born soul
No royal power hath he!”

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

LORD ARNALDOS

The strangest of adventures
That happen by the sea,
Befell to Lord Arnaldos
On the Evening of Saint John;
For he was out a-hunting—

d was he!—
 a little ship
 d was she.
 all of silver,
 asy;
 ed the little ship
 he helm;
 l still to hear him,
 oft and low;
 ell in darkness
 gh the sea,
 s in heaven
 s mast-tree.
 Lord Arnaldos,—
 hear his words!)—
 od's sake, sailor,
 that song be?"
 in answer,
 s made he:
 song to those
 vith me."
mes Elroy Flecker.

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD ON
THE SIEGE AND CONQUEST
OF ALHAMA

The Moorish King rides up and down,
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell;
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.

Woe is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course;
Through the street of Zacatín
To the Alhambra spurring in.

Woe is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra's walls he gained
On the moment he ordained
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.

Woe is me, Alhama!

SH BALLADS

133

W drums of war
afar, .
own and plain
: martial strain,
ie, Alhama!

this aware,
ecalled them there,
o by two,
on grew.
ie, Alhama!

ged Moor
King before,
us, O King?
s gathering,"
ie, Alhama!

las, to know
s blow;
, stern and bold,
ma's hold."
ie, Alhama!

Alfaquì,
hite to see,

NOGRAPHS

IV

"Good King! thou art justly served!
Good King! this thou hast deserved.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
And strangers were received by thee
Of Cordova the chivalry.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"And for this, O King, is sent
On thee a double chastisement;
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone."
Woe is me, Alhama!

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes,
The Monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answered, and because
He spoke exceeding well of laws,
Woe is me, Alhama!

say such things
ear of kings";—
his choler, said
and doomed him dead.
ie, Alhama!

or Alfaquì!
o hoary be,
to have thee seized
ispleased.
ie, Alhama!

upon
ttest stone;
ould be the law
when they saw.
ie, Alhama!

of worth!
nine go forth!
narch know
ng owe.
ie, Alhama!

hama weighs
spirit preys;

And if the King his land that lost
Yet others may have lost the most.

Woe is me, Alhama!

“Sires have lost their children, wives
Their lords, and valiant men their lives!
One what best his love might claim
Hath lost, another, wealth and fame.

Woe is me, Alhama!

“I lost a damsel in that hour,
Of all the land the loveliest flower;
Doubloons a hundred I would pay
And think her ransom cheap that day.”

Woe is me, Alhama!

And as these things the old Moor said,
They severed from the trunk his head;
And to the Alhambra's walls with speed
'Twas carried as the King decreed.

Woe is me, Alhama!

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.

Woe is me, Alhama!

ws o'er the walls
urning falls;
a woman o'er
ch and sore.
e, Alhama!
—*Lord Byron.*

FROM GRANADA

in Granada when the
own,—
Trinity—some calling
e Koran,—there, in the
,—
l the Christian bell,—
loorish horn.

s/ was up the Alcala
ambra's minarets were
flung;
of Aragon they with
;
a triumph,—one weep-

Thus cried the weeper, while his hands his
old white beard did tear,
“Farewell, farewell, Granada! thou city
without peer!
Woe, woe, thou pride of Heathendom!
seven hundred years and more
Have gone since first the faithful thy royal
sceptre bore!

“Thou wert the happy mother of an high
renowned race;
Within thee dwelt a haughty line that now
go from their place;
Within thee fearless knights did dwell, who
fought with mickle glee
The enemies of proud Castile—the bane
of Christientie!

“The mother of fair dames wert thou, of
truth and beauty rare,
Into whose arms did courteous knights for
solace sweet repair;
For whose dear sakes the gallants of Afric
made display
Of might in joust and battle on many a
bloody day.

ld it little thing for
die,
's honor and pride of
flourish and deeds of
laces, in which was our

ry Vega, its fields and
rs,—
heir beauty gone, and
eir flowers!
e claim, the King that
h lost,—
n he ride, nor be heard
;

and dismal place, where
ay see,
lamenting, alone that
."—

da's King as he was
a,
raltar's Strait away to

Thus he in heaviness of soul unto his Queen
did cry

(He had stopped and ta'en her in his arms,
for together they did fly).

"Unhappy King! whose craven soul can
brook" (she made reply)

"To leave behind Granada—who hast not
the heart to die!

Now for the love I bore thy youth, thee
gladly could I slay!

For what is life to leave when such a crown
is cast away?"

—*J. G. Lockhart.*

GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER

Gentle river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stained with gore.
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willowed shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sands so bright,
Moorish chiefs and Christian warriors
Joined in fierce and mortal fight.

SH BALLADS

141

and noble princes
s were slain;
gave to slaughter
flower of Spain.

ave Alonso,
d glory died;
Urdiales
is side.

, Don Saavedra
adrons slow retires;
native city,
worth admires.

egado
h taunting cry;
thee, Don Saavedra.
e battle fly?

, haughty Christian,
ath thy roof;
s of glory
prize of proof.

agèd parents,
; bride I know;

NOGRAPHS

IV

ANONYMOUS

(Sixteenth century)

THE *SIESTA*

Vientecico murmurador, by an anonymous author.

Airs that wander and murmur around,
 Bearing delight where'er ye blow!
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
 While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

Lighten and lengthen her noonday rest,
 Till the heat of the noonday sun is o'er.
Sweet be her slumbers! though in my breast
 The pain she has waked may slumber
 no more.

Breathing soft from the blue profound,
 Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
Make in the elms a lulling sound
 While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

YMOUS

147

bending boughs,
shade of the pendent

y timid vows
s my bosom heaves—

grassy ground,
here'er ye blow,
lulling sound,
eps in the shade below.
am Cullen Bryant.

NOGRAPHS

IV

PEDRO DE CASTRO Y ANAYA.

(Sixteenth century)

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

PEDRO DE CASTRO Y ANAYA was a Castilian poet of the sixteenth century about whom there are no other particulars. His works are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xlii). He has been much admired for his poem, the *Auroras de D*

Bird of the joyous season!

That from thy flower seat,
Dost teach the forest singers
Thy music to repeat.

Thou wooer of the morning,
That, to this wood withdrawn,
Dost serenade the daybreak,
Dost celebrate the dawn.

Soul of this lonely region,
That hearest me lament,

hing wasted,
weeping spent.

the woodland,
the spring,
killed in sorrow,
love can sing.

ady loosens
air to the wind,
e fillet,
nconfined.

and cruel,
where'er they pass
ore hearts of lovers
f the grass.

ale, accost her,
enderest strain
s thee, Cruel!
hou not again?

I suffer,
ve loved and long,
r to pity,
scorn with wrong.

My gentle Secretary!

If harshly then she speak,
Rebuke her anger, striking
Her red lips with thy beak.

Drink from her breath the fragrance
Of all the blooming year,
And bring me back the answer
For which I linger here.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE RIVULET

Stay, rivulet, nor haste to leave
The lovely vale that lies around thee.
Why wouldst thou be a sea at eve,
When but a fount the morning found
thee?

Born when the skies began to glow,
Humblest of all the rock's cold daughters,
No blossom bowed its stalk to show
Where stole thy still and scanty waters.

Now on the stream the noonbeams look
Usurping, as thou downward driftest,

clearest brook,
it from the swiftest.

e!—and all to be
e in ocean.
oute hurries thee
re with quicker motion.

o linger still
e, these flowers to cher-

n aged rill,
thful Danube, perish.
Sam Cullen Bryant.

GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA

(1503-1536)

TO THE FLOWER OF *GNIDO*

GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA, the soldier-poet, was born at Toledo of a distinguished family. He served at the battle of Pavia and took part in several campaigns, winning the favor of Carlos V, and losing it through his supposed part in a conspiracy to marry his nephew to one of the Empress's maids-of-honor. After some months of imprisonment on an island in the Danube, he retired to Naples. In 1533 he visited Boscán in Spain. He was mortally wounded while storming the walls of Muy near Fréjus. He died at Nice and two years later was buried at Toledo. He shared in Boscán's Italian innovations of style and, in the few works that he left, is seen to surpass him. *Las Obras de Boscán y algunas de Garcilasso de la Vega* were first published at Barcelona in 1543. There is a good edition by

ás in the series of *Clási-*
id, 1911).

ounding lyre
d in a moment chain
ungoverned ire,
f the raging main;
e leopard rein,
entrance,
ith golden tones
ees and stones
—

t, fair Flower of Gnide,
ebrate the scars,
shed, or laurels dyed
alon of Mars;
on festal cars,
ubmission sank
n's soul of soul,
ains that now control
rank.

ies should ring
s all thine own,
s from the string

Struck forth to make thy harshness
known;

The fingered chords should speak alone
Of Beauty's triumphs, Love's alarms,
And one who, made by thy disdain
Pale as a lily clipt in twain,
Bewails thy fatal charms.

Of that poor captive, too, contemned,
I speak,—his doom you might deplore—
In Venus' galliot-shell condemned
To strain for life the heavy oar.
Through thee no longer as of yore
He tames the unmanageable steed,
With curb of gold his pride restrains,
Or with pressed spurs and shaken reins
Torments him into speed.

Not now he wields for thy sweet sake
The sword in his accomplished hand,
Nor grapples like a poisonous snake,
The wrestler on the yellow sand;
The old heroic harp his hand
Consults not now, it can but kiss
The amorous lute's dissolving strings,
Which murmur forth a thousand things
Of banishment from bliss.



in the Hispanic Society of America
Garcilasso de la Vega

dearest friend and best
opportune, and grave;
his port of rest
and the yawning wave;
his passions rave
's conquered laws,
aveller ere he slays
ing, as he my face
bhors.

, sweet Flower of Gnide,
cradled, wert not born,
ult beside
signalized for scorn;
the fate forlorn
o spurned
his from her gate,
ing, relenting late,
urned.

ty she repelled,
steemed her heart in pride,
window she beheld
less suicide;
neck was tied
irit from her chains,

And purchased with a few short sighs
For her immortal agonies,
Imperishable pains.

Then first she felt her bosom bleed
With love and pity; vain distress!
Oh what deep rigors must succeed
This first sole touch of tenderness!
Her eyes grow glazed and motionless,
Nailed on his wavering corse, each bone
Hardening in growth, invades her flesh,
Which, late so rosy, warm, and fresh,
Now stagnates into stone.

From limb to limb the frost aspire,
Her vitals curdle with the cold;
The blood forgets its crimson fire,
The veins that e'er its motion rolled;
Till now the virgin's glorious mould
Was wholly into marble changed,
On which the Salaminians gazed,
Less at the prodigy amazed,
Than of the crime avenged.

Then tempt not thou Fate's angry arms,
By cruel frown or icy taunt;

deeds and charms
 Divinest, grant
 their immortal vaunt;
 ping strings presume
 strains of woe,
 me signal blow
 to the tomb.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

CHANGE

of life's luxuriant May,
 hastening on his way
 aths to crown the beaute-

when storms assail the

ngeth not his swift career,
 is, will change all else

·*Felicia D. Hemans.*

ELOGUE

AND NEMOROSO

of two Castilian swains,
 Nemoroso's tears,

In sympathy I sing, to whose loved strains
Their flocks, of food forgetful, crowding
 'round,
Were most attentive. Pride of Spanish
 peers!
Who by thy splendid deeds, hast gained a
 name
And rank on earth unrivalled,—whether
 crowned
With cares, Alvano, wielding now the rod
Of empire, now the dreadful bolts that
 tame
Strong kings, in motion to the trumpet's
 sound,
Express vice-regent of the Thracian God;
Or whether, from the cumbrous burden
 freed
Of state affairs, thou seek'st the echoing
 plain,
Chasing, upon thy spirited fleet steed
The trembling stag that bounds abroad in
 vain
Lengthening out life,—though deeply now
 engrossed
By cares, I hope, so soon as I regain
The leisure I have lost,

ny recording quill
ve deeds, a starry sum,
: silent death turn chill
ulse, and I become
hose worth the nations

d songless in thy praise.
edestined by the Muse,
he memorial dues,
and renown,—a claim
but which belongs
hat transmit to fame
monumental songs,—
whose victorious boughs
: thine illustrious brows
re permissive place,
y shade, thou first of

degrees,
ported by thy praise;
: sublimer strains shall

ds, as they sit and sing.
billows risen, had rayed
tain tops, when at the

Of a tall beech romantic, whose green shade
Fell on a brook, that, sweet-voiced as a
lute,
Through lively pastures wound its spark-
ling way,
Sad on the daisied turf Salicio lay;
And in a voice in concord to the sound
Of all the many winds, and waters round,
As o'er the mossy stones they swiftly stole,
Poured forth in melancholy song his soul
Of sorrow with a fall
So sweet, and aye so mildly musical,
None could have thought that she whose
seeming guile
Had caused his anguish, absent was the
while,
But that in very deed the unhappy youth
Did, face to face, upbraid her questioned
truth.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

ENTE (? —1557)

4NTIGA

d his life in Portugal. He
y, although his history is
During his years at the
e wrote many plays, a large
and with Spanish motives.
elayo's *Antología de poetas*
Madrid, 1890-1908, vol. ii).

xceedingly,
arm and loveliness;
· of the sea,
thy bark, confess
p nor sail can be
e.
ightly man-at-arms,
y panoply,—
word or war-alarms
e?
epherd of the hills,

Where thine idle flocks are free,—
Are there peaks or vales or rills
Beautiful as she?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE NIGHTINGALE

The rose looks out in the valley
And thither will I go!
To the rosy vale where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The virgin is on the river-side
Culling the lemons pale;
Thither,—yes! thither will I go
To the rosy vale where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The fairest fruit her hand hath culled,
'Tis for her lover all,
Thither,—yes! thither will I go
To the rosy vale where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

In her hat of straw, for her gentle swain,
She has placed the lemons pale;

her will I go
where the nightingale
oe.

—*John Bowring.*

SONG

, maiden,
thy door.
ay, and we must away
d mount, and moor.

y slippers,
hy naked feet;
pass through the dewy

and fleet.
-*H. W. Longfellow.*

166	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>SAINT TERESA (1515-1582)</p> <p>LINES WRITTEN IN HER BREVIARY</p> <p>SAINT TERESA of Ávila, was born Teresa de Cepeda y Ahumada, at Ávila. In 1534 she became a Carmelite nun and began her reforms and foundations. Known as the <i>Madre Teresa de Jesús</i>, she gave evidence of the highest practical talents and of inspiration as a mystical writer. Her style is simple but passionate with sincerity and elevation. She was canonized in 1612 and was declared co-patron of Spain with Santiago. The best edition of her works was edited by Vicente de la Fuente at Madrid in 1881. Mrs. Cunninghame Grahame has published <i>Saint Teresa, her Life and Times</i> (London, 1891).</p> <p>Let nothing disturb thee, Nothing affright thee; All things are passing; God never changeth; Patient endurance</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES



Saint Teresa
(*Teresa de Cepeda y Ahumada*)

to all things;
possesseth
g is wanting;
d sufficeth.
—*H. W. Longfellow.*

MY LOVE FOR ME IS
STRONG"

e for me is strong
ds me unto Thee,
om Thee, Lord, so long,
, Lord, so long from me?

l desirest thou?
ee Thee, who thus choose

et assail thee now?
is but to lose Thee.

ession I entreat,
oul Thine own abode,
nest so sweet
poor for God.

den from sin,
s for thee remain,

Save but to love, and love again,
And, all on flame with love within,
Love on, and turn to love again?

—*Arthur Symons.*

“LET MINE EYES SEE THEE”

Let mine eyes see Thee,
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth,
Let mine eyes see Thee,
And then see death.

Let them see that care
Roses and jessamine;
Seeing Thy face most fair
All blossoms are therein.
Flower of seraphim,
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth
Let mine eyes see Thee,
And then see death.

Nothing I require
Where my Jesus is;
Anguish all desire,
Saving only this;
All my help is His,

TERESA	171
<p>coreth. es see Thee, of Nazareth, yes see Thee, se death. —<i>Arthur Symons.</i></p> <p>A SHEPHERD"</p> <p>rd and our kin, a us is sent, Omnipotent.</p> <p>cast down the pride of Satanas; kin of Bras, of Llorent. nipotent?</p> <p>w then is He l here crucified? g sin also died, the innocent. Omnipotent!</p> <p>n Him born, pardie. weet shepherdess.</p>	
NOGRAPHS	IV

—If He is God how can He be
With such poor folk as these content?
—Seest not He is Omnipotent?

Give over idle parleyings
And let us serve Him, you and I,
And since He came on earth to die,
Let us die with Him too, Llorent;
For He is God Omnipotent.

—*Arthur Symons.*

“SHEPHERD, SHEPHERD, HARK”

Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!
Angels they are, and the day is dawning.

What is this ding-dong,
Or loud singing is it?
Come, Bras, now the day is here,
The shepherdess we'll visit.
Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!
Angels they are, and the day is dawn-
ing.

Oh, is this the Alcalde's daughter,
Or some lady come from far?

T TERESA

173

er of God the Father,
ke a star.
rd, hark that calling!
and the day is dawning.
—*Arthur Symons.*

ONOGRAPHS

IV

GREGORIO DE SILVESTRE

(1520-1569)

LOVE'S VISITATION

GREGORIO DE SILVESTRE was born at Lisbon, the son of a royal physician. He adopted the fashion of Castillejo in abusing the Italianate writers, but later wrote poems in that manner. He died as organist of the cathedral of Granada. See *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xxxv).

Certain Verses very weary
On their laggard footsteps coming
In the Tuscan manner dreary,
Chanced upon a lover humming
Of his woes and bitter sorrows
In the heavy-footed measures
And the leaden-weighted treasures
That were used in ancient morrows—
Heaven forgive our Castillejo
For having praised these oldtime lays so!—

aid Love in passion,
o'erweighted
much hated?"
this fashion:
gabble,
ut reason,
such treason
abts the rabble
r praising
s voices raising."
device are using
scán,
arings choosing,
is each man,
sufficient
l plan.
damage making
undertaking,—
dom idly spreading
they are shedding."

e or maiden
t rash pretender
with which he's laden
ind can render?
e, are able

To feel very comfortable,
When we see the very ladies
That we die for, and each maid is
Quite unsure if it's a joke
Or a satire that we poke
In this rigmarole from Hades."

—*Thomas Walsh.*

CAMOËNS (1524-1580)

TO COÏMBRA

CAMOËNS, the glory of Portu-
also famous for his poetry
born and died at Lisbon
occupied a distinguished
an unhappy love affair
the city in 1547. He
later lost an eye at the
ta. Returning from Goa
tution and imprisonment,
y and obscurity and so
ork the *Os Lusíadas* was
72.

s of Mondego's stream,
nce restful jouissance,
ering, traitorous Esper-

ne in a blinding Dream;
yea, still I'll ne'er mis-

That long-drawn Memories which your
charms enhance

Forbid me changing and, in every chance,
E'en as I farther speed I nearer seem.

Well may my Fortunes hale this instrument
Of Soul o'er new strange regions wide and
side,

Offered to winds and watery element;
But hence my Spirit, by you 'companied,
Borne on the nimble wings that Reverie
lent,

Flies home and bathes her, Waters, in your
tide.

—*R. F. Burton.*

VILLANCICO—"I'LL BE A MARINER"

I'll go to yon boat, my Mother;
O yes! to yon boat I'll go;
I'll go with the mariner, Mother,
And be a mariner too.

Mother, there's no withstanding;
For whereso'er I am driven
It is by the will of heaven,



Read in the Hispanic Society of America

Luis Vaz de Camoëns

od's commanding;
my heart at will,
love o'erflow;
mariner, Mother,
riner too.

in complaining;
is his boast;
y soul is lost,
t my body remaining;
dying, Mother—
die—I'll go—
mariner, Mother,
riner too.

without example!
turping lord,
e look or word
lust will trample;
goes, my Mother,
er's bent to go,
mariner, Mother,
riner too.

ves, if ever
soft and fair
ur waters there;

Tell me, ye waves! O never!
'Tis nothing to me, my Mother—
What love commands I'll do;
I'll go with my mariner, Mother,
And be a mariner too.

—*John Bowring.*

ON THE DEATH OF CATARINA DE
ATTAYDA

Those charming eyes within whose starry
sphere
Love whilom sat, and smiled the hours
away,—
Those braids of light, that shamed the
beams of day,—
That hand benignant, and that heart
sincere,—
Those virgin cheeks, which did so late
appear
Like snow-banks scattered with the blooms
of May,
Turned to a little cold and worthless clay,
Are gone, forever gone, and perished here,—
But not unbathed by Memory's warmest
tear!

n, in one unpitying hour,
t, to which, while scarce

itage of its prime was

—and as he lingered near
ruin, and returned to

—*R. F. Burton.*

CINTRA AFTER THE OF CATARINA

oods and meadows gay;
waters innocent of stain,
ld and grove are found

ye take your downward

and ordered disarray
know that ye strive in

t, to soothe the eye of

scene that Pleasure did

Nor as erst seen am I beheld by you,
Rejoiced no more by fields of pleasant
green,
Or lively runnels laughing as they dart;
Sown be these fields with seeds of ruth and
rue,
And wet with brine of welling tears, till
seen
Sere with the herb that suits the
broken heart.

—*Richard Garnett.*

BABYLON AND SION (GOA AND
LISBON)

Here, where fecundity of Babel frames
Stuff for all ills wherewith the world
doth teem,
Where loyal Love is slurred with dis-
esteem,
For Venus all controls, and all defames;
Where vice's vaunts are counted, virtue's
shames;
Where Tyranny o'er Honor lords su-
preme;

DE CAMOËNS	185
<p>d erring sovereignty doth</p> <p>eds will be content with</p> <p>rld where whatso is, is</p> <p>nd Worth and Wisdom</p> <p>Avarice and Villainy,—</p> <p>e foul chaos, I prolong</p> <p>ise I must. Woe to me!</p> <p>ot memory of thee!</p> <p>—<i>Richard Garnett.</i></p> <p>ONNET</p> <p>eet refrains my lip hath</p> <p>instruments attuned for</p> <p>ountains pleasant meads</p> <p>ms of garden and of glade;</p> <p>dies the pipe hath played;</p>	
ONOGRAPHS	IV

Leave me, all rural feast and sportive throng;
Leave me, all flocks the reed beguiles along;
Leave me, all shepherds happy in the shade.

Sun, moon and stars, for me no longer glow;
Night would I have, to wail for vanished peace;
Let me from pole to pole no pleasure know;
Let all that I have loved and cherished cease;
But see that thou forsake me not, my Woe.
Who wilt, by killing, finally release.
—*Richard Garnett.*

SONNET

Time and the mortal will stand never fast;
Estrangéd fates man's confidence estrange;
Aye with new quality imbued, the vast
World seems but victual of voracious change.

DE CAMOËNS	187
<p> with surrounds on every ned not earth could ever for past woe abide, past good, if good it were. green hath made the ay, with snow by winter frore, th turned my gentle lay; this chiefly I deplore, transformed to ill alway, with rare blessing as of —<i>Richard Garnett.</i> </p>	
ONOGRAPHS	IV

FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN (1528-1591)**IMITATIONS OF VARIOUS
AUTHORS**

FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN was born at Belmonte of Cuenca, of presumably Jewish origin. At an early age he entered the Augustinian Order at Salamanca and rapidly became one of the most distinguished figures in the life and history of that university. In 1572, his enemies had him imprisoned and tried before the Inquisition on charges of irregular teachings regarding the Vulgate Bible, and it was almost six years before he regained his liberty, proving his orthodoxy and innocence. He was at first esteemed as a great theologian, but in later years he has been recognized as the greatest lyric poet, in Castilian, and one of the great masters of the world in devotional song. His poems, of which there are innumerable editions, were first published by Quevedo. The best edition is that of A. Merino (Madrid, 1816).



acheco's Album"

Fray Luis de León

granny of thine,
 bending, Love shall take,
 ctim of thee make
 ion to repine.
 n and care-free days,
 ys
 measure of my score,
 row none shall more
 whoso pays.

he golden locks that crown
 e scattered snows shall run,
 daystars have begun
 hts of old renown;
 wrinkle line shall sear
 ;
 ne is done and over,
 ze—the lover
 rose so fresh and dear;

t see thy cause is lost,
 y loving is but weeping,
 .It know the woe unsleeping
 h no love is crossed;
 .grief shalt say,
 y:—

"Would I had now, alas, my fate!
That beauty that was mine of late,
Or that old love I cast away!"

The thousands whom your coldness spurned
And left to sorrows, on that day
Of vengeance shall be glad and gay
When they have thy discomfort learned;
And Love himself shall take the wing
And publishing
The novel tale of thy disgrace,
To all who mock shall show thy face
To warn them 'gainst the loveless thing.

Alas, by heaven, my lady fair,
Behold thyself in flower so pure
And gracious that cannot endure,
But left unplucked is lost fore'er;
And since no less discreet thou art
In equal part
Than fair and scornful to the view,
Look thou how everything is due
And subject to the loving heart!
'Tis Love that governs all the skies
With law eternal and most sweet;
Thinkst thyself strong enough to meet

oor world of lies?
ovement and delight
ht,
et of life;
with it at strife
a pauper's blight.

golden cup,
ure and brocade,
h its gems inlaid,
ures mounting up?
fertile breast

,
if in fine,
g be thine
old couch is dressed?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

E ASCENSION

u, Holy Shepherd, leave
n this vale of woe
rieve,
through ambient skies
death and sorrow cannot

But they—so blessed in the past,
Yet now with hearts afflicted sore—
Thy little ones, outcast,
Bereft of Thee their guide of yore—
Whither shall turn they when Thou
leadst no more?

What now remains to glad the eyes
That once Thy comeliness have known?
What longer can they prize?
What voices, but discordant grown
To them who hearkened to Thy loving
tone?

The waves of yon perturbéd deep,
Whose hand shall curb?—Who now
assuage

The blasts and bid them sleep?
In Thine eclipse,—what star presage
For our benighted bark the harborage?

Alas! swift cloud unpitying
That bidst our joys no more endure,—
Whither thy silvery wing?

liss thou dost secure!—
wilt thou leave us, how

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ET JUAN DE GRIMAL

veliness withdrawn
m; now the heavens are

fading lawn;
ranches' lifeless hold
unto the ground is doled.

ns on sunlit tread
hores; the coursing day
ontide is bespread
f the fleeces gray
his blustery way.

go the cranes
rating with their cry
the bullock strains
se with shoulders high,
tient furrows to the sky.

To noble studies would the hours,
Griâl, convene us; now the voice of
Fame
Calls upward to her sacred towers,
And to that summit bids us aim
Where never yet the breath of passions
came.

And at her calling, bolder strides
The foot upon the mountain, so it gains
The final peak whence purest glides
The fountain without worldly stains;
Drink there thy fill, and thirst no more
remains.

Then naught to thee is golden lure
That snares mankind upon a fevered
quest
For that which can no more endure
Than gossamer the zephyr's breast
Is wafting light and fickle without rest.

Doth God Apollo smile?—then write;
Be peer with olden poets,—take thy
stand
Above our newer bards in might;

and, not hand in hand
clasp me on that songful

winds have assailed,
from high adventuring
grime hath haled,
a wounded thing—
and my soaring wing.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

GHT SERENE

te o'er me
tars profound,
h before me
thed around,—
ber and oblivion bound;

ging waken
ny soul;
ars are taken
nd control,
forth at last its voice

O Temple-Seat of Glory,
Of Beauteousness and Light,
To thy calm promontory
My soul was born! What blight
Holds it endungeoned here from such a
height?

What mortal aberration
Hath so estranged mankind
That from God's destination
He turns, abandoned, blind,
To follow mocking shade and empty
rind?

No thought amid his slumber
He grants impending fate,
While nights and dawns keep number
In step appportionate,
And life is filched away—his poor estate.

Alas!—arise, weak mortals,
And measure all your loss!
Begirt for deathless portals,
Can souls their birthright toss
Aside, and live on shadows vain and
dross?

beholding
ial sphere,
enfolding
utters here—
of mingled hope and fear!

ase earth render
moment's pause,
at far splendor
imal cause
is—that shall be—and

tellation
gaze,—
ion,
ways,
l proportion it displays,—

turning
nightly rove,
ar of Learning
ar of Love,
gentle retinue above—

outer spaces
rolled aflame!

Where Jupiter retraces
The calmed horizon's frame
And all the heavens his ray beloved
acclaim!

Beyond swings Saturn, father
Of the fabled age of gold;
And o'er his shoulders gather
Night's chantries manifold,
In their proportioned grade and lustre
stoled!—

Who can behold such vision
And still earth's baubles prize?
Nor sob the last decision
To rend the bond that ties
His soul a captive from such blissful
skies?

For there Content hath dwelling;
And Peace, her realm; and there
'Mid joys and glories swelling
Lifts up the dais fair
With Sacred Love enthroned beyond
compare.

Beauty
 As to that light;
 And doth duty
 No stain of night;
 Eternal blossoms without

Thou Abiding!
 Lands and rills!
 Treasures hiding!
 Forested hills!
 Vales where every balm

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RETIREMENT

Serene retreat
 Wanderings! Thou balm

Thou bringst me healing sweet
 Which naught else can heal!

Thou gracious welcome for the

At last, thou little thatch of straw
Beneath whose eaves no lurking Care
hath stayed,
Where none within a comrade's glances saw
The gleam of Envy e'er displayed—
Nor voice was perjured, not a plot
betrayed!

Fair upland, sloping to the skies
With peace beyond the thought of earth
endowed—
Beyond where in death's grapple vies
The creature of the fevered crowd
With thirst of dissolution and the
shroud!—

Receive me, mountain, oh receive
Within thy fastness! For I come pur-
sued
By slander!—yea, unfinished leave
The tasks that bring ingratitude,
The peace that mocks, and earth's
unhappy brood!—

Where one, who late at haven-bar
Hath lain to anchor calm, is now the prey

uffet him afar
at gulf him in their spray
apless timbers with dismay!

he lurking rock
lown the yawning waters

the shock!
med, no life-breath blows;
hoals the squall another

e despairing prey
midnight and the dread

ry Neptune pay
tribute mid the swoon;
swim, are down the ocean

ler to the flood,
ast ultimate be his, who

through the foaming scud,
spar his wreck provides
ast abysm of roaring tides?

Alas!—how often and how often thou,
 Unfailing haven, hast been my desire!
 Then of thy refuge fail not now—
 Fail not when I would so require
 'Mid such a sea of troubles blind and dire!
 —*Thomas Walsh.*

WRITTEN ON THE WALLS OF HIS
 DUNGEON

Lo, where envy and where lies
 Held me in the prison cell;
 Blesséd was the lot that fell
 To the humble and the wise
 Far from earth's chagrins to dwell;
 Who with thatch and homely fare
 Rests him in some sylvan spot,
 Lone with God abiding there,
 And none else his thought to share,
 Envyng none, and envied not.
 —*Thomas Walsh.*

THE VALLEY OF THE HEAVENS

Resplendent precinct of the skies,
 Fair sward of gladness neither snow

death of noonday tries,
 a sacred uplands show
 arnered deathlessly aglow!

ite and azure crowned
 astures softly wends,
 l with thee around,
 pherd; thee He tends
 .staff or sling where naught

appy sheep o'erflow
 n a loving feud,
 ortal roses blow
 ver is renewed
 ock may graze, in pleni-

he mountain ways
 uides; now by the stream
 n His grace He strays;
 iem banqueting agleam—
 iver and the Gift Supreme.

ye of noon attains
 its fiery powers,

Amid His fondlings He remains
To drowse away the torrid hours
And cheer with voice serene the holy
bowers.

He wakes the viol's melting tone
And sweetness trembles through the soul
Unto such golden joy unknown;
Enraptured then beyond control
It casts itself on Him, its only goal.

O Breath! O Voice!—mightst Thou ordain
Some little echo for my breast
That—self-surrendering in that strain
To Thee—of Thee 'twould be possest,
O Love, and on Thy shoulder find its
rest!

Where Thou dost linger at the noon,
Sweet Spouse, Oh, would my spirit
knew!—

And breaking from this prison swoon,
Of Thy far flocks might come in view
And stray no more, save paths Thou
leadst them through.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

OPHECY OF TAGUS

xderic the King
 i fair La Cava by the side
 e, till clamoring
 d from out the tide
 l in a voice prophetic cried:—

spot,—would you choose
 or weakness! Now when
 s sound
 gs of death confuse!—
 and shout of Mars astound
 and conflagrations spread

mere pleasure, how
 groans! That lovely one

of her birth!) doth now
 ng weeping and dismay,
 e sceptre of the Goths away!

lications, shouts of war,
 death and anguish and dis-

That brief embrace is twining for!—
Involving you and all the race
In shame the ages never shall efface!

“A yoke of slavery on the lands,
They till at Constantina, where the
stream
Of Ebro, where Sansueña’s strands
And Lusitania’s reach extreme—
On all the spacious Spains,—a doom
supreme!

“Hark, out of Cadiz raging calls
Count Julian’s voice to speak a father’s
wrongs!
No shame of treachery appals—
He conjures up avenging throngs
To waste the kingdom that to you be-
longs!

“Adown the morn the trumpet’s throat
Proclaims the doom! See, on Morocco’s
shore
What thronging, when his banners float
Upon the winds conspired to pour
So swift on Spain the Moslem con-
queror!

lifts his lance
his gleaming challenge to

flotillas dance
y of warfare blind—
numbers swarming on my

earth is hidden where they

t out the intervening sea;
strike the heaven with

out the noon would flee
st cloud and obscurity!

ntly their prows
e waves! What sinews
oar

onward plows
leeps must foam and roar,
ide hissing on the Spanish

sails are given
rules's unguarded straits

Their sharpened prows of steel are driven
Where Neptune, the great father, waits
To grant them ingress by his open gates.

“Alas!—poor wretch, that bosom dear
Can still bewitch you?—that you draw
no sword,

When such calamities you hear?—
When even upon the sacred ford
Tarifa falls already to the horde!

“Out in the saddle! Spread your wing
Across the mountains! Spare not on the
plain
Your bloody spurs! There brandishing
The goad, come thundering amain
Upon them, Roderic, with blade in-
sane!

“But oh! what travail now prepares,—
What years of sweat and carnage are
ordained
On him who shield and breastplate bears,
On princeling who might else have
reigned,—
On horse and rider to destruction chained!

of Betis,—shalt be dyed
g blood of kinsmen and of

w soon thy tide
w rack of helmets flows,
f corpses kingly in their

ood infuriate
ar unloosens on the plains,
swarming hordes of hate;
s, thy doom ordains!—
f,—in barbaric chains!”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

BALTASAR DE ALCÁZAR
(1530-1606)

THE JOLLY SUPPER

BALTASAR DE ALCÁZAR was a native of Seville, who saw service with the Marqués de Santa Cruz and later became steward of the Conde de Gelves. See his poems in the edition of F. Rodríguez Marín (Madrid, 1910).

In Jaën where I'm abiding
Don Lope de Sosa dwells,
And my story, Ines, tells
Wonders past your mind's providing.
On this gentleman attended
A young squire from Portugal—
But to supper let us fall
So my hunger may be ended.
For the table is awaiting
Where together we may sup;
Forth are set the steaming cup
And the glass,—no more debating,—



checco's Album'

Baltasar del Alcázar

ah, what a savor!—
e is Paradise!
n arise
enly flavor.
ito the glasses
essing now;
ink I vow
ruby drop that passes.
healthy portion,
ttle here;
would appear
—no extortion.
do you buy it?
by the ravine;
easure, clean,
and cheap to try it.
is a treasure
vern wine;
ik it's fine
l so just a measure.
new invention,
lo not know,
at here below
e with good intention.
o a-thirsting,
west brew,

Mixing it they serve to you,
You pay and drink yourself to bursting.
This, my Ines, is its merit,—
There's no need to sing its praise—
The one objection that I raise,
The fleeting joy that we inherit.
Now, the lighter dishes over,
Tell me what is coming now?
The meat-pie!—O blessed brow,
Worthy of such noble cover!
What a dish it is, how hollow!—
What meat and luscious fat it holds!—
It seems, Ines, that it unfolds
Its depths for you and me to swallow.
But onward, onward, without question,
For straight and narrow is the road;
No more water,—let the load
Of wine, Ines, invite digestion.
Pour out the three-year vintage freely,
'Twill aid your stomach in its work.
How good to see you do not shirk
But take a grown man's portion, really!
Now tell me, is it not delightful
To have a dish so fine and rare,
With all its biting flavors there,
And all its spices fresh and spiteful?

scious dressing
lame's meat-pie sweet;
er there's a treat
at is a blessing.
'tis fit to honor
the King;
e sweetest thing
s tripe upon her!
filled with rapture;
it is with you,
nd then a view,
ment here to capture.
I am full of liquor;
e a sage remark;
lamp to light the dark,
ne seem to flicker.
ly drunken notions;
it had to be,
avy drink I'd see
ing with the potions.
e tankard's juices,
e refined,
we bind
r joy produces.
and what glassy clear-

What taste and odor rarified!
What touch! What color there beside
And all that makes for luscious dearness
But now there come the cheese and be
To take their place upon the board;
And both it seems would claim award
Of cup and tankard passing merry.
Try the cheese,—the choice from many
Quite as good as Pinto's best;
And the olives—for the rest
They can hold their own with any.
Now then, Ines, if you're able
Take six mouthfuls from the flask—
There is nothing more to ask;
Clear the covers from the table.
And as we have supped and rested
To our very hearts' content
It would seem the moment meant
For the story I suggested.
'Tis a tale, Ines, to win you—
For the Portuguese fell ill—
Eleven striking?—Wait until
To-morrow, I'll the tale continue—

—*Thomas Wals*





From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Alonso de Ercilla y Zúñiga

ERCILLA Y ZÚÑIGA
(1533-1594)

THE *ARAUCANA*

ILLA Y ZÚÑIGA was born at
e died after a life of soldier-
ring in South America. He
rs in Chile with the Gover-
le Alderete. In 1562 he re-
and in 1569 he published the
Araucana, a fine heroic poem,
itten amid the scenes and
es.

iders of our country, hear!
wounds my tortured sight,
e these struggles, who shall

udge,—which had been mine

row in aged wrinkles dight,
ells me I must soon be there;

'Tis love inspires me!—patriotism! zeal!—
Listen! my soul its counsels shall unveil!

To what vain honors, chiefs, aspire ye now?
And where the bulwarks of this towering
pride?

Ye have been vanquished,—trod on, by
the foe;

Defeat is echoed round on every side.

What! are your conquerors thus to be
defied,

That stand around with laurels on their
brow!

Check this mad fury! wait the coming fray!
Then shall it crush the foe in glory's day.

What a wild rage is this that bears you
on,

Blindly to sure perdition,—to despair!

These murderous, fratricidal swords throw
down,

Or point them at the tyrant! He is here!

The Christian felons, noble chiefs! are
near.

Spill their base blood! but spare, O spare
your own!

,—like men, like patriots
 ath of shame, of infamy!
 eapons with the enthusiast
 robe the invader's inmost
 chain you to his proud
 -
 insult!—O 'twere wise,
 st
 ettering hand, nor tamely
 and valor on your efforts
 iefs, is your country's!—
 hen
 ot yours, heroic men!
 ot to see a warlike rage,—
 turous fury of the brave!
 violence engage
 leading on to freedom's
 loses what it seeks to save;

Discord's deep wounds, not valor can
assuage.

I cannot bear it, chiefs!—if it must be,
Come wreak your waking violence on me.

Let me fall first; for I am sick of life,
And wearied with misfortune;—let me
die!

Devote my bosom to the horrid knife,
Since these sad thoughts end not my
misery!

Happy the dying babe!—O why was I
Thus made the victim of this vain world's
strife?

Yet will I raise my voice, though weak and
rude,—

The tears of age may touch the brave and
good.

In strength and valor ye all equal are;
To each a noble heritage was given!
And power and wealth and bravery in war
Were equally conferred by bounteous
heaven.

In greatness,—strength of soul,—ye all
are even,

it rule the world, they blaze
ur worth by valiant hero-
e for words! your country
ns,—your hearts; nor aught
smiles; there is no thought
ise some chieftain to elect
govern and whom all revere.
who yon vast log can bear
his shoulder, firm, erect.
id fortune made ye equal all,
igest chief the lot shall fall!

—*John Bowring.*

FERNANDO DE HERRERA

(1534-1594)

IDEAL BEAUTY

FERNANDO DE HERRERA was a native of Seville, where, on taking orders he was attached to the church of San Andrés. His love poems celebrate a famous Platonic love-affair with the Countess of Gelves the mother of the patron of Baltasar de Alcázar. In 1580 he published an annotation of the poems of Garcilasso de la Vega; in 1582 he published his poems, *Algunas Obras*; his *Life of Sir Thomas More* was published in 1592. See *Fernando de Herrera el Divino*, by M. A. Coster (Paris, 1908).

O light serene! present in him who
breathes
That love divine, which kindles yet
restrains
The high-born soul—that in its mortal
chains



"Pacheco's Album"

Fernando de Herrera

aspires for love's immortal
is!

locks, within whose clustered

and eternal treasures lie!

it breathes angelic harmony

t coral and unspotted pearls!

lous beauty! Of the high

ality, within this light

rent veil of flesh, a glimpse

n;

orious form I contemplate

its brightness blinds my feeble

mortal still I seek and follow

Heaven!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

ISEMBODIED SPIRIT

nat within a form of clay

l the brightness of thy native

In dreamless slumber sealed thy burning
eye,
Nor heavenward sought to wing thy flight
away!
He that chastised thee did at length un-
close
Thy prison doors, and give thee sweet
release
Unloosed the mortal coil, eternal peace
Received thee to its stillness and repose.

Look down once more from thy celestial
dwelling,
Help me to rise and be immortal there—
An earthly vapor melting into air;—
For my whole soul with secret ardor
swelling,
From earth's dark mansion struggles to
be free,
And longs to soar away and be at rest
with thee.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

VER'S COMPLAINT

That flaming through the
sky
light heaven's blue, deep-
arch,
unseen in thy celestial march
this blue tranquil eye?
Wind, of soft and delicate

gently with thy cool, fresh

you found in all thy wide
land,
that can delight so much?

in the night! Thou glorious

; Planets and eternal Stars!
ye seen two peerless orbs
are?
Earth, Air, Moon, and Stars of

woes, that know no bounds
,
the cruel stars, that brighten
freeze?—*H. W. Longfellow.*

BACHILLER FRANCISCO DE
TORRE

(1534-1594?)

ODE

BACHILLER FRANCISCO DE LA TORRE, an el personality in Spanish poetry, is said to been born at Torrelaguna, and to received his education at Alcalá de Her Disappointed in love, he enlisted for se in the army in Italy, and on his retu Spain found his "Filis" the wife of an el man of wealth. His poems were first lished by Quevedo in 1631, and a facs edition was published by the Hispanic Sc of America (New York, 1903).

Tirsis, O Tirsis, turn and seek again
The safety of the port; behold what sk
Descend about thy fragile little bark
And warn thee not to go!

oreas, the South Wind's

e seas to an appalling rage;
bled marge no sail can run
course.

appy man!—the heavens

r bitter moans and shouts

aking o'er the brows
æd face!

me that thy ardent breast
e disorders so commands
nture on thee, but to break
f thy youth!

py, how the South Wind's

ng mocks the fickle wings
st of satire, and the head
and bold!

its fiercest breath is stirred
rning mountain, where below

Lie in their living death the boastful twain,
Encéladus and Typhæus?

Be warned upon thy fortunes, and repair
Thy threatened ills; in time be wise
Nor let mishaps encroach too near, for all
Their sudden charge.

Why shouldst thou perish? ah, return,
Tirsis, return! On land, yea, on the land
Let thy ship be the prison and the cave
Of the infuriate winds!

Afar, the vengeance of the sea, afar,
The raging ordnance of fierce Eolus
Upon the heads of hardy mariners
Who dare to brave his powers.

From off the shore let us behold the storm
And watch the angry heavens, where they
least
Are furious against the heads that least
Oppose their vaunted strength.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

CO DE FIGUEROA	235
<p>SCO DE FIGUEROA 1536?–1620?)</p> <p>SONNET</p> <p>FIGUEROA was a native of ares, returning there after in the army in Italy. He ilian and Spanish and was the th blank verse in Castilian. omplete) were first published 5. A facsimile of the edition ished by the Hispanic Society v York, 1903).</p> <p>the sun forever hides his</p> <p>e'er whitens on thy gloomy</p> <p>e, avarous step-dame, scarce</p> <p>on for the human race; iny! were I to trace</p>	
MONOGRAPHS	IV

(Since I have wandered from my natal
boughs)
And end in lone and melancholy drowse
My days of life amid thy snowbound place!

Where never would an amorous shepherd
turn
With rose and violet garlands for my
tomb
And 'mid his sighs memorial declare:—
“Thy hapless ending doth thy Filis learn,
O Tirsis, and two tears she sheds in
gloom
More precious than all Niobe's weep-
ing rare.”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

CERVANTES SAAVEDRA
(1547-1616)**STORY ON GOLETTA**

CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, the immortal author of *Don Quixote* and *The Exemplary Novels*, was born at Alcalá de Henares, served bravely in the army, lost his left hand at the battle of Lepanto, was captured by Moorish pirates, spent five years in captivity in Algiers, was ransomed and returned to Madrid in poverty for the rest of his life. His verse is distinguished when compared with his prose.

Charged of life's oppression,
He sought to prove his worth,

He proved your passport to

Heured a more propitious fate
He faith you bravely fell to rise.

When pious rage diffused through e
 vein,
 On this ungrateful shore you shed
 blood;
 Each drop you lost was bought
 crowds of slain,
 Whose vital purple swelled the neigh
 ing flood.

Though crushed by ruins and by odds,
 claim
 That perfect glory, that immortal fam
 Which like true heroes nobly you purs
 On these you seized, even when of
 deprived,
 For still your courage, even your
 survived;
 And sure 'tis conquest, thus to
 subdued. —*P. Motteu*:

SONNET

When I was marked for suffering, I
 forswore
 All knowledge of my doom; or else at
 Love grows a cruel tyrant, hard to pl

isement exceeding sore
 th brought me. Hush! No
 d! All things he knows and
 e bland and mild! Who then
 woe I bear and yet adore?

, O Chloe, that 'twas thou,
 ak falsely since, being wholly

ren itself, from thee no ill can

pe; I must die shortly now,
 g why, since, sure, no witch
 ewed
 that might avert my martyr-

—*Edmund Gosse.*

CANCIÓN

re languish and complain?—
 isdain!
 ore fiercely tortures me?—
 usy.

How have I patience lost?—By absence
crossed.

Then hopes farewell, there's no relief;
I sink beneath oppressing grief;
Nor can a wretch, without despair,
Scorn, jealousy, and absence bear.

What in my breast, this anguish drove?—
Intruding love.

What could such mighty ills create?—
Blind fortune's hate.

What cruel powers my fate approve?—
The powers above.

Then let me bear and cease to moan;
'Tis glorious thus to be undone;
When these invade, who dares oppose?
Heaven, love, and fortune are my foes.

Where shall I find a speedy cure?—Death
is sure.

No milder means to set me free?—Incon-
stancy,

Can nothing else my pains assuage?—
Distracting age.

What! die or change?—Lucinda lose?—
Oh, let me rather madness choose!

DE CERVANTES	241
<p>gods, what we endure madness is the cure! —<i>P. Motteux.</i></p> <p>T ON FRIENDSHIP</p> <p>lship, Heaven's delight, with man's unequal mind, tive skies thy flight, thy shadow's left behind! usive good below, r train of joys we trace; with dissembled show, ps thy sacred face.</p> <p>then resume thy seat! ture and deceit, y dress confound the ball! ace and truth renew, friendship from the true, ust to Chaos fall. —<i>P. Motteux.</i></p> <p>IE JOURNEY AROUND PARNASSUS"</p> <p>e of clay of dainty worth, and of delicacy prime,</p>	
MONOGRAPHS	IV

And fond of lingering at a neighbor's
hearth;

For e'en the wisest poet of his time
Is ruled by fond desires and delicate,
Of fancies full and ignorance sublime;
Wrapped in his whimsies, with affection
great

For his own offspring, he is not designed
To reach a wealthy, but an honored state.
So let my patient readers henceforth
mind—

As saith the vulgar impolite and coarse—
That I'm a poet of the self-same kind;
With snowy hairs of swan, with voice of
hoarse

And jet-black crow, the rough bark of my
wit

To polish down Time vainly spends its force;
Upon the top of Fortune's wheel to sit,
For one short moment hath not been my
fate,

For when I'd mount, it fails to turn a whit;
But yet to learn if one high thought and
great

Might not some happier occasion seize,
I travelled on with slow and tardy gait,

DE CERVANTES	243
<p>, with eight small scraps of</p> <p>ck my wallet did contain,</p> <p>oad, and carried with great</p> <p>ioth I, "my humble home</p> <p>rid, thy Prado, and thy</p> <p>r and ambrosial rain!</p> <p>gay assemblies, pleasant</p> <p>ching bosom, and delight</p> <p>faint, aspiring underlings!</p> <p>charming and deceitful site,</p> <p>giants great were set ablaze</p> <p>: of Jove, in fiery might!</p> <p>blic theatres, whose praise</p> <p>norance I see becrown</p> <p>llies of unnumbered plays!"</p> <p>—<i>James Young Gibson.</i></p>	
MONOGRAPHS	IV

SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS
(1549-1591)

THE OBSCURE NIGHT OF THE SOUL

SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS was born Juan de Yepes y Álvarez, at Ontiveros. He joined the Carmelite Order in 1563, and soon became an energetic reformer of monastic life, gaining renown as a mystic and saintly character. He became known as the "Ecstatic Doctor" through the inspired nature of his prose writings. His poems are few, but among the greatest productions in all literature. See the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xxvii). He was canonized in 1726.

Upon an obscure night
Fevered with love in love's anxiety
(O hapless-happy plight!),
I went, none seeing me,
Forth from my house where all things quiet
be.



St. John of the Cross

ure from sight,
cret stair, disguisedly,
ppy plight!)
privily,
ny house where all things

wandering,
re by none might I be spied,
thing;
it or guide,
ch in my heart burnt in my

lead me on,
han the shining of noontide,
knew that one
ming bide;
de, might none but He abide.

lidst lead thus,
e lovely than the dawn of

roughtest us,
's sight,
red in marriage of delight!

Upon my flowery breast
Wholly for Him, and save Himself for none,
There did I give sweet rest
To my belovèd one;
The fanning of the cedars breathed thereon.

When the first moving air
Blew from the tower and waved His locks
aside,
His hand, with gentle care,
Did wound me in the side,
And in my body all my senses died.

All things I then forgot,
My cheek on Him who for my coming came;
All ceased, and I was not,
Leaving my cares and shame
Among the lilies, and forgetting them.

—*Arthur Symons.*

O FLAME OF LIVING LOVE

O flame of living love,
That dost eternally
Pierce through my soul with so consuming
heat,

no help above,
and end of me,
the bond of this encounter sweet.

turns to heal!
pleasant wound!
and, O touch most delicate,
my life reveal,
grace abound,
and dost from death to life
!

the that shined
use a light
in caverns where the senses live,
obscure and blind,
angel glories bright,
and light to His belovèd give!

sign intent
thou my breast,
alone abidest secretly;
sweet ascent,
and good possessed,
why thou teachest love to me!

—*Arthur Symons.*

FRANCISCO DE ALDANA
(1550-1578)

THE IMAGE OF GOD

FRANCISCO DE ALDANA, was a soldier-poet born at Tortosa. He perished in the African disaster that overtook the Portuguese King, Dom Sebastian, in 1578. The body of his writings has been lost, although he was much esteemed as an author of mystical poetry, some of which has survived.

O Lord! who seest from yon starry height,
Centered in one the future and the past,
Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast
The world obscures in me what once was
bright!

Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast
given

To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
Forever green shall be my trust in heaven.

ng! oh let thy presence pass
' spirit, and an image fair
set that look of mercy from on

ted image in a glass
t the look of him who seeks it

es its being to the gazer's eye.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

MY NATIVE LAND

of light! my native land on

h a glory that shall never fade!
f truth! without a veil or shade,
iet meets the spirit's eye.

the soul in its ethereal essence,
o longer for life's feeble breath,
lled in heaven, its glorious
ice

ing eye beholds, yet fears not,

ntry! banished from thy shore
: in this prison-house of clay,

The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for
thee!

Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the
way,
That, whither love aspires, there shall
my dwelling be.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

VÁZQUEZ DE LECA
(About 1550)

SONNET

VÁZQUEZ DE LECA may be assumed
a Sevillian, although no
of his life or dates are to be
s secretary to Philip II, and
ks on genealogical and moral

oolish, though an amorous

ad you for a boat but waited
the devil might have both
eated

ave been spared the pains to

was drowned!—You might
ne
to your mistress, and have
er

In nuptial joy,—but no!—for driven on
By an impatient passion's gust, you
missed her

And died.—A pity that!—In this our
Seville

You've not a notion how we cheat the devil;
And run no risk of colds nor disappoint-
ments;

True, love may graze us,—but the drowning
plan

Is a mistake, which neither oil nor
ointments,

Nor wit, nor wisdom, can get over, man.

—*John Bowring.*

ISCO DE MEDRANO

(sixteenth Century)

F AND NATURE

ISCO DE MEDRANO was a native of the sixteenth century. Practically nothing is known as to the date of his birth or the events of his life. He never visited Italy. His works, published in Palermo in 1617, are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (12).

human artifice soon tire
eye; the fountain's sparkling

is, when adorned by human

feeble hand, the vain desire.
ce and wild magnificence
n her lavish hours doth steal,
on silent and intense,
m who hath a soul to feel.

The river moving on its ceaseless way,
 The verdant reach of meadows fair and
 green,
 And the blue hills that bound the sylvan
 scene,
 These speak of grandeur, that defies
 decay,—
 Proclaims the Eternal Architect on
 high,
 Who stamps on all his works his own
 eternity.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE TWO HARVESTS

But yesterday these few and hoary sheaves
 Waved in the golden harvest; from the
 plain
 I saw the blade shoot upward, and the
 grain
 Put forth the unripe ear and tender leaves.
 Then the glad upland smiled upon the view,
 And to the air the broad green leaves
 unrolled,
 A peerless emerald in each silken fold,
 And on each palm a pearl of morning dew.

ang up and ripened in brief

death the reaper's sickle died,
 led beauteous in the summer-

we? a copy of that race,
 rest of a longer year!
 many fall before the ripened

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

VICENTE ESPINEL

(1551-1624)

LETRILLA

VICENTE ESPINEL was born at Ronda. After being sold into captivity by Moorish pirates he joined the Spanish army in Italy. Later, he returned to Spain, took orders, and obtained a post at the hospital at Ronda, where his irregular conduct led to his disgrace. He was a famous musician of the school of Salamanca and added the fifth string to the guitar, to the disapproval of Lope de Vega. His death occurred at Madrid. He is most famed as the author of the *Relaciones de la Vida del Escudero Marcos de Obregón* (1618), after which Le Sage copied his more famous *Gil Blas*. Espinel's *Diversas Rimas* were published in 1591.

A thousand, thousand times I seek
My lovely maid;
But I am silent, still, afraid

ak
ght frown, and then my heart
ak.

red to tell her all,
—what a woe 'twould be
d favor's smiles to fall
frown of certainty.
er music cheers me now;
roses on her cheek,
ains my tongue, for how,
speak,
frowned, my troubled heart
ak?

I conceal my story
art's most secret cell;
feel a doubtful glory
ertainty of hell.
e, the bliss of heaven—
rage is but weak;
s may be well forgiven,
e speak
gentle, O my heart would

—*John Bowring.*

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR
LADY

He who is both brave and bold
Wins the lady that he would;
But the courageless and cold
Never did and never could.

Modesty in women's game
Is a wide and shielding veil;
They are tutored to conceal
Passion's fiercely burning flame.
He who serves them brave and bold,
He alone is understood;
But the courageless and cold
Ne'er could win and never should.

If you love a lady bright,
Seek, and you shall find a way;
All that love would say—to say,
If you watch the occasion right,
Cupid's ranks are brave and bold,
Every soldier firm and good;
But the courageless and cold
Ne'er have conquered—never could.

—*John Bowring.*

NONYMOUS	261
<p>ANONYMOUS 1 or Seventeenth Century)</p> <p>HRIST CRUCIFIED</p> <p>sonnet, in spite of the ascription to Saint Teresa of <i>Biblioteca de autores españoles</i>, is held to be anonymous. (M. R. Jacobson, <i>Revue Hispanique</i>, 1895, vol. 10) has been attributed, without sufficient authority, to Saint Ignatius de Loyola, Francis Xavier, and Pedro de los Reyes, but the hymn "Deus ego te amo" is similar in many ways. The latter hymn, attributed to Saint Francis Xavier, has been rendered into English by Alexander Ross. The sonnet has also been translated into English in his "O God, thou art the love."</p> <p>ed to love Thee, O my Lord, ing for Thy Promised Land; fear of hell am I unmanned</p>	
MONOGRAPHS	IV

To cease from my transgressing deed or
word.

'Tis Thou Thyself dost move me,—Thy
blood poured

Upon the cross from nailèd foot and
hand;

And all the wounds that did Thy body
brand;

And all Thy shame and bitter death's
award.

Yea, to Thy heart am I so deeply stirred
That I would love Thee were no heaven
on high,—

That I would fear, were hell a tale absurd!
Such my desire, all questioning grows vain;
Though hope deny me hope I still should
sigh,

And as my love is now, it should remain.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LUPERCIO LEONARDO DE
 ARGENSOLA
 (1559-1613)

SONNET

LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA, together
 with Bartolomé, is considered
 one of the greater poets of the seventeenth
 century. He made some attempts at the
 drama, but it is not until the publication of
 1614 that we have a text to warrant
 his reputation. The Argensolas were
 poets and followed the methods of
 the poets, with a strong classical ten-
 sion saved them from the abuses of
 their time at its height. Lupercio be-
 longed to Aragon and, following
 his father to Naples, died there.

He tears the torn vines around,
 great floods their 'customed
 banks break o'er;

Drowning the plains their shoreless
waters pour,
Sweeping both bridge and bank in Spain's
whole bound.

Moncayo, as of old, lifts up his crowned
High forehead of the snows; the sun no
more

Than scarce appears with day's half-
portioned store,
When it is covered o'er with night profound.

The angry breath of tempests is abroad
Upon the seas and forests. Mankind
hastes

Into his ports and cabins wisely awed;
Whilst Fabio by the Tays lingering
wastes

His shamefaced tears, to mourn the sea-
sons' fraud,—

The fruits that wither ere the lip half
tastes.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

DE VALDIVIELSO

(1560-1638)

SEGUIDILLA

VIDIELSO was a native of Toledo,
r of the excellent *Autos Sacra-
Comedias Divinas*. His *Vida de*
o noteworthy; but he is espec-
for his devotional lyrics. There
on of his *Romancero espiritual*
Madrid in 1880.

æ was free,
death you see;
Mother dear,
grateful here !
meyed smile,
false friend
nquet's end
within my dish the while,
nb betrayed me vile.

*Trust not, Mother dear,
Hearts ungrateful here !
I placed him at my side
And passed the dish to him;
I shared and did provide
The best unto the brim.
His bargain rare and grim,—
He sold Thy Son away,
Trust not, Mother dear,
Hearts ungrateful here !
The garden flowers were wet
With the tears I shed thereon;
'Twas Holy Thursday, yet
With me had Judas gone;
He gave unto Thy Son
The kiss I'll not forget—
Trust not, Mother dear,
Hearts ungrateful here !*

-Thomas Walsh.

E ARGOTE Y GÓNGORA

(1561-1627)

SWEET NIGHTINGALES

OTE Y GÓNGORA was born of good
rdoba; he was educated at the
Salamanca and received a bene-

In 1613 he removed to Madrid
chaplain to the King. He re-
doba in ill health and died there.
on as a poet was already estab-
at the publication of the *Roman-*

His earlier poems are free from
but in his later style he adopted
ons known as *Marinism* in Italy,
England and *Preciosité* in France,
stablishing in Spain the School of
which afflicted Spanish literature
nerations. His poems may be
: *Biblioteca de autores españoles*,
xix, xxxii, and xxxv.

all sweet nightingales
songs the flowery vales;

*But they are little silver bells,
Touched by the winds in the smiling dells;
Magic bells of gold in the grove,
Forming a chorus for her I love.*

Think not the voices in the air
Are from the wingéd Sirens fair,
Playing among the dewy trees
Chanting their morning mysteries;
Oh! if you listen, delighted there,
To their music scattered o'er the dales,
They are not all sweet nightingales, etc.

Oh! 'twas a lovely song—of art
To charm—of nature to touch the heart;
Sure 'twas some shepherd's pipe, which
 played
By passion fills the forest shade;
No! 'tis music's diviner part
Which o'er the yielding spirit prevails.
They are not all sweet nightingales, etc.

In the eye of love, which all things sees,
The fragrance-breathing jasmine trees—
And the golden flowers—and the sloping
 hill—
And the ever melancholy rill—

oliest sympathies,
 ve a thousand tales.
all sweet nightingales,
songs the cheerful vales;
little silver bells,
the wind in the smiling dells,
in the secret grove,
ic for her I love.

—John Bowring.

ROMANCE

girl in all our country-side,
 ken, yesterday a bride,
 ve ride forth to join the wars,
 ng heart and trembling lips
 ::
 dead, my tears are blinding me,
 lk alone where breaks the sea!

e, Mother, what too well I know,
 long, and joy is quick to go,
 e given him my heart that he
 it captive with love's bitter

lead, my tears are blinding me.

“My eyes are dim, that once were full
 of grace,
And ever bright with gazing on his face
But now the tears come hot and never cease
Since he is gone in whom my heart found
 peace,
My hope is dead, my tears are blinding

“Then do not seek to stay my grief, nor
To blame a sin my heart must needs forgive
For though blame were spoken in
 part,
Yet speak it not, lest you should break
 heart.
My hope is dead, my tears are blinding

“Sweet Mother mine, who would not
 to see
The glad years of my youth so quickly
Although his heart were flint, his breast
 stone?
Yet here I stand, forsaken and alone,
My hope is dead, my tears are blinding

“And still may night avoid my lonely
Now that my eyes are dull, my soul is cold

ne for whom they vigil keep,
 ght, I have no heart for sleep.
 ead, my tears are blinding me,
 k alone where breaks the sea!"

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

ME GO WARM

arm and merry still;
 world laugh, an' it will.

se on earthly things,—
 rones, the fate of kings,
 whose fame the world doth fill;
 is sit enthroned in trays,
 ouch in winter sways
 eptre of my days;—
 : world laugh, an' it will.

oyal purple wears,
 plate a thousand cares
 ow as a gilded pill;
 : these I turn my back,
 ngs in my roasting-jack
 imney hiss and crack;—
 : world laugh, an' it will.

And when the wintry tempest blows,
And January's sleets and snows
Are spread o'er every vale and hill,
With one to tell a merry tale
O'er roasted nuts and humming ale,
I sit, and care not for the gale;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let merchants traverse seas and lands
For silver mines and golden sands;
Whilst I beside some shadowy rill
Just where its bubbling fountain swells
Do sit and gather stones and shells,
And hear the tale the blackbird tells;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

For Hero's sake the Grecian lover
The stormy Hellespont swam over;
I cross without the fear of ill
The wooden bridge that slow bestrides
The Madrigal's enchanting sides,
Or barefoot wade through Yepes's tides;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

But since the Fates so cruel prove,
That Pyramus should die of love,
And love should gentle Thisbe kill;

be an apple-tart,
 plunge into her heart
 that bites the crust apart,—
 the world laugh, an' it will.
 —*H. W. Longfellow.*

NATIVITY OF CHRIST

the Aurora's bosom
 fallen—a crimson blossom;
 glorious rests the hay
 the fallen blossom lay!

the gently had unfurled
 over all below,
 and with winter's frost and snow,
 and the sceptre of the world,
 from descending slow,
 monarch's frozen bosom
 fallen,—a crimson blossom.

where the Virgin bore
 within her breast,
 earth, yet still possessed
 blossom as before;
 that colored drop caressed,—

Received upon its faithful bosom
That single flower,—a crimson blossom.

The manger, unto which 'twas given,
Even amid wintry snows and cold,
Within its fostering arms to fold
The blushing flower that fell from heaven,
Was as a canopy of gold,—
A downy couch,—where on its bosom
That flower had fallen,—that crimson blossom.
—H. W. Longfellow.

LETRILLA

*Riches will serve for titles, too,
That's true—that's true!
And they love most who oftenest sigh,
That's a lie—that's a lie!*

That crowns give virtue—power gives wit,
That follies well on proud ones sit;
That poor men's slips deserve a halter;
While honors crown the great defaulter;
That 'nointed kings no wrong can do,
No right, such worms as I and you—
That's true—that's true!

ill and sleepy warden
 a many-portal'd garden;
 which darken many a day
 it's smile can charm away;
 think that Celia's eye
 ht but trick and treachery,
—that's a lie!

m's bought and virtue sold;
 ou can provide with gold
 garter or a star,
 it for peace or war;
 se knowledge at the U-
 or P. or Q.—
—that's true!

be gagged who go to court,
 beside, the gagger for 't;
 ss must be scourged, and thank
 rs when they're men of rank;
 e, poor man's form and hue
 h shame and suffering too—
—that's true!

us favors to be done,
 s prizes to be won;

And downy pillows for our head,
And thornless roses for our bed;
From monarch's words—you'll trust and
try,
And risk your honor on the die—
That's a lie—that's a lie !

That he who in the courts of law
Defends his person or estate,
Should have a privilege to draw
Upon the mighty River Plate;
And spite of all that he can do,
He will be plucked and laughed at too—
That's true, that's true!

To sow of pure and honest seeds,
And gather nought but waste and weeds;
And to pretend our care and toil
Had well prepared the ungrateful soil;
And then on righteous heaven to cry,
As 'twere unjust—and ask it why?—
That's a lie, that's a lie!

—John Bowring.

. HONOR OF THE LIQUID
ELEMENT"

r of the liquid element,
rulet of shining silver sheen!
waters steal along the meadows
n,
step and murmur of content!
for whom I bear each fierce
eme,
herself in thee,—then Love doth
e
r and crimson of that lovely face
gentle movement of thy stream.

othly flow as now, and set not

tal curb and undulating rain
ow thy current's headlong speed
ain;
ken and confused the image rest
are charms on the deep-heaving
st
o holds and sways the trident
le seas.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO

(1562-1635)

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO, one of the greatest figures in Spanish literature, the "*monstruo*" of the critics, was born at Madrid, and after an irregular youth took part in the Invincible Armada, returning to receive priestly orders, but, also, to continue his dissolute courses. He is said to have written 1800 dramas of various kinds, establishing the style for all future writers for the Spanish theatre. His lyric talents are of the highest order, and his fluency makes him one of the most remarkable figures in the literature of the world. His *Obras sueltas* in twenty-one volumes appeared at Madrid in 1776. Menéndez y Pelayo died before completing the collection of his works which he was preparing for the Spanish Academy.

Shepherd! who with thine amorous, sylvan
song



■ a print in the *Hispanic Society of America*

Lope Felis de Vega Carpio

roken the slumber that encom-
 sed me,
 ad'st Thy crook from the accursed
 e
 Thy powerful arms were stretched
 ong!
 o mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
 u my shepherd, guard, and guide
 It be;
 ey Thy voice, and wait to see
 ll beautiful upon the mountains.

pherd Thou who for Thy flock art
 ng,
 h away these scarlet sins, for Thou
 st at the contrite sinner's vow.
 to Thee my weary soul is crying,
 r me: Yet why ask it, when I see,
 et nailed to the cross, Thou'rt
 iting still for me!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

O NAVIS

of Life, upon the billows hoarse
 l by storms of envy and deceit,
 what cruel seas in passage fleet

My pen and sword alone direct thy course!
My pen is dull; my sword of little force;
Thy side lies open to the wild waves' beat
As out from Favor's harbors we retreat,
Pursued by hopes deceived and vain
remorse.

Let heaven be star to guide thee! here below
How vain the joys that foolish hearts
desire!

Here friendship dies and enmity keeps
true;

Here happy days have left thee long ago!

But seek not port, brave thou the tem-
pest's ire;

Until the end thy fated course pursue!

—*Roderick Gill.*

TOMORROW

Lord, what am I, that with unceasing care
Thou did'st seek after me, that Thou
did'st wait

Wet with unhealthy dews before my
gate,

And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?

delusion, that I did not greet
; approach, and oh, to heaven
lost
gratitude's unkindly frost
the bleeding wounds upon Thy

' guardian angel gently cried,
om thy casement look, and thou
see
persists to knock and wait for
"

a, how often to that Voice of
w,
' we will open," I replied,
hen the morrow came I an-
ed still "Tomorrow."

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

BARTOLOMÉ LEONARDO DE
ARGENSOLA
(1564-1631)

TO THE FATHER OF THE UNIVERSE

BARTOLOMÉ LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA was the younger of the Argensola brothers of Aragon, who resisted the influence of Gongorism and who established their literary reputation in 1634 with the publication of *Rimas*.

Tell me, Thou common Father, tell me
why,
(Since Thou art just and good) dost
Thou permit
Successful fraud, securely throned, to
sit
While innocence, oppressed, stands weep-
ing by?
Why hast Thou nerved that strong arm to
oppose
Thy righteous mandates with impunity,



from a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Bartolomé Leonardo de Argensola

e meek man who served and
 ended Thee
 feet of Thine and virtues's toes?

I, in despair) should vice con-
 d
 e's harmony, and tower above
 he pomp, and pride, and power
 ate?

ked upwards— and I heard a
 d
 m an angel, smiling through
 en's gate,
 a spot for heaven-born souls to
 ”

—*John Bowring.*

MARY MAGDALEN

et sinful one, and broken-
 ll
 are pointing at the thing forlorn,
 and in scorn!
 est days of innocence departed;
 est, and thy tears have power
 e
 o pity and love.

The greatest of thy tollies is forgiven,
Even for the least of all the tears that shine
On that pale cheek of thine.

Thou didst kneel down, to Him who came
from heaven,

Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise
Holy and pure and wise.

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom
The ragged briar should change, the bitter fir
Distil Arabian myrrh;

Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,
The harvest should rise plenteous, and the
swain

Bear home the abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren
mountains

Thick to their tops with roses; come and see
Leaves on the dry dead tree.

The perished plant, set out by living
fountains,

Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches
rise,

Forever, to the skies.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

AN DE ARGUIJO

(1567-1623)

MPEST AND THE CALM

GUIJO was a native of Seville
ilities and character procured
osition in the Sevillian school of
sonnets are to be found in the
Colón y Colón (Seville, 1841).

v the ruddy sun to turn
trouble and to disappear;
s hidden face the lightning

rkness then began to burn.
e furious south-wind came to

d tormenting far and near;
e the shoulders of great Atlas

ook beneath the thunder

But soon the heavy veil is swept away
By rains, and clear again the morning
shines
With gladness full-renewed across the
skies;
Marking the freshened splendors of the
day,
I murmur—These perchance may be the
signs
Wherein the image of my fortune lies.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

ENEGAS DE SAAVEDRA
(1576-1609)

STORAL CHARMS

AS DE SAAVEDRA was born at
Mayor, of a noble family be-
eville. He died at Granada
third year. His *Remedios de*
t published, together with the
cisco de Medrano, in Palermo,
n original poem written around
cheme of Ovid's work of the

e, his idle thoughts unreined,
trayed in calmness forth can go
id his peaceful oxen trained
his wearied flocks returning

plough as evening's shadow
all its broken host recalls.

Who when the earliest light of Phoebus
warns

And earth awakes, is glad from out his bed
Beneath the farm-house eaves, nor laboring
scorns

To trim his vines and train the nodding
head

Of elms upon the hillsides tall and slight
Such as god Hymen takes for his delight.

Or through the heavy furrows wins his way
With ponderous team, and scatters the
glad grain

In token of the Golden Age and sway
Of oldtime Bacchus and Silvanus' reign;
Till grateful gifts to Ceres here disclose,
And on her sacred altars sheaves repose.

Upon the earliest day the floods are free
From icy bondage, there he lightly turns
To seek his Filomena lovingly

When the sun's waning light no longer
burns,
And heifers bleat, and doves' compelling
song

Is music to the ears attentive long.

the busy husbandman prepares
are out and soon the honey
;
ith covered face and arms he
;
ke and fire invade their treasure
;
eir gatherings of sunny hours,
hemselves have robbed the
ant flowers.

'ranged pastures graze the cows
s upon the sloping hills afar;
ir yards, and folds, and cattle-
;
accustomed stalls they gathered

eir fragrant floods of milk arise
and the cheeses that we prize.

never blasphemy profanes
hood, blows an ample breath
ad;
duce repose for all our pains,
ice weaves its woof of balm
und,

Here where Astrea in her heavenward
flight

Left her last footprint ere she passed from
sight.

What nobler love can honest bosoms find
Than this sweet solitude and bland con-
tent?

Peace and no troubles for the weary mind,
Nor Fortune's fickleness nor blandish-
ment;

Where high above the accidents of Fate
Man lives and dies, without a fear or hate.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MARTÍN DE LA PLAZA
(1577-1625)

MADRIGAL

N DE LA PLAZA was a native of
His education was obtained
ersity of Osuna, and he was or-
est in 1598. His poems may be
res de poetas ilustres de España,
pinosa.

n margin of the land
dalthorice winds his way
y.

i key, Sleep's gentle hand
her eyes so bright,—
vo suns of light,—
is balmy dews
eeks suffuse.

God in slumber saw her laid,
is dripping head
o'erspread,

Clad in his wintry robes approached the
maid,
And with cold kiss, like Death,
Drank the rich perfume of the maiden's
breath.

The maiden felt that icy kiss;
Her suns unclosed, their flame
Full and unclouded on the intruder came.
Amazed the bold intruder felt
His frothy body melt,
And heard the radiance on his bosom hiss;
And, forced in blind confusion to retire,
Leapt in the water to escape the fire.

—*Robert Southey.*



•



From "Pacheco's Album"

Rodrigo Caro

RODRIGO CARO

(1573-1647)

THE RUINS OF ITÁLICA

CARO was the son of distinguished Utrera. He was graduated at the of Osuna in 1596, being later named of the Archepiscopal estates, and benous as a lawyer. He formed part ary circle of Francisco Pacheco in l is supposed to be represented in it marked as that of the unknown : *Antigüedades* of Seville appeared He left some few sonnets beside ode on *The Ruins of Itálica*. See a of his works published by the *de Bibliófilos Andaluces* (Seville, *Rodrigo Caro*, by Santiago Montoto 15).

I

is region desolate and drear,
tary fields, this shapeless mound
Itálica, the far-renowned;

For Scipio the mighty planted here
His conquering colony, and now, o'er-
thrown,
Lie its once-dreaded walls of massive stone,
Sad relics, sad and vain
Of those invincible men
Who held the region then.
Funereal memories alone remain
Where forms of high example walked of
yore.
Here lay the forum, there arose the fane—
The eye beholds their places, and no more.
Their proud gymnasium and their sumptu-
ous baths,
Resolved to dust and cinders, strew the
paths;
Their towers that looked defiance at the sky,
Fallen by their own vast weight, in frag-
ments lie.

2

This broken circus, where the rock-weeds
climb,
Flaunting with yellow blossoms, and defy
The gods to whom its walls were piled so
high,

ragic theatre, where Time
 great fable, spreads a stage that
 9
 deur's story and its dreary close.
 nd this desert pit,
 ; the applauding rows
 3 great people sit?
 its are here, but where the com-
 its?
 bare arms, the strong athleta
 3?
 leparted from this once gay haunt
 crowds, and silence holds the

 is spot, Time gives us to behold
 le as stern as those of old.
 ily I gaze, there seem to rise,
 the mighty ruin, wailing cries.

3

ole in war, the pride of Spain
 is country's father, here was born;
 rtunate, triumphant, to whose

 l the far regions, where the morn

Rose from her cradle, and the shore whose
steeps
O'erlooked the conquered Gaditanian
deeps.

Of mighty Adrian here,
Of Theodosius, saint,
Of Silius, Virgil's peer,
Were rocked the cradles, rich in gold and
quaint

With ivory carvings, here were laurel-
boughs

And sprays of jasmine gathered for their
brows

From gardens now a marshy, thorny waste.
Where rose the palace, reared for Cæsar,
yawn

Foul rifts to which the scudding lizards
haste.

Palaces, gardens, Cæsars, all are gone,
And even the stones their names were
graven on.

4

Fabius, if tears prevent thee not, survey
The long-dismantled streets, so thronged
of old,

in marbles, arches in decay,
 statues, toppled from their place
 rolled
 when Nemesis, the avenger, came,
 and in forgetfulness profound,
 theirs and their fame.
 why, I deem must be,
 only a mouldering mound;
 he, whose name alone belongs to

old gods and kings the native
 land;
 O, sage Athens, built by Pallas,
 and
 redeemed not from the appointed
 doom—
 of earth's cities once wert thou—
 solitude and ashes now!
 and Death respect ye not; they
 spare
 no city and the wise alike.

5

goes forth the wandering thought
 from me

New themes of sorrow, sought in distant
lands?

Enough the example that before me stands;
For here are smoke wreaths seen, and
glimmering flame,

And hoarse lamentings on the breezes die;
So doth the mighty ruin cast its spell
On those who near it dwell.

And under night's still sky,
As awe-struck peasants tell,
A melancholy voice is heard to cry:

"Itálica is fallen!" the echoes then
Mournfully shout "Itálica" again.

The leafy alleys of the forest round
Murmur "Itálica," and all around

A troop of mighty shadows at the sound
Of that illustrious name, repeat the call
"Itálica" from ruined tower and wall.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

ORPHEUS

Oblivion's misty prison ceased its moan
Before the Thracian youth; ceased too
the lyre

Its consonance; the tears and fond desire

their gentle sweetness to intone.
at hearing, rests his stone;
antalus might have eased his
ger dire
at elusive apple, and no ire
im from dread Radamanthus'
one.

urydice is passing through
ps of Orcus, oh, behold her doom!
urn, he to his moan, she to her
ins!
w good and ill are joined in you!
oor lover how could you presume
ive his voice such power,—his
s such pains?

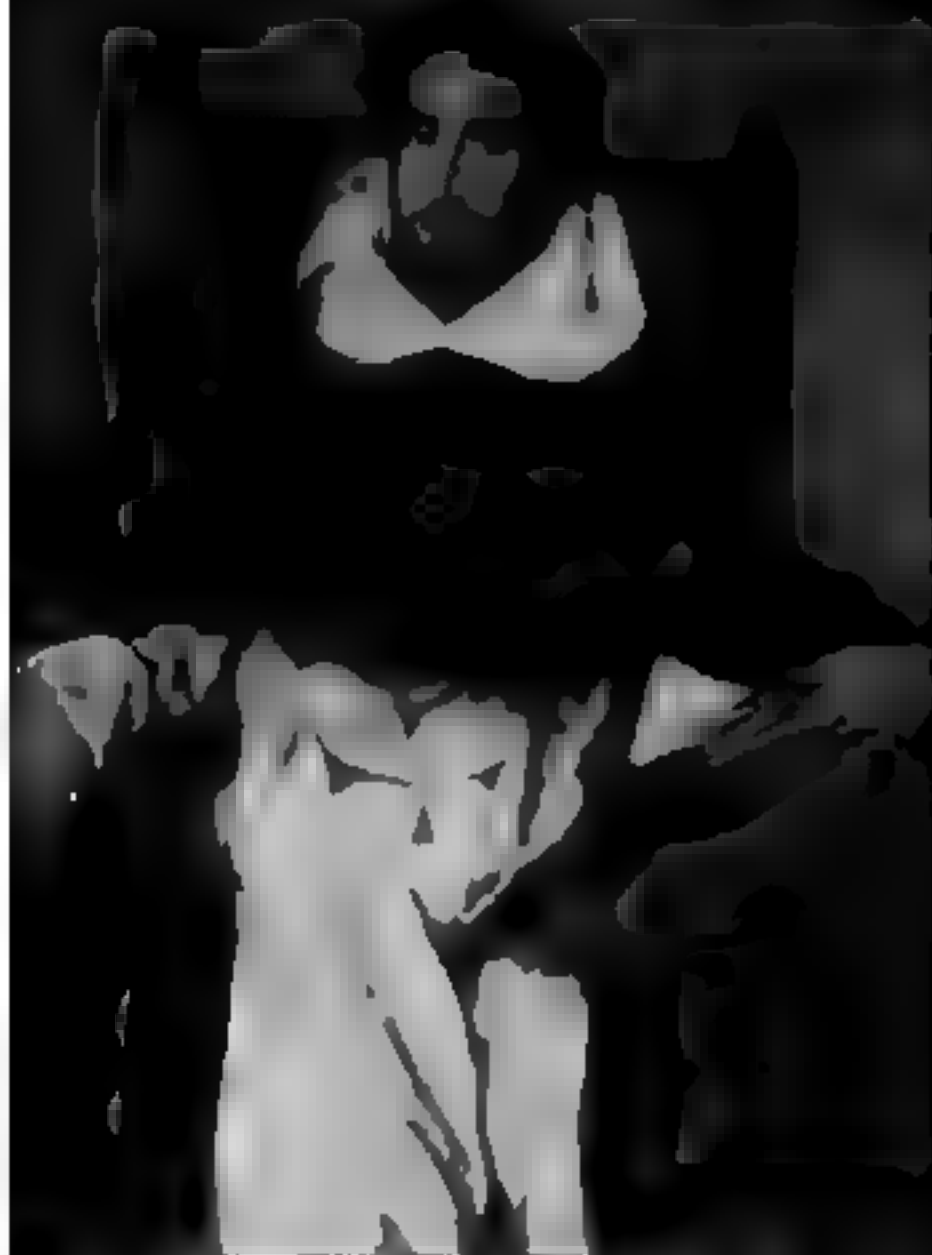
—*Thomas Walsh.*

FRAY HORTENSIO FELIS DE PARAVICINO Y ARTEAGA

(1580-1633)

SONNET ON THE TOMB OF THE
PAINTER WHO WAS *EL GRECO*
OF TOLEDO

FRAY HORTENSIO FELIS DE PARAVICINO Y ARTEAGA was born at Madrid of a distinguished family. He studied with the Jesuits and graduated with honors at the University of Salamanca. At the age of nineteen he joined the Order of the *Trinitarios Calzados* and obtained the Doctorate of the University in 1601. In 1605 he preached the address of welcome to Philip II on his visit to Salamanca; after which he was called to court and made preacher to the King, on whose death he was made preacher to Philip III. He was a famous *predicador*, following the style of Góngora; he was also a friend of *El Greco* and noted for his wit and fancy. His poetical works did not appear until after his death,



from the painting by * El Greco

Fray Hortensio
(*F. de Paravicino y Arteaga*)

titled *Obras póstumas divinas y*
de Fray Felix de Arteaga (Madrid,

f Greco that can be confined
Piety lay; here buries, and here
als;

dispose him, gently, so he feels
eps stir the part he left behind!
no silence upon earth shall bind
men are born; though envy's
ast be steel's
t it; for no other star reveals
ant glow on our horizon blind.

er life he wrought,—not mere
plause,—

: Apelles!—and the wonderment
ges shall invoke his stranger
ys!—

e him birth; the brush with which
draws,

;—and a better land is bent
rant him rest eternal to his days!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE DIVINE PASSION

Pierced are Thy feet, O Lord, pierced are
Thy hands;

Thy head a shaggy grove of bitter thorn;
Thou hangest on the shameful tree of
scorn;

Thy woe my feeble sense half understands!
You who love God and who would light the
brands

Of righteous vengeance 'gainst such
outrage lorn,

Look, these are things of wonder made
to warn

The hearts of Jew and Greek and Roman
lands!

'Tis you have caused this anguish, of which
you,

Dishonest, are a witness, judge and part—
Your sin against this innocence makes
war!

O mortal, to your ceaseless wrongs are due
This silent victim—I would charge your
heart

With malice that against its God it
bore. —*Thomas Walsh.*



his proud ancestors
blood-veins are patrician;
es make the position
ent investors;
find themselves preferred
duke or country herd,—
and priests and scholars,
mighty Lord of Dollars!

nding who can question
here yields unto his rank, a
stillian Doña Blanca,
ow the suggestion?—
crowns the lowest stool,
hero turns the fool,—
and priests and scholars,
mighty Lord of Dollars.

elds are noble bearings;
blazonments unfurling
is arms of royal sterling
h pretensions airing;
e credit of his miner
behind the proud refiner,—
and priests and scholars
mighty Lord of Dollars.

Contracts, bonds, and bills to render,
Like his counsels most excelling,
Are esteemed within the dwelling
Of the banker and the lender.
So is prudence overthrown,
And the judge complaisant grown,—
Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

Such indeed his sovereign standing
(With some discount in the order),
Spite the tax, the cash-recorder
Still his value fixed is branding.
He keeps rank significant
To the prince or man in want,—
Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

Never meets he dames ungracious
To his smiles or his attention,
How they glow but at the mention
Of his promises capacious!
And how bare-faced they become
To the coin beneath his thumb!—
Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

in peaceful season
 in this his wisdom showeth)
 standards, than when bloweth
 haughty blasts and breeze on;
 foreign lands at home,
 e'en in pauper's loam,—
as and priests and scholars
mighty Lord of Dollars.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ROME IN HER RUINS

these scenes, O Pilgrim, seek'st
 thou Rome!
 thy search—the pomp of Rome is
 dead;
 the Aventine is glory's tomb;
 shrines, her shrines, but relics of the dead.

where Cæsars dwelt in other days,
 now mourns where once it towered
 sublime;
 the bulwering medal now far less dis-
 plays
 triumphs won by Latium, than by
 time.

Tiber alone survives—the passing wave
That bathed her towers now murmurs by
her grave,
Wailing with plaintive sound her fallen
fanes.

Rome! of thine ancient grandeur all is
past

That seemed for years eternal framed to
last,

Nought but the wave, a fugitive—re-
mains.

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

SONNET: DEATH-WARNINGS

I saw the ramparts of my native land
One time so strong, now dropping in
decay,

Their strength destroyed by this new
age's way

That has worn out and rotted what was
grand.

I went into the fields; there I could
see

The sun drink up the waters newly
thawed;

n the hills the moaning cattle
wed,
eries robbed the light of day for
.

o my house; I saw how spotted,
ng things made that old home
ir prize;
withered walking-staff had come
bend.

e age had won; my sword was
ted;
ere was nothing on which to set
r eyes

was not a reminder of the end.

John Masefield.

FRANCISCO DE BORJA
(1581-1658)

CANCIÓN

FRANCISCO DE BORJA, Prince of Esquilache, was partly of Italian origin. His verse is simple and natural with an occasional lapse into the Gongoristic style. His poems are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles*.

Ye laughing streamlets, say,
Sporting with the sands, where do ye wend
 your way
From the flowerets flying,
To rocks and caverns hieing;
When ye might sleep in calmness and peace
Why hurry thus in wearying restlessness?

Whither is she going?—whither is she going?
Sweetest maid of sweetest maidens,—she,
 our village-pride,—

han the daybreak,—lighter than
lay,—

is she going?

one to the greenest meadow's side,
ie sweet flowers are growing.

rs and she scatters sweet flowerets
er way;

the flowerets are blowing.

Day of Saint John,—the Evangel-
Day,—

is she going?

—*John Bowring.*

JUAN DE TASSIS

(1582-1622)

TO A CLOISTRESS

JUAN DE TASSIS, Count of Villamediana, was born at Lisbon. In 1611 he was expelled from court for gambling. He returned to Spain in 1617, where he satirised the Duke of Lerma and other court favorites. As a gentleman-in-waiting to Isabel of Bourbon, wife of Philip IV, he was assassinated, said, by order of the King, who had discovered him to be a lover of the Queen. His works are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xlii). See also *El Conde de Villamediana*, by Emilio Cotarelo y Ledesma (Madrid, 1886).

Thou who hast fled from life's enchanted
bowers

In youth's gay spring, in beautiful
glowing morn,

JUAN DE TASSIS

ng thy bright array, thy path of
flowers,
the rude convent-garb and couch
of thorn;

that escaping from a world of cares,
st found thy haven in devotion's fane,
the port the fearful bark repairs,
shun the midnight perils of the main;

the glad hymn, the strain of rapture
pour
ile on thy soul the beams of glory
rise!

the pilot hail the welcome shore
th shouts of triumph swelling to the
skies,
ow should'st thou the exulting paean
raise
heaven's bright harbor opens to thy
gaze!

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

ESTEBAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS

(1589-1669)

SPRING-TIME

ESTEBAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS was born at Matute, where he practised law and was prosecuted by the Inquisition, being exiled to Santa María de Ribarredonda in 1659. His works reveal him as an opponent of the Gongorists and as a classical scholar. His *Eróticas*, edited by Vicente de los Ríos, appeared at Madrid in 1774 and again in 1797.

'Tis sweet in the green spring

To gaze upon the wakening fields
around;

Birds in the thicket sing,

Winds whisper, waters prattle, from the
ground

A thousand odors rise,

Breathed up from blossoms of a thousand
dyes.

and clear and cool,
 ne and poplar keep their quiet
 ok;
 resh and full,
 at their feet the thirst-inviting
 ok;
 oft herbage seems
 or a place of banquets and of
 eams.

io alone art fair,
 nom alone I love, art far away.
 y smile be there,
 es me sad to see the earth so gay;
 t if the train
 and flowers and zephyrs go again.
 —*William Cullen Bryant.*

MOTHER NIGHTINGALE

seen a nightingale
 orig of thyme bewail
 the dear nest which was
 one, borne off, alas!
 laborer I heard,
 s outrage, the poor bird

Say a thousand mournful things
To the wind which on its wings
To the Guardian of the sky
Bore her melancholy cry,
Bore her tender tears. She spake
As if her fond heart would break,
One while in a sad, sweet note
Gurgled from her straining throat,
She enforced her piteous tale,
Mournful prayer and plaintive wail;
One while, with the shrill dispute
Quite outwearied, she was mute;
Then afresh, for her dear brood
Her harmonious shrieks renewed.
Now she winged it round and round;
Now she skimmed along the ground;
Now from bough to bough, in haste,
The delighted robber chased,
And, alighting in his path,
Seemed to say 'twixt grief and wrath,
"Give me back, fierce rustic rude,
Give me back my pretty brood,"—
And I heard the rustic still
Answer,—“That I never will.”—

—*Thomas Roscoe.*

SAPPHIC ODE

ous dweller of the woodland green,
ever of the April flowers,
breath of mother Venus's heart,
gentle zephyr!—

t know the sorrows of my love,—
dost bear afar my sad lament,—
id frankly say to her I love
hat here I perish!

once my bitter yearnings knew,
once my bitter yearnings wept,
ie love me, but, alas, I fear,
fear her anger!

ods with their paternal breasts,
avens with all their hearts benign
themselves, what time thy glad-
ving
he snows uncover;

lark clouds' burden, at the break
ong the lofty mountain chain,
r shoulders, nor their bitter hail
atters thy pinions!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

FRANCISCO DE TERRAZAS
(Early Seventeenth Century)

TO A BEAUTIFUL BUT HEARTLESS
COQUETTE

FRANCISCO DE TERRAZAS was born in Mexico early in the seventeenth century, the son of one of the generals of Hernán Cortés in his campaign in Mexico. Francisco de Terrazas is therefore the first native-born poet of Spanish-America.

Renounce those threads of twisted gold
that close
In glinting ringlets round my captive will,
And on the virgin snowdrift in repose
The tinted whiteness of these roses spill.
Of pearls and precious corals that adorn
This mouth enticingly, be thou but shorn;
And to the heavens, by which thou'rt
envied still,
Return the stolen suns that thou hast worn.

nd wisdom, which as symbols

ge springing from the Source

o the far angelic sphere;

nounced the gifts of Nature's

; which remains to thee is thine;

teful, cruel, vain, austere!

—*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

1 CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA
(1600-1681)

2 DREAM CALLED LIFE

From *La Vida es Sueño*

CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA, the supreme Spanish stage, was born at Madrid. He was the favorite dramatist of Philip IV. He created him Knight of Santiago in 1625, took part in the hostilities in 1640, and became a priest in 1640, which did not, however, interfere with his work for the theatre until his death at Madrid in 1681. Numerous translations of his plays have appeared in English, showing his superiority to, even if his inventiveness does not equal that of Lope de Vega. See his *Life* (Cadiz, 1845); *Calderón und seine Werke* (Freiburg, 1888); and *His Life and Genius*, by R. C. Trenchard (New York, 1856).

it was in which I found myself.

And you that hail me now, then hailed me
king,
In a brave palace that was all my own,
Within, and all without it, mine; until,
Drunk with excess of majesty and pride,
Methought I towered so big and swelled
so wide
That of myself I burst the glittering bubble
Which my ambition had about me blown
And all again was darkness. Such a dream
As this, in which I may be walking now,
Dispensing solemn justice to you shadows,
Who make believe to listen; but anon
Kings, princes, captains, warriors, plume
and steel,
Ay, even with all your airy theatre,
May flit into the air you seem to rend
With acclamations, leaving me to wake
In the dark tower; or dreaming that I wake
From this that waking is; or this and that,
Both waking and both dreaming; such a
doubt
Confounds and clouds our mortal life about.
But whether wake or dreaming, this I
know
How dreamwise human glories come and go;

mentary tenure not to break,
as one who knows he soon may

carry the full cup, so well
d insolence and passion quell,
e be nothing after to upbraid
or doer in the part he played;
tomorrow's dawn shall break the

t trumpet of the Eternal Day,
aming, with the night, shall pass

—*Edward Fitzgerald.*

M "LIFE IS A DREAM"

while we see the sun,
and dreams are as one;
has taught me this,
ms the life that is his,
living is done.
dreams he is king, and he lives
xit of a king,
ling and governing;
e praise he receives
in wind, and leaves

A little dust on the way
When death ends all with a breath.
Where then is the gain of a throne,
That shall perish and not be known
In the other dream that is death?
Dreams the rich man of riches and fears,
The fears that his riches breed;
The poor man dreams of his need,
And all his sorrows and tears;
Dreams he that prospers with years,
Dreams he that feigns and foregoes,
Dreams he that rails on his foes;
And in all the world, I see,
Man dreams whatever he be,
And his own dream no man knows.
And I too dream and behold,
I dream I am bound with chains,
And I dreamed that these present pains
Were fortunate ways of old.
What is life? a tale that is told;
What is life? a frenzy extreme,
A shadow of things that seem;
And the greatest good is but small,
That all life is a dream to all,
And that dreams themselves are a dream.

—*Arthur Symons.*

THE CROSS

hich heaven has willed to dower
 at true fruit whence we live,
 other death did give;
 Eden loveliest flower;
 light, that in worst hour
 worst flood signal true
 e world, of mercy threw;
 ant, yielding sweetest wine;
 David harp divine;
 Moses tables new;
 am I, therefore I
 upon thy mercies make;
 lone for sinners' sake
 thee endured to die.

—R. C. Trench.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST

the lion's mouth,
 mystical, divine,
 sweet and strong combine;
 ck for Israel's drouth;
 house of golden grain
 eph laid in store,
 thren's famine sore

Freely to dispense again;
Dew on Gideon's snowy fleece;
Well, from bitter turned to sweet;
Shew-bread laid in order meet,
Bread whose cost doth ne'er increase,
Though no rain in April fall;
Horeb's manna freely given
Showered in white dew from heaven,
Marvelous, angelical;
Weightiest bunch of Canaan's vine;
Cake to strengthen and sustain
Through long days of desert pain;
Salem's monarch's bread and wine;—
Thou the antidote shalt be
Of my sickness and my sin,
Consolation, medicine,
Life and Sacrament to me.

—*R. C. Trench.*





From an old Painting

Baltasar Gracián y Morales

ASAR GRACIÁN Y MORALES
(1601-1658)

SUMMER

AS GRACIÁN Y MORALES was a native of Calatayud. He became a poet and obtained great renown as a dramatist. In his poetry he follows and surpasses Góngora in extravagance of style.

In the celestial theatre
The sun of the day is seen to spur
The refulgent Bull, in his brave hold
To hurl for darts his rays of burning gold.
The mute spectacle of stars—a crowd
Of ladies, his tricks applaud aloud;
To enjoy the splendor of the fight,
On heaven's high balcony of light.
This strange metamorphosis, with
The sun of fire, red-throated Phoebus
Is,

Like a proud cock amongst the hens di
Hatched out of Leda's egg, the Twins
shine,
Hens of the heavenly field.

—*J. H. Wiffen*

TER VIOLANTE DO CEO
(1601-1693)

E TO BETHLEHEM WE ARE
GOING "

OLANTE DO CEO was born, lived and
Lisbon where, in 1630, she made her
as a Dominican sister. Her works
found in *Rimas varias* (Rouen,
in the *Parnaso Lusitano de divinos
versos* (Lisbon, 1733)

o Bethlehem we are going,
s, Blas, to cheer the road,
s why this lovely Infant
l His divine abode?—
that world to bring to this
which, of all earthly blisses,
brightest, purest bliss."

ore from His throne exalted,
le on His earth to dwell -

All His pomp an humble manger,
All His court a narrow cell?—
“From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss.”

Why did He, the Lord eternal,
Mortal pilgrim deign to be,
He who fashioned for His glory
Boundless immortality?—
“From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss.”

Well then! let us haste to Bethlehem,
Thither let us haste and rest;
For of all heaven's gifts the sweetest
Sure is peace,—the sweetest, best.

—*John Bowring.*

THE NIGHT OF MARVELS

In such a marvelous night, so fair
And full of wonder strange and new,
Ye shepherds of the vale, declare
Who saw the greatest wonder? Who?

saw the trembling fire look wan,
I saw the sun shed tears of blood
saw a God become a man.
I saw a man become a God.

ous marvels! at the thought,
mom's awe and reverence move;
such prodigies has wrought?
gave such wonders birth? 'Twas
vel

alled from heaven that flame
lvine,
streams in glory from above;
e it o'er earth's bosom shine,
less us with its brightness? Love!

le the glorious sun arrest
curse, and o'er heaven's concave
love
—the saddest, loneliest
celestial orbs? 'Twas love!

sed the human race so high,
to the starry seats above,
our mortal progeny,
becomes a God? 'Twas love!

Who humbled from the seats of light
Their Lord, all human woes to prove;
Led the great source of day—to night;
And made of God a man? 'Twas love!

Yes, love has wrought, and love alone,
The victories all,—beneath,—above,—
And earth and heaven shall shout as one,
The all-triumphant song of love.

The song through all heaven's arches ran,
And told the wondrous tales aloud,—
The trembling fire that looked so wan,
The weeping sun behind the cloud.
A God—a God! becomes a man!
A mortal man becomes a God!

—*John Bowring.*

CISCO MANUEL DE MELO

(1611-1667)

ASCENDING A HILL LEADING
TO A CONVENT

CISCO MANUEL DE MELO, an historian
was born of an illustrious family at
His works may be found in *Obras*
(Lyons, 1665).

With lingering foot, O pilgrim,
Tarry,

 In the deep shadows of the moun-
tain-side;

 Thy step, thy heart unknown to
Earth,

 Brighter worlds this thorny path will
guide.

 All thy foot approach the calm
abode

 Of the mansions of supreme delight;

Pause not, but tread this consecrated road
'Tis the dark basis of the heavenly height.

Behold to cheer thee on the toilsome way,
How many a fountain glitters down the
hill!

Pure gales inviting softly round thee play,
Bright sunshine guides—and wilt thou
linger still?

Oh, enter there, where, freed from human
strife,

Hope is reality and time is life.

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

MARCELA DE CARPIO DE
SAN FELIX

(Middle of Sixteenth Century)

AMOR MYSTICUS

MARCELA DE CARPIO DE SAN FELIX,
of the Trinitarian Order, was the
daughter of the great poet Lope de Vega.
She is a famous figure among the re-
ligious mystical writers of the period follow-
ing Saint Teresa of Ávila. Her prin-
cipal work is *Soliloquios de un alma a Dios*.

Let them say to my Lover
That here I lie!
Nothing of His pleasure,—
Slave am I.

That I seek Him
For love,
Welcome are tortures
Passion to prove.

Love giving gifts
Is suspicious and cold;
I have all, my Belovéd
When Thee I hold.

Hope and devotion
The good may gain;
I am but worthy
Of passion and pain.

So noble a Lord
None serves in vain,
For the pay of my love
Is my love's sweet pain.

I love Thee, to love Thee,—
No more I desire;
By faith is nourished
My love's strong fire.

I kiss Thy hands
When I feel their blows;
In the place of caresses
Thou givest me woes.

But in Thy chastising
Is joy and peace.

ster and Love,
hy blows not cease.

beauty, Belovéd,
scorn is rife,
know that Thou lovest me
r than life.

because Thou lovest me,
of mine,
I can but make me
ly Thine.

with longing
face to see;
weet is the anguish
ath to me!

—*John Hay.*

GASPAR DE JAEN: "GASPARILLO"
(Middle of Seventeenth Century)

DIALOGUE

(Between the Asistente of Seville and the River Guadalquivir, the latter being very swollen at the time.)

GASPAR DE JAEN, "GASPARILLO," was a poet of singular satirical bitterness who flourished in Seville about the middle of the seventeenth century. The date and place of his birth and of his death are unknown, but he is supposed to have been of mulatto blood, and to have been possessed of a real mania of hatred for the officials of the government at Seville. See *Gasparillo*, by Santiago Montoto (Seville, 1913).

ASISTENTE:

Know, Guadalquivir, I am master here!

GUADALQUIVIR:

I know it, Señor; what is your desire?

TE:

you suspend your floods and go no
higher;

and you are excessive in career!

LEQUIVIR:

challenge is impertinent and queer,
see you not, I am another's squire?

TE:

do you disobey me?

LEQUIVIR:

Foolish, sire,

can I stem my floods your course to
leer?

TE:

unt of Olivares' name, then cease;
your offspring and my chief su-
reme,

I you shall have a decoration
nigh!

LEQUIVIR:

, one of Manzanares' fripperies!—
want it not, nor fear its hollow
gleam!

Confer it, please, on Tagarete nigh,
Which being but a stream of poor
supply

Would stoop its shoulders unto any
crime,
And take your decoration as sublime!
—*Thomas Walsh.*



•





*From the painting in the Convent of S Jerónimo,
Mexico City*

Sister Juana Inés de la Cruz

R JUANA INÉS DE LA CRUZ
(1651-1691)

THE LOST LOVE

JUANA INÉS DE LA CRUZ was born, *s Asbaje*, at San Miguel de Nepantla *co*. From childhood she showed ability and some of her poems are *ed* the product of the years prior to *ance* into the convent in 1667. She *he* plague in Mexico City. For her *see* the edition by Juan Gamacho Madrid, 1725), and for her biography, *s Asbaje* by Amado Nervo (Madrid,

n shall I, my glory,
thy light in radiance shining,
sence illusory,
g me sweet release from grief and
ing?

When shall I see thine eyes, enchanting
rapture,
And yield thee mine, as tender capture?

When will thy voice awaken
Mine ears with thrilling accents from their
sadness,
And I, enthralled, o'ertaken
By the floods of its ineffable gladness,
Be swept away in ecstasy, and after
The marvel wanes, hasten to thee with
laughter?

When will thy light effulgent
Reclothe with roseate glamour all my being?
And when shall I, indulgent,
The anguish of my sighs exhaled and fleeing,
No more bemoan the pangs of my past
sorrow?
When thou shalt come, and glorify the
morrow!

Come then, my soul's dear treasure,
Since fast through weariness my life is
fading,
And absence without measure;

INÉS DE LA CRUZ

e then, lest, heeding not my own
persuading,
I wound my love: e'en yet, despite
mine anger,
I tears of hope I will refresh my language
—Peter H. Goldsmith

CAPRICE

thankless flees me, I with love pursuing
loving follows me, I thankless flee
him who spurns my love, I thankless
flee.

one who loves me, I with love pursuing
loving follows me, I thankless flee
him who spurns my love, I thankless
flee.
one who loves me, I with love pursuing
loving follows me, I thankless flee
him who spurns my love, I thankless
flee.
one who loves me, I with love pursuing
loving follows me, I thankless flee
him who spurns my love, I thankless
flee.
one who loves me, I with love pursuing
loving follows me, I thankless flee
him who spurns my love, I thankless
flee.
one who loves me, I with love pursuing
loving follows me, I thankless flee
him who spurns my love, I thankless
flee.

ARRAIGNMENT OF THE MEN

Males perverse, schooled to condemn
Women by your witless laws,
Though forsooth you are prime cause
Of that which you blame in them:

If with unexampled care
You solicit their disdain,
Will your fair words ease their pain,
When you ruthless set the snare?

Their resistance you impugn,
Then maintain with gravity
That it was mere levity
Made you dare to importune.

.

What more elevating sight
Than of man with logic crass,
Who with hot breath fogs the glass,
Then laments it is not bright!

Scorn and favor, favor, scorn,
What you will, result the same,
Treat you ill, and earn your blame,
Love you well, be left forlorn.

gard will she possess
with caution wends her way,—
I thankless for her "nay,"
wanton for her "yes."

ust be the rare caprice
; quarry you engage:
flees, she wakes your rage,
elds, her charms surcease.

ll bear the heavier blame,
remorse the twain enthralls,
who for the asking, falls,
asking, brings to shame?

he guilt, where to begin,
gh both yield to passion's sway,
ho weakly sins for pay,
strong, yet pays for sin?

ry stare ye, if we prove
the guilt lies at your gate?
• love those you create,
e those you can love.

To solicitation truce,—

Then, sire, with some show of right
You may mock the hapless plight
Or the creatures of your use!

—*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

TO HER PORTRAIT

This that you see, the false presentment
planned

With finest art and all the colored shows
And reasonings of shade, doth but disclose
The poor deceits by earthly senses fanned!

Here where in constant flattery expand
Excuses for the stains that old age knows,
Pretexts against the years' advancing
snows,

The footprints of old seasons to withstand;

'Tis but vain artifice of scheming minds;

'Tis but a flower fading on the winds;

'Tis but a useless protest against Fate;

'Tis but stupidity without a thought,

A lifeless shadow, if we meditate;

'Tis death, 'tis dust, 'tis shadow, yea, 'tis
nought.

—*Roderick Gill.*

SOR GREGORIA FRANCISCA
(1653-1736)

HYING A LITTLE BIRD

GREGORIA FRANCISCA was born, Gregoriscia Queynoghe, at Sanlúcar de Barrameda, the daughter of wealthy parents, Spanish, half Flemish. At an early age she entered the convent and in 1669 became a professed nun of the Order of Carmelites of Saint Teresa in Seville. She rose to prominence in her Order and left some mystical poetry to be found in the *Tratado de la V. Madre Gregoria de Santa Teresa de Jesus*, by Diego Villaroel (Salamanca). Her *Poemas* published by A. de Latour (Paris, 1880) and also *Discurso sobre Sor Gregoria* by Santiago Montoto (Seville, 1880).

a little bird
to heaven my heart is stirred,

So hardy is the wing he finds
To breast the bluster of the winds,
So lightly pulsing doth he fare,
Enamored of the sunset there—
And swaying ever higher, higher,
He mounts unto the realms of fire!
Would I were with thee in thy flight,
Fair plaything of the breeze tonight,
And from thy heart such impulse know
As spreads thy steadfast pinions so!
I follow with a lover's sighs
Impatient, where thou cleav'st the skies,
Feeling my body's prison bars
Withhold my spirit from the stars.
For of the Sun supreme am I
A love-delirious butterfly;
By tender dawns I sip,—but claim
The blossom of His noontide flame.
O little bird, my dismal cell
Reflects His sunlit splendors well—
His glorious beauties are for me
But shadowed in my misery!
In envy of thy boundless flight
But one desire can requite
My heart,—a salamander's soul
To brave His flames without control!—

t is joyous, little bird,
a prison am interred;
g thee my soul is raised
skies thou seek'st amazed;
nd a captive bound
id my darkness found;
at some mighty power would rend
s and my harsh durance end!
flight would then be mine,
his shackle-weight resign!
it warm impulse of the skies
against thine own would rise!
heart yon crimson tryst
glory hath sufficed;
t glad and free of care
ts golden lattice fare;
o, knowing, love and pine
that is the Sphere Divine,
my only wings can make,
ts alone on sighings take!
mensity of light
annulling blight;
st clearness of His sphere
senses disappear.
nce bids my wings expand
flight unto His hand,—

But, oh, my nature's heavy bond
Denies me freedom for beyond!
Do thou, fair bird, on tireless wing
Beyond the heavenly archway spring,
And breasting higher, higher, bear
This message of my fond despair;
Unto that Light and Sun to show
How love doth wound me here below;
Within the inaccessible sky
To say how of my love I die,
Since through my light of faith alone
His radiant beauteousness is known;
To say, the more His splendor shows
The more my dismal blindness grows;
And yet I glory in the dark
His steps in passing by me mark;
To say I wait the joyous hour
When He shall break the mortal power
That holds me prisoned here so long,
And loose me for the wingéd throng,
To say His rays through chink and bar
But only added torments are;—
That all the more His lights display
The more my wounds and burns by day;
That all the noons are full of Him,
Filling joy's goblets to the brim,—

. my soul is in decline,
ag thus His glory shine!
rd, if thou of love
a sweet pain didst prove,
e upon my woes
urn o'er what my breasts disclose.
o my sweet Lord on high,
e may grant me liberty,
ding thy fair wings the while
nay seek His distant isle,
m this prison dire be gone,
is captivity whereon
y a tear and groan I shed
y dark and exiled bed;
azing on thy happy flight
my bitter plight,—
e the more impatient glows
ter its far object shows!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ IGLESIAS DE LA CASA

(1748-1791)

SONG

JOSÉ IGLESIAS DE LA CASA was a native of Salamanca who became a priest, and who indulged in satires of local abuses, and in purely lyrical compositions. His *Poesías* were published in Paris in 1821.

Alexis calls me cruel;
The rifted crags that hold
The gathered ice of winter,
He says are not more cold.

When even the very blossoms
Around the fountain's brim,
And forest-walks can witness
The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter
My feelings without shame,

I tell him how I love him
For wrong my virgin fame.

And to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
I press a suit with passion,
Is not a woman's part.

He can come not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage;
They cannot seek his hand.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

TOMÁS DE IRIARTE

(1750-1791)

THE ASS AND THE FLUTE

TOMÁS DE IRIARTE was born at Orotava on the Island of Teneriffe. His death occurred at Madrid, where he had achieved great distinction with his *La música* in 1779 and his *Fábulas literarias* in 1782. See *Iriarte y su época* by E. Cotarelo y Mori (Madrid, 1897).

This little fable heard,
It good or ill may be;
But it has just occurred
Thus accidentally.

Passing my abode,
Some fields adjoining me
A big ass on his road
Came accidentally.

TOMÁS DE IRIARTE

And laid upon the spot,
A Flute he chanced to see,
Some shepherd had forgot
There accidentally.

The animal in front
To scan it nigh came he,
And snuffing loud as wont,
Blew accidentally.

The air it chanced around
The pipe went passing free
And thus the Flute a sound
Gave accidentally.

"O then," exclaimed the Ass,
"I know to play it fine;
And who for bad shall class
This music asinine?"

Without the rules of art,
Even asses, we agree,
May once succeed in part,
Thus accidentally.

—*James Kennedy.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

JUAN MELÉNDEZ VALDÉZ

(1754-1817)

ODA

JUAN MELÉNDEZ VALDÉZ was born at Ribera del Fresno, became a professor at Salamanca, and was patronized by Jovellanos. He is considered the leader of the Salamancan Gallic school; in the War of Independence he sided with the French, fleeing later to France where he died in dishonor. His *Poesías* were published at Madrid in 1785; and his *Life*, written by Quintana, may be found with his poems, in the edition of 1820. His poems are also to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xix).

When first a gentle kiss
Upon Nisé I pressed,
Paradise-grain and cassia
Her lovely breath confessed.
And on her smiling lips
Such luscious sweets I found

JUAN MELÉNDEZ VALDÉZ

As never knew the hills
Or bees of Hybla's ground.
To purify its balm
With love's essential dew,
A thousand and a thousand times
Each day her lips I choose;
Until the sum and total
Of all our score amount
To kisses more than Venus
Did from Adonis count.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ DE
MORATÍN

(1760-1826)

ODE: THE DAY AT HOME

LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ DE MORATÍN, a son of the poet Nicolas Fernández de Moratín, was born at Madrid. He became involved in the revolutionary movements of his time, and spent his later years at Bordeaux in the circle of Goya. His dramas won complete success for the French school inaugurated by Luzan. His *Obras* were published at Madrid in 1830, and poems by his father and himself may be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xi).

Was there ever such a mess!
Just when I stay at home,
To find that such a press
Of visitors must come!
Boy,—go bar the door;
My neighbor now prepares



From the painting by Goya

Leandro Fernández de Moratín

all her tribe and more
imb my private stairs!
; then?—You cannot close—
guests are now too near?
! Tecla and all those
of hers I hear!
ach has stopped below,
r it at the door.
Don Venancio
comes—that famous bore!
! too comes in Don Luke
! stately twists and bows;
Mauro with his hook
for mitres for his brows;
Génaro, Don Zoile
Doña Basilissas
all their nurseries vile
asters and of misses!
t stupid compliments,
t speeches they are aping!
Mount Torozos bent
hield me in escaping!
now they settle down
! seats are not enough!)
ibble cakes and drown
r thirst with sticky stuff.

The Devil!—I, who lead
A solitary life,
A bachelor, indeed,
Without a child or wife;
I who of wedded bliss
Resigned the calm delight,—
Must I give way to this
Invading insect blight?
And must I too submit
To this uproar and gabble,
And here in patience sit
Amid this endless rabble!—
But see, they all arise
And leave me in a hurry!—
Each fan, each bonnet flies;
And hats and hoop skirts scurry!—
Acknowledgments and thanks
For this your cordial visit—
Obliged—but should your ranks
Return,—I'll dodge and miss it!—
So they have peeped their measure
And they have had a chance—
Now if it be their pleasure
Let them go out and dance!

—*Thomas Wa*

NUEL JOSÉ QUINTANA

(1772-1856)

SPAIN—AFTER THE REVOLU-
TION OF MARCH

JOSÉ QUINTANA was born at Madrid, became in declared opposition to the domination in Spain. On the accession of Ferdinand VII to power, he was imprisoned for six years, dying poor after having held many offices under the Liberal Government. He and his friend Gallego were opposed, however, to all the French rule and the Revolution, and he produced odes of great patriotic subjects. His best edition is that of Madrid, 1897. He is represented in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xix).

ion, tell me, in the older day
and its destiny across the world,
all the climes extending its broad

From east to west with golden pomp unfurled?

Where from the sunset the Atlantic swept
Its glorious fortunes—there was mighty Spain!—

America and Asia's confines kept
And Africa's upon its boundary main.

The hardy sail upon its fickle course
In vain would 'scape the reaches of its power;

All earth for mineral riches was its source,
All ocean was its pearls' and corals' bower.

Nor where the tempests raged the most
Met they on any but a Spanish coast.

Now to the depths of shame reduced,
Abandoned to the alien eye of scorn,
Like some poor slave unto the market used
To the vile whip and shackle basely borne!—

What desolation, God!—The plague respire

Its deadly breath of poison on the air
And Hunger scarce with feeble arms aspires!
For a poor morsel there!

Thrice did the temple gates of Janus ope
And on Mars' trumpet was a mighty blast!

ut oh see, where even without a
 ce of hope
 iary gods have passed,
 he sea and land have left us cast!
 ut thy spreading realms what hast
 een,
 —but bitter mourning spread,
 nd misery between
 s of slavery full harvested?
 sail rends, the hulk is smashed,
 en goes the bark upon its way;
 ry wave a torment it is lashed;
 no more their garlands old dis-

of hope nor of content appears;
 ard floats no more upon the air.
 ger's song is broken by his tears;
 iner's voice is hushed by weight
 re,
 d of death comes ever on his heart,
 f death in silence; there apart
 s where the destroying shoals
 are.
 e fell moment! Reaching forth
 and
 nt threatening the west, exclaims:

"Behold, thou now art mine, O Western Land!"

His brow with barbarous lightning flames.
As from the cloud the summer tempest
brings

The horror spreading bolt's appalling wings.

His warriors afar

Fill the great winds with pæans of their war;

The anvils groan, the hammers fall,

The forges blaze. O shame, and dost thou
dream

To make their swords their toil, and that is
all?

See'st thou not where within their fiery
gleams

'Tis chains and bars and shackles they
prepare

To bind the arms that lie so limp and bare?

Yea, let Spain tremble at the sound,

And let her outraged ire

From the volcano of her bosom bound,

High justice for its fire,

And 'gainst her despots turn,

Where in their dread they hide,

And let the echoes learn

And all the banks of Tagus wide

great sound of rage outcried,—
 æ!"—Where, sacred river, where
 . who with pride and wrong
 our weal so long?
 ries are no more, while ours
 re;
 so fierce and proud
 stile and thy Castilians there
 r ruddy waves in seaward pour,
 loud:—"The tyrants are no
 "

and glory! O celestial time!
 at my tongue might speak our
 ry's name
 very winds sublime!
 uld I—but not on harp of gold
 acclaim; not in the prison hold
 : inspired breast
 ak and cold,
 thless lips opprest.
 us' lyre untomb,
 ght sun and the uplifting wind
 d, rocky Fuenfría's bloom!
 y flight consigned
 inging that shall rouse the plain
 Castilians to the sound again

Of glory and of war combined!
War, awful name and now sublime!
The refuge and the sacred shield in tin
To stay the savage Attila's advance
With fiery steed and lance!—

War! War! O Spaniards, on the sho
Of Guadalquivir, see arise once more
Thy Ferdinand the Third's imp
brows!

See great Gonzalo o'er Granada rear!
Behold the Cid with sword in mad carc
And o'er the Pyrenees the form appea
Of brave Bernardo, old Jimena's son!
See how their stormy wraiths are inters
How valor breathes from out their hc
tombs

Where "War" upon the mighty ec
booms!

And then! Canst thou with face seren
Behold the fertile plains
Where endless greed would glean
Our heritage and gains,
And to destruction cast? Awake,
O hero-race, the moment is at hand
When victory thou must take—
Our glory owning thine more grand,—

MANUEL JOSÉ QUINTANA

thy name a higher place than ours to
take!—

It was no little day they raised
for vain—the altar of our fathers grand;
we wear then to keep its praise;
we wear,—“Rather death than tyrants in the
land!”—

Yea, I do swear it, Venerable Shades,
and with the vow mine arm is stronger
grown.

Give me the lance, tie on my helm and
blades,

and to my vengeance bid me swift be gone!
Let him despairing bow his coward head
to dust and shame! Perchance the
mighty flood

of devastation on its course shall spread
and bear me on? What matter? One
can shed

but once his mortal blood!

Will I not go to meet

our mighty ones upon the field of old?

Hail, warrior forefathers!” there to greet
our mighty “Hail.” Where hero-Spain
hid the horror and the carnage cold
to up her bleeding head again,

AND MONOGRAPHS

And turns anew from her unhappy
A Victress, her reconquered land
sign
With golden sceptre and device divine
—*Thomas W*

JOSÉ MARÍA BLANCO

(1775-1841)

NIGHT

MARÍA BLANCO was born of English parents at Seville where he became Canon of the Cathedral. Succumbing to religious doubts, he resigned his ecclesiastical post and retired to England where he joined nearly every religious organization in search of peace of mind. Cardinal Newman bears witness to the excellence of his moral character. He wrote both in Spanish and English, but he lives in literature chiefly through his beautiful sonnet in English, *Night*. See Menéndez y Pelayo's *Historia de los heterodoxos en España*, III, 100-101; and *The Life of Rev. J. B. White* (London, 1845).

rious Night! when our first parent
knew

Thou, from report divine, and heard thy
name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely
frame,—
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting
flame,
Hesperus, with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness
lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could
find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood re-
vealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st
us blind!
Why do we then shun death with anxious
strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not
life?

—*Anonymous.*

ANDRÉS BELLO

(1781-1865)

DIALOGUE

BELLO, a Venezuelan poet and painter, long considered the most important South American letters. His *Obras* appeared at Santiago de Chile in 1855; see also the work of M. L. Amu- (Santiago de Chile, 1882).

TIRCIS

should love thee, Cloris, but—

CLORIS

But why?

TIRCIS

wouldst thou have me tell thee?—

CLORIS

And why not?

TIRCIS

It annoys thee —

CLORIS

What, annoyed! Not I!—

TIRCIS

Then I shall tell thee—

CLORIS

Quick—reveal the plot!—

TIRCIS

Fain would I love thee, Cloris, but I knew—

CLORIS

What knewst thou, Tircis?—

TIRCIS

That on Sunday last
Thou didst vow to love another lad that
passed—

And never change—

CLORIS

My vows I will renew!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE AGRICULTURE OF THE TORRID ZONE

Hail to thee, fertile zone,—

Where the enamored sun in daily round
Enfolds thee, where beneath thy kisses
shows

each various climate grows,
: forth from out thy ground!—
g thou bindst her garlands of the
3
st corn; thou giv'st the grape
he sopping cask; no form nor
ape
le, red or yellow flower appears
m to thy soft bowers;
ms of thy thousand flowers
id's delight afford;
thy pasture sward
untless flocks go grazing from the
in,
only boundary the horizon sets,
e surging mountains, where
the snows into the inaccessible air
old their parapets.
vest, too, the beauty of the cane
honey sweet is stored
aves the beehive in disdain;
1 thy coral urns bring'st forth the
in
soon in chocolate in the cup is
ired;
aze of scarlet are thy nopals seen

Such as the Tyrian sea-shell never knew;
 Thy plant of indigo such hues afford
 As ne'er from out the sapphire's heart
 looked through.

Thine is the wine the piercéd agave stores
 To glad Anáhuac's joyous sons; and thine
 The fragrant leaf whose gentle steaming
 pours

With solace when their hearts aweary pine.
 Thy jasmines clothe the Arab brush,
 Whose perfumes rare the savage rage
 refine

And cool the Bacchic flush;
 And for the children of thy land
 The stately palm-tree's fronds are far
 displayed

And the ambrosial pineapple's shade.
 The yucca-tree holds forth its snowy
 breads;

And ruddy glow the broad potato beds;
 The cotton bush to greet the lightest airs
 Its rose of gold and snowy fleece prepares.

.

Within thy hands the passiflower blooms
 In branches of far-showing green;

armentum's twining fronds afford
a globes and striped flowers'
mes.

the maize, the haughty lord
' ripened harvests, high is seen;
he rich banana's heavy tree
its sweetest store—
d banana, richest treasury
vidence in bounteousness could

ious hand on Ecuador!
> human culture for its aid,
st fruits are displayed,
the pruning-knife nor plough it
n
rable harvest that it bears.
the slightest care it needs
hands about it shed,
s ripeness so it speeds
dly is it harvested,
r crop is ripened in its stead.

gest of the nations, lift your brow
with new laurels in the marveling
!

Give honor to the fields, the simple life
endow,
And hold the plains and modest farmer
blest!

So that among you evermore shall reign
Fair Liberty enshrined,
Ambition modified, and Law composed,
Thy people's paths immortal there to find
Not fickle nor in vain!—

So emulous Time shall see disclosed
New generations and new names of might,
Blazing in highest light
Beside your heroes old!

“These are my sons! Behold!”—
(You shall declare amain)—

“Sons of the fathers who did climb
The Andes' peaks in years ago,—
Of those who great Boyaca's sands upon,—
In Maipu and in Junín sublime,—
On Apurima's glorious plain,
Did triumph o'er the lion of old Spain!”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

SCOT MARTÍNEZ DE LA ROSA
(1787-1862)

ANACREONTIC

SCOT MARTÍNEZ DE LA ROSA is principally known as a dramatist and statesman. Among the first to introduce romantic Spanish literature. An edition of his *Íñez* was published at Paris in 1847.

Thunder burst,
 Hur out and drink the wine!
 I never saw'st a thunderbolt
 Like the tender vine.

Wine himself
 To Bacchus tribute pays,
 Sparing the vineyard flourishing
 Where his lava sways.

Wine in vain
 Hero sought or sage;

Mine eyes but dusty ruins found,
Mouldering with age.

Of Rome the image scarce
Remains to be portrayed;
A tomb is Herculaneum,
Pompeii is a shade.

But I found Falernum,
His nectar rich remained,
And in memory of Horace
A bottleful I drained.

—*James Kennea*

ANGEL DE SAAVEDRA

(1791-1865)

THE LIGHTHOUSE ON MALTA

ANGEL DE SAAVEDRA, Duke de Rivas, was a Spaniard of Cordoba, whose work marks the beginning of romanticism in Spain. He spent much of his life in exile in France, England, and Germany, and for his participation in the War of Independence. He returned to hold high office in Spain and died at Madrid. He is principally known as a dramatist; his plays were published at Madrid in 1894-

Light enswathes the mighty world;
 Hurricane and cloud confuse
 Long shadows measureless
 The sea, the land;
 Thou, invisible, lift'st up thy head,
 Thy faithful crown of light,
 O old king of Chaos in the glow
 Of peace for peace and life.

In vain the sea hurls up its peaks
And shrinks to nought beneath thy f
Seeking amid its seething foam
The refuge of the port.
Thou with thy tongue of flame decla
"Here, stand we!"—voiceless, to the
 who
With pious eyes upon thee hails thy li
As his divinity.—
Or night is calm, against its royal robe
The gentle zephyr rustling on its gol
 stars
Whereon the moon rolls forth!
Then thou, in filmy vapor clothed,
Showest thy mighty beauty forth,
And lift'st thy diadem among the sta
The sea lies tranquil, and the hiding
And treacherous shoals beneath
 shifting gleam
Call to the passing ships;
But thou, whose splendor overcomes
All else,—but thou upon thy s
 throne,—
Thou art the star to warn them c
 snare.
Thus Reason's torch amid the raging f

or of Flattery's soft whine,
 straight gaze of the soul!
 the airy refuge of thy reign
 rescue me from angry Fate,
 thy peaceful hospitality
 troubled soul
 often with my cares I've come
 & sweet oblivion in thine arms,
 before thee, lifting up mine eyes
 plendent brows
 , ah! from off the raging seas
 I again to thee! With all in
 along
 me and sons,—
 the fugitives, the poor, the
 red,
 asylum here afar where thou
 with light of welcoming!
 the guiding star to nightly sails
 me from afar the news of wrongs
 writ of tears;
 mine eyes beheld thee shine
 my breast upheaved with hopes
 & omens!
 urn's inhospitable shores
 ming tossed by sea and wind,

From out the shoals I first beheld
That signaling divine;
The mariners too beholding it on hi
Forgetting all their cares and frig
vows
Amid the stormy darkness, mu
fond:
“Malta! Malta! We are there!”
Thou wast the aureole that enshrines
A holy image that the pilgrim seeks
Afar for healing comfort!—
Never shall I forget thee, nevermore
Thy splendor now would I also
change,—
Thou unforgettable bright king of r
Beneficent pure flame—
For that fair light and those re
stars
That shine reflected in the morning
From off the gold Archangel on the
Of Cordoba’s sweet tower!—

—*Thomas W*

NUEL BRETÓN DE LOS
HERREROS

(1796-1873)

SATIRICAL LETRILLA

L BRETÓN DE LOS HERREROS was a
author of the romantic period of the
stage. His *Poesías* appeared at
in 1883. See also *Bretón de los Her-*
reros the Marqués de Molins (Madrid,

er Don Juan has a feast at home
forgotten as if at Rome;
will for funerals me invite,
me with the annoyance quite;
e it so!
e, with a thousand coy excuses
ing the song that set she chooses,
l about her that environ,
i like an owl, call her a siren;
e it so!
ired bees, without reposing,

Work their sweet combs, with skill composing;

Alas! for an idle drone they strive,
Who soon will come to destroy the hive;
Well, be it so!

Man to his like moves furious war,
As if he were too numerous far;
Alone the medical squadrons wait
The world itself to depopulate;
Well, be it so!

There are of usurers heaps in Spain,
Of catchpoles, hucksterers, heaps again,
And of vintners too, yet people still
Talk about robbers in the hill;
Well, be it so!

In vain may the poor, O Conde, try
Thy door, for the dog makes sole reply;
And yet to spend thou hast extollers,
Over a ball two thousand dollars;
Well, be it so!

Enough to-day, my pen, this preaching;
A better time we wait for teaching;
If vices in vain I try to brand,
And find I only write on sand,
Well, be it so!

—James Kennedy.





José María de Heredia

JOSÉ MARÍA HEREDIA
(1803-1839)

ODE TO NIAGARA

MARÍA HEREDIA was born at Santiago de Chile, whence he was exiled in 1823 for participation in political conspiracies. He went to the United States and, later, took up the practice of law in Mexico. He died in Mexico. There was an edition of his poems published at New York in 1875. A recent edition of his poems is that of E. F. Monreal (Paris, 1893).

Give me my lyre! My bosom
 feels
 how of inspiration. Oh, how long
 I been left in darkness, since this
 light
 visited my brow! Niagara!
 with thy rushing waters dost restore
 my heavenly gift that sorrow took away.

Tremendous torrent! for an instant!
The terrors of thy voice, and cast as
Those wide-involving shadows, th
eyes

May see the fearful beauty of thy fa
I am not all unworthy of thy sight,
For from my very boyhood have I l
Shunning the meaner track of co
minds,

To look on Nature in her loftier mo
At the fierce rushing of the hurrican
At the near bursting of the thunder
I have been touched with joy; and wh
sea

Lashed by the wind hath rocked my
and showed

Its yawning caves beneath me, I have
Its dangers and the wrath of element
But never yet the madness of the sea
Hath moved me as thy grandeur
me now.

Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy wa
Grow broken 'midst the rocks; thy c
then

Shoots onward like the irresistible co
Of Destiny. Ah, terribly they rage

JOSÉ MARÍA HEREDIA

he hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My
brain

rows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
pon the hurrying waters, and my sight
ainly would follow, as toward the verge
eeps the wide torrent. Waves innumer-
able

feet there and madden,—waves innumer-
able

rge on and overtake the waves before,
nd disappear in thunder and in foam.

bey reach, they leap,—the abyss
allows insatiable the sinking waves.

thousand rainbows arch them, and (the
woods

re deafened with the roar. The violent
shock

atters to vapor the descending sheets.

cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and
heaves

ne mighty pyramid of circling mist

o heaven. The solitary hunter near

uses with terror in the forest shades.

hat seeks (thy) restless eye? Why are
not here,

out the jaws of this abyss, the palms—

AND MONOGRAPHS

Ah, the delicious palms—that on the
plains

Of my own native Cuba spring and spread
Their thickly foliated summits to the sun,
And in the breathings of the ocean air,
Wave soft beneath the heaven's unspotted
blue?

But no, Niagara,—thy forest pines
Are fitter coronal for thee. The palm,
The effeminate myrtle and frail rose may
grow

In gardens, and give out their fragrance
there,

Unmanning him who breathes it. Thine
it is

To do a nobler office. Generous minds
Behold thee, and are moved, and learn to
rise

Above earth's frivolous pleasures; they
partake

Thy grandeur, at the utterance of thy
name.

God of all truth! in other lands I've seen
Lying philosophers, blaspheming men,
Questioners of thy mysteries, that draw
Their fellows deep into impiety;

herefore doth my spirit seek thy face
th's majestic solitudes. Even here
part doth open all itself to thee.

is immensity of loneliness

thy hand upon me. To my ear
ternal thunder of the cataract brings
voice, and I am humbled as I hear
| torrent, that with wonder and with
|

overwhelm the soul of him that looks
thee, and dost bear it from itself,—
ce hast thou thy beginning? Who
applies,

fter age, thy unexhausted springs?

power hath ordered, that when all
ny weight

nds into the deep, the swollen waves
ot and roll to overwhelm the earth?

ord has opened his omnipotent hand,
ed thy face with clouds, and given
oice

y down-rushing waters; he hath girt
errible forehead with his radiant bow.

thy never-resting waters run

bethink me how the tide of Time
e by eternity. So pass, of man,—

Pass, like a noonday dream—the blossoming days,
And he awakes to sorrow. I, alas!—
Feel that my youth is withered, and my brow
Ploughed early with the lines of grief and care.
Never have I so deeply felt as now
The hopeless solitude, the abandonment,
The anguish of a loveless life. Alas!
How can the impassioned, the unfrozen heart
Be happy without love? I would that one
Beautiful, worthy to be loved and joined
In love with me, now shared my lonely walk
On this tremendous brink. 'Twere sweet to see
Her sweet face touched with paleness, and become
More beautiful from fear, and overspread
With a faint smile, while clinging to my side.
Dreams,—dreams! I am an exile, and for me
There is no country and there is no love.

read Niagara, my latest voice!
few years, and the cold earth shall
see
the bones of him who sings thee now
silently. Would that this, my hum-
ble verse,
be, like thee, immortal! I, mean-
while,
hastily passing to the appointed rest,
raise my radiant forehead in the
clouds
on to the echoes of my fame.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE HURRICANE

the winds! I feel thee nigh,
thy breath in the burning sky!
wait, with a thrill in every vein,
the coming of the hurricane!
on the wind of the heavy gales
h the boundless arch of the heaven
sails;
and slow, and terribly strong,
thy mighty shadow is borne along,
the dark eternity to come;

While the world below, dismayed and
dumb,
Through the calm of the thick hot atmos-
phere,
Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.
They darken fast; and the golden blaze
Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,
And he sends through the shade a funeral
ray—

A glare that is neither night nor day,
A beam that touches, with hues of death,
The clouds above and the earth beneath.
To its covert glides the silent bird
While the hurricane's distant voice is
heard
Uplifted among the mountains round,
And the forests hear and answer the
sound.

He is come! He is come! Do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled!
Giant of the air! we bid thee hail!—
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling
gale;
How his huge and writhing arms are bent
To clasp the zone of the firmament,

at length in their dark embrace,
mountain to mountain the visible
ce.

—still darker! the whirlwinds bear
t of the plains to the middle air
k to the crashing, long and loud,
chariot of God in the thunder-
id!

y trace its path by the flashes that
rt

ie rapid wheels where'er they dart,
ire-bolts leap to the world below,
od the skies with a lurid glow.

oar is that?—"Tis the rain that
aks

nts away from the airy lakes,
' poured on the shuddering ground
edding a nameless horror round.

l-known woods, and mountains, and
es,

ie very clouds!—ye are lost to my
s.

re vainly, and see in your place
adowy tempest that sweeps through
ice,

A whirling ocean that fills the wall
Of the crystal heavens, and buries all,
And I, cut off from the world, remain
Alone with the terrible hurricane.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

FELIPE PARDO

(1806-1886)

OUR SOVEREIGN KING

Pardo was a Peruvian dramatist, all of
 work may be found in the *Poesias y
 en prosa de Don Felipe Pardo* (Paris,

[topsy-turvy artifice
 wandering like a monarch through
 our streets,
 iskey-soaked, be-daggered king that
 neets
 for whatever cause there is;
 vard autocrat, whose services
 uth seem but the deadly plagues he
 reats;
 tentate of such ignoble feats
 ad the Saviour to that cross of His

 n whom no bond of law restrains,
 whose injustice there is no appeal,

A king anoint with Satan's sulphur
A red and white and black-faced
whose heel
America, our continent, profanes,—
And called "The Sovereign Pec
for his pains.

—*Thomas W*

EUGENIO HARTZENBUSCH
(1806-1880)

TO CALDERÓN

genio Hartzenbusch was a romantic
; known principally as the author of
tes de Ternel. His *Poesías* may be
the *Colección de escritores castellanos*,
Madrid, 1887).

o, in accent of disdain profound,
g man in all his littleness,
: "Life is a shade, a dream, no

ie fantasy in living found!"
one thy luminous star o'er Spanish
nd,
fulgent of our Stage, confess,
doubt of genius e'er oppress
d of its own inspiration's bound?
ber unto Manzanares, lo,
nine to Andes, universal shrines

And homage to your masterpieces, show;
Thy name to such eternity has grown,
That it should teach thee to amend thy
lines:

“All is a dream, *except my fame alone.*”

—*Thomas Walsh.*





José de Espronceda

JOSÉ DE ESPRONCEDA

(1808-1842)

THE BEGGAR

JOSÉ ESPRONCEDA was born at Pajares de la Laguna, and educated at Madrid, whence, engaged in political conspiracies, he was obliged to flee, going to Lisbon and thence to London. He returned in 1833 as a journalist, playwright and represented Almería in the Cortes. He died at Madrid. Many considered him the leading Spanish poet of the nineteenth century, but it seems as if the current of criticism had set against him later years. In his revolutionary and protestations he bore certain resemblance to Lord Byron, but it is not altogether fair to call him an imitator of the British poet. His *poéticas* appeared at Madrid in 1884. *Espronceda, su tiempo, su vida y sus obras*, by E. Rodríguez Solís (Madrid, 1883).

*Id is mine; I am free as air;
 Yours work that I may eat;*

*All shall melt at my piteous prayer:—
“An alms, for God’s sake, I entreat.*

The cabin, the palace,
Are my resort ;
If the threat of the thunder
Shall break from the mountain,
Or the torrent’s quick fountain
Shall drive me under,
Within their shelter
The shepherds make place,
Lovingly asking me
Food to grace;
Or by the rich hearthstone
I take my ease
Fanned by the odors
Of burning trees;
With the luscious banquet
And cushioned store,
Upon the couch
Of some proud *señor*.

And I say to myself:—
“Let the breezes blow
And the tempest rage

a world without:
the branches crack
as the high winds go,
lumber with nothing to trouble about.
World is mine; I am free as air! "

to my patrons,
for all I ask
as I daily pray;
peasant and noble
my pay,
 take their favors
great and small.
nor ask them
they be,
not to task them
thanks for fee.
my desire
be me alms,
not their duty
nor my palms.
wealth is sinful
must see;
 holy state
poverty,
he is a miser

Who would deny
An alms, and a beggar
Blest am I.

For I am poor and they grieve to note
How I groan beneath my pain;
They never see that their wealth is a mine
Where I my treasures gain.
The world is mine; I am free as air!

A rebel and a discontent
Amid my rags am I;
To satirise their ease I'm sent
And with a sour-set eye
I boldly stare at the potentate
Who dares to pass me in his state.

The lovely maid
Of a thousand scents
In her joy arrayed
With her love-locks blent—
'Tis she I follow
Till she turns around,
And my evil smells
Her sense astound.
At the feasts and spreads
My voice is heard

hey bow their heads
 merest word.
 joy and revel
 s to stay,
 ight of my rags
 y voice's brags
 music dies away.
 ng how near
 pain and joy;
 y without tear
 in *sans* glad alloy.
orld is mine; I am free as air!

e no morrow
 esterday;
 t the sorrow
 he welladay.
 's nought to trouble
 ary me here,—
 palace tomorrow
 ospital's cheer.
 a stranger
 ights of care;
 hers seek glory
 es rare!
 ie concern

Is to pass today;
 Let the laws prevail
 Where the monarchs sway!
 For I am a beggar
 And a poor man proud;
 'Tis through fear of me
 There are alms allowed.

A soft asylum
 Where'er it be,
 And a hospital bed
 Will be ready for me;
 And a cosy ditch
 Where my bones shall lie
 Will cover me over
 When I die.

*The world is mine; I am free as air;
 Let others work that I may eat!
 All hearts must melt at my piteous prayer:—
 “An alms, for God's sake, I entreat!”
 —Thomas Walsh.*

CANCIÓN OF THE PIRATE

The breeze fair aft, all sails on high,
 Ten guns on each side mounted seen,

JOSÉ DE ESPRONCEDA

She does not cut the sea, but fly,
A swiftly sailing brigantine;
A pirate bark, the "Dreaded" named,
For her surpassing boldness famed,
On every sea well-known and shore,
From side to side their boundaries o'er.
The moon in streaks the waves illumines
Hoarse groans the wind the rigging
through;
In gentle motion raised assumes
The sea a silvery shade with blue;
Whilst singing gaily on the poop
The pirate Captain, in a group,
sees Europe here, there Asia lies,
And Stamboul in the front arise.

'Sail on, my swift one! nothing fear,
Nor calm, nor storm, nor foeman's force
shall make thee yield in thy career
Or turn thee from thy course
Despite the English cruisers fleet
We have full twenty prizes made,
and see their flags beneath my feet
A hundred nations laid.
*My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;*

AND MONOGRAPHS

*My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.*

“There blindly kings fierce wars main-
tain,

For palms of land, when here I hold
As mine, whose power no laws restrain,
Whate’er the seas infold.

Nor is there shore around whate’er,
Or banner proud, but of my might
Is taught the valorous proofs to bear,
And made to feel my right.

My treasure is my gallant bark,

My only God is liberty;

*My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.*

“Look when a ship our signals ring,
Full sail to fly how quick she’s veered!

For of the sea I am the king,

My fury’s to be feared;

But equally with all I share

Whate’er the wealth we take supplies;

I only seek the matchless fair,

My portion of the prize.

JOSÉ DE ESPRONCEDA

*My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.*

'I am condemned to die !—I laugh,
For, if my fates are kindly sped,
My doomer from his own ship's staff
Perhaps I'll hang instead.
And if I fall, why what is life?
For lost I gave it then as due,
When from slavery's yoke in strife
A rover! I withdrew.

*My treasure is my gallant bark;
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.*

My music is the Northwind's roar;
The noise when round the cable runs
The bellowings of the Black Sea's shore
And rolling of my guns.
And as the thunders loudly sound,
And furious the tempests rave,
I calmly rest in sleep profound,
So rocked upon the wave.

AND MONOGRAPHS

*My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea."*

—James Kenned

BRIEL DE LA CONCEPCIÓN
VALDÉZ

(1809-1844)

PRAYER TO GOD

BRIEL DE LA CONCEPCIÓN VALDÉZ (*Plácido*)
 son of a Spanish dancer and a mulatto
 prisoner in Cuba, who was reared in the
 from which he takes his name. He
 had a great love for liberty, and with
 education which he managed to obtain,
 followed a roving literary career until he
 was accused of taking part in a negro con-
 spiracy. He is said to have recited the
 "Prayer to God" on his way to his execution.
 His poems were published at Palma de
 Mallorca in 1847.

of love unbounded! Lord supreme!
 overwhelming grief to thee I fly.
 O tear this veil of hateful calumny,
 O with thine arms of might my fame redeem!

Thou King of Kings, my fathers' God and
mine,
Thou only art my sure and strong defence.
The polar snows, the tropic fires intense,
The shaded sea, the air, the light are
thine;
The life of leaves, the water's changeful
tide,
All things are thine, and by thy will abide.

Thou art all power; all life from thee goes
forth,
And fails or flows obedient to thy breath;
Without thee all is nought; in endless death
All nature sinks forlorn and nothing worth.
Yet even the Void obeys thee; and from
nought
By thy dread word the living man was
wrought.

Merciful God! How should I thee deceive?
Let thy eternal wisdom search my soul!
Bowed down to earth by falsehood's base
control,
Her stainless wings not now the air may
cleave.

th thine hosts of truth and set her
u, O Lord, the oppressor's victory!

t, Lord, by that most free out-
ing
own precious blood for every
her
st race, and by thy Holy Mother,
grief, so loving, so adoring,
hed in sorrow followed thee afar,
thy death like a declining star.

is lot thy love ordains to me,
to foes most cruel and unjust,
id leave my poor and senseless dust
' and sport of their weak enmity;
ou, and then thy purposes fulfill;
ny life, work thou thy perfect will
—*Anonymous.*

GERTRUDIS GÓMEZ DE
AVELLANEDA

(1814-1873)

TO HIM

GERTRUDIS GÓMEZ DE AVELLANEDA was born at Camagüey, Cuba. Early in life she removed to Spain, where in 1841 she published her poems. She was twice married, dying at Madrid. She holds a high place among the novelists and dramatists of modern Spain; her early influences were of the French school but in her later work she reveals native Spanish influences. Her *Obras literarias* appeared at Madrid in 1869.

No bonds withhold,—for all that held are
broken;

So heaven ordained,—and blesséd be its
name!

The bitter chalice I have drained in token,
And now is peace with nothing more to
claim.

GÓMEZ DE AVELLANEDA

I loved thee—but no more—not even
fancy;

Never, if I have erred, the truth be said
’er all the dreary years in necromancy
I throw forgetfulness—my heart is fed

Thou hast made riot there with bread
unsparing,

Struck down my pride beneath thy blow
insane,

but never turned my lips reproaches bear-
ing

To bring a charge against thy tyrant
reign.

Of weighty faults, a scourge in vengeance
hour

Thou fill’dst thy mission here—Ah, know
it not?—

Not thine was all the irresistible power
Which left my forces conquered and
forgot.

Was God I sought,—unto His name
glory!—

For all is over; I regain my breath.

AND MONOGRAPHS

Angel of Vengeance! Man, it was thy
story;

I see and fear thee not, nor seek thy
death!

Thy sceptre faller and thy sword-blade
rusted,

Alas!—is this the liberty I gain?—

I made a world of thee, in thee I trusted,—

Now life around me is an empty plain.

Be happy thou! If thou shouldst e'er
discover

This poor adieu that I address to thee,—
Know that the breast wherein thou once
wert lover

Holds pardon for thee and sweet charity.

—*Thomas Walsh.*





From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

José Zorilla

JOSE ZORILLA

4

JOSÉ ZORILLA

(1817-1893)

THE SPRINGLET

ZORILLA was born at Valladolid. Early he achieved reputation as a poet of lyrical gifts. He emigrated to Mexico, returned after the execution of Maximilian, was granted a small pension, and died in comparative poverty at Madrid. He is one of the most popular dramatists of the Spanish stage. His *Obras dramáticas y cómicas* appeared at Madrid in 1895. An edition of his *Poesías escogidas* was published by the Academia de la Lengua (Madrid,

lasting on, the springlet flows,
Licking up its dark brown bed;
More and more its crystal grows
As its course is sped.
It dries the grasses, moistens the sand,
Plays a thousand tricks a day;

HISPANIC NOTES

Wave on wave its face is fanned
With laughter light and gay.
Couch of down it lends the vale;
Cool its fan the birch-trees find;
Reeds its quiet pathway trail
To rest and shade resigned.
Bursts it on the open sky!
What was all its running for,
If beneath the cliff it die
Engulfed forevermore?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE BULL AND THE *PICADOR*

Pawing the earth, and snorting in his
rage
The Bull is tossing up the torrid sand;
The while the horseman's eye serene
and bland
Seeks out a point for his red lance to gauge.
Steadied to take the charge, the fight to
wage,
The picador holds his impatient stand;
His face, for all its blackness, whiter
fanned
To anger as the bull obstructs the stage.

JOSÉ ZORILLA

mitates; the Spaniard jeers at him;
shakes his hornéd front; he tears the
earth,
ing great breaths and straining every
limb;
e taunter urges him to prove his
worth;
an he charges, fails, and bellows grim,
shoulder bleeding, the great crowd in
mirth!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TOLEDO

ore the jousts and tourneys,
ore the Moorish songs,
ore dark battlements with throngs
iden Moslem blades;
y without their lattices,
terraces and glades,
nce, no fair sultana
with the old *parana*
ultan's garden shades.

ore the golden chambers
e palaces of kings;

AND MONOGRAPHS

Nor hidden halls of pleasurings
Of Orient devise;
Nor are there dark-eyed women
On the velvet couches lain,
Where the Faithful may obtain
Their hint of Paradise.

No more the eastern songbirds
In their cages made of gold
Fill the air as once of old
With the color of their songs;
While within his bath reclining,
Half-asleep, with odors shining,
Dreams of love their lord enfold.

No more an age of pleasure
Like the Moorish days gone by;
Age no rival can supply,
Two alike could hardly be;
But beneath the Gothic spire
Of the Christian temple hangs
A great bell whose mighty clangs
Speak of God in verity.

There's today a temple standing
On its hundred Gothic piles;

JOSÉ ZORILLA

Crosses, altars in its aisles,
And a creed of holiness;
There's a people bending low,
Lifting unto God its prayer
In the light that's burning there
For the faith their hearts confess!

There's a God the winds have heard
Mid the foldings of the blast;
The earth trembles at His word,
And the future mocks the past.
The mere cipher of His name
On the sinful hearts of men,
Was adored of old the same
Through the Arab darkness then.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

RAMÓN DE CAMPOAMOR

(1817-1891)

TWO MIRRORS

RAMÓN DE CAMPOAMOR was born at Navia. He prepared to join the clergy, but changed his mind, becoming a physician and, later, devoting himself exclusively to poetry and politics. He died at Madrid, where his *Obras completas* were published in 1901.

Into my mirror's glass I gaze
At forty years of age,
And find myself so worn with days
I break the glass in rage.

And then I turn my gaze and peer
Across my mirrored soul;
And see within my conscience clear
My woes beyond control.

The loss of faith, of love, of youth—
I see my mortal curse!—



*From the painting by Saura in the Hispanic Society
America*

Ramón de Campoamor

RAMÓN CAMPOAMOR

Within my mirror—evil truth;
And in my conscience—worse!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

IF I COULD ONLY WRITE

I

Please, Señor Cura, write a line for me—
I know for whom; and so you needn't
tell.

You know, because of that dark night when
he

And I encountered you together. —Well

Excuse us but—I did not find it strange;
It was the night, —a chance for everyone
Hand me the pen and paper. Thank
Arrange

Yourself while I begin—"My dear
Ramón"—

My dear?—You have it down in black and
white?—

But not if you object!—Yes, yes,
vow!—

"*How sad I am*"—Does that not put
right?—

HISPANIC NOTES

It does. "*How sad I am without you now !*"

"*There is an anguish gnawing in my heart*"—

How do you know the sorrow that I feel?—

To an old man a maiden's secrets part
And show as though a crystal did reveal!

"*What is this world without you ?—Vale of tears !*

And at your side ?—An earthly Paradise !"

Be sure the writing there so clear appears
'Twill reach, good señor Cura, to his eyes!

"*The kiss I gave you when you went away*"—

But come, who then has told you all you know?—

When one arrives, or leaves or makes his stay,

Together—no offence—'tis always so.

"*And if your love delays you from my sight
You do not know the sorrow it will cost !*"

RAMÓN CAMPOAMOR

Sorrow?—no more?—No, Señor Cura
write,

With pain my very life will soon be lost

Your life—and know you not you mock
heaven?—

Yes, yes, alas, Señor,—this life of mine.
[shall not write it. —Man be unforgiven,

If I could only write, myself and sign!—

2

O Señor Cura, Señor Cura,—vainly

Will all your efforts to oblige me prove
For in your writing you will not state plainly

All that I feel and all the power of love

For God's sake, write him that my very
spirit

Can hardly in my mortal body keep,
That every day new sorrows I inherit,
That I can nothing do but sigh and
weep!—

That my poor lips, whereon his breath
found roses

I nowadays can hardly open more;

AND MONOGRAPHS

That they forget to smile, so pain op
The joy my heart was cherish
yore;

That my poor eyes, that once he fo
tender,
Are clouded over with such weig
pain,

That as they find no other eyes to re
Their loving glance they always
again;

That of the many griefs with w
languish,
His absence is the very worst of
That in my ears there sounds the ce
anguish
Of echoes that his voice in vain re

And such my state because of him
blighting
My soul is falling into grief's dec
My God!—the things my pen wou
inditing,
If I could only write, myself
sign!

EPILOGUE

s fine!—Leave it to love!—Now the
addressing,
o *Don Ramón* "—Ah, me, how such a
call
me the uselessness of my professing
know my Greek, and Latin, after all!
—*Thomas Walsh.*

TRADITIONS

red a cross upon a lonely spot
day when in the country I took air;
ser told me—"A base robber shot
I killed a soldier there."

e tradition!—once again I passed
site upon that lonely plain;
er stranger told me, as the last —
robber here was by a soldier slain."
Thomas Walsh.

JOSE EUSEBIO CARO
(1817-1853)

ON THE LIPS OF THE LAST OF THE
INCAS

JOSE EUSEBIO CARO was a native of the Republic of New Granada, now Colombia, who, together with a fellow-poet José Joaquín Ortiz, founded the first literary journal of his country *La Estrella Nacional* in 1836. He was a man of lofty political ideals and a poet of advanced thought and practice.

Today arriving on Pichincha's slope,
The deadly cannon of the whites I flee,
Like the sun a wanderer, like the sun
aflame,
Like the sun free.

O Sun, my Father, hearken! Manco's
throne
Lies in the dust; Thy altar's sanctity

JOSÉ EUSEBIO CARO

ned; exalting thee alone I pray,
: but free.

2, my Father, hearken! A slave
efore
iations of the world I'll not agree
ar the mark. To slay myself I come,
e though free.

y Thou wilt perceive me, when afar
dost begin to sink into the sea,
ig Thy hymns on the volcano's top,
ig and free.

orrow though, alas! when once again
rown throughout the east will shining
e,
lden splendor on my tomb will fall,
omb though free.

my tomb the condor will descend
heaven, the condor, bird of liberty,
building there its nest, will hatch its
young,
own and free

Alfred Coester.

AND MONOGRAPHS

PABLO PIFERRER Y FÁBREGAS
(1818-1848)

CANCIÓN OF SPRING

PABLO PIFERRER Y FÁBREGAS was born and died at Barcelona. He devoted a large part of his life to the cultivation of musical appreciation among the Catalonians. He published a volume of *Poesías*.

Here the springtime comes again,—
Wake the bagpipe—dance around—
Spreading o'er the hill and plain
Her green mantle—Hope is found!
There is sighing of the breeze,—
Wake the bagpipe—dance around—
And the cloud that swiftly flees
Shows the blue vault—Hope is found!
From its blossom laughs the flower,—
Wake the bagpipe—dance around—

he murmur of its power
ws the streamlet—Hope is found!
birds' trill is on the air,—
ce the bagpipe—dance around —
to the swallow, there
comes winging—Hope is found!
heart, little sweetheart mine,—
ce the bagpipe dance around—
s stealing through the vine,
h her promise—Hope is found!
s over all the land—
ce the bagpipe—dance around —
breath our hearts expand,
re it rises—Hope is found!
e world is budding green,
ce the bagpipe—dance around —
re budding leaves between,
ps are growing—Hope is found!
ur, odor, color grow—
ce the bagpipe dance around
ymns of love to show
at is stirring—Hope is found!
he lightsome spring will die,—
ce the bagpipe—dance around—
year the meadows nigh
nge her mantle—Hope is found!

Dear old days of innocence—

Hush the bagpipe—dance no more—

Lost, they never re-commence,—

Lost are mine—and Hope is o'er!—

—*Roderick Gill.*

AFEL DE MENDIVE

AFEL MARÍA DE MENDIVE

(1821-1886)

A VIRGIN'S SMILE

EL MARÍA DE MENDIVE, a native of Cuba, published in 1847 a volume entitled *Pasiones* which secured him a lasting hold upon the imagination at home and abroad. He traveled extensively, returned to Cuba, and founded a literary *Revista de Habana* which did important service to letters. He was exiled from the island in 1868, taking refuge in New York, where he remained until the general amnesty permitted him to return. He was greatly admired by the poet Longfellow.

rarer than the early breeze,
the faint perfume of flowers,
hidden! through thine angel hours
Pass the thoughts of love;
rarer than the tender thought
the morning's gentle face,

AND MONOGRAPHS

On thy lips of maiden grace
Plays thy virgin smile.

Like a bird's thy rapture is,
Angel eyes thine eyes enlighten,
On thy gracious forehead brighten
Flashes from above;
Flower-like thy breathings are,
Free thy dreams from sinful strife,
And the sunlight of thy life
Is thy virgin smile.

Loose thou never, gentle child,
Thy spring garland from thy brow.
Through life's flowery fields, as now,
Wander careless still
Sweetly sing and gaily run,
Drinking in the morning air,
Free and happy everywhere,
With thy virgin smile!

Love and pleasure are but pains,
Bitter grief and miseries,
Withered leaves, which every breeze
Tosses at its will;
Live thou purely with thy joy,

RAFAEL DE MENDIV

With thy wonder and thy peace,
Blessing life till life shall cease,
With thy virgin smile.

-H. W. Longfellow

THE BROOK

Laugh of the mountain!—lyre of bird
tree!

Pomp of the meadow! Mirror of
morn!

The soul of April, unto whom are born
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee
Although where'er thy devious current
strays

The lap of earth with gold and silver
terms,

To me thy clear proceeding bright
seems

Than golden sands, that charm the
shepherd's gaze.

How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
parent

As the pure crystal, lets the curious
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round
pebbles count!

AND MONOGRAPHS

How, without malice murmuring, glides
thy current!

O sweet simplicity of days gone by!

Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to
dwell in limpid fount!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

ANTONIO DE TRUEBA

ANTONIO DE TRUEBA

(1823-1889)

CANTABRIA

ANTONIO DE TRUEBA, a poet of the Basque provinces, won popularity through his pictures of the life of his own people and his own time. His *Libro de los cantares* appeared at Madrid in 1852.

Ancient groves from hardy days,
Sweeping rivers, fountains clear,
Breezes from high mountain ways,
Little valleys green and dear;
Houses white and turrets black,
Seas that ever heave and tumble,
Peace and joy in every track,
Holy dew on foreheads humble,
This is what inspires my song,
This is my Cantabria fair!—
If you lose me, seek me long
'Twixt Higue and Finisterre.

Thomas Walsh

AND MONOGRAPHS

NIGHTFALL

The moon is soft arising
Behind its lattice far,
Serene the air surprising
As where holy spirits are.
Calm is the sea untroubled,
And calm the azure skies.
Lord,—when at peace of evening
Our soul to seek Thee flies
To tell to Thee our sorrows,—
Oh, what despairing morrows,
If nought to us replies!—
—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ SELGAS CARRASCO

JOSÉ SELGAS Y CARRASCO

(1824-1882)

THE EMPTY CRADLE

JOSÉ SELGAS Y CARRASCO was a native of Lorca who was prominent in Madrid as a journalist and editor. He enjoyed a high reputation during his lifetime. His works were published at Madrid in 1882-1894.

The angels bending
To kiss her brow,
Sang unending—
"Come with us now."

The child replying,
The angels drew
To her cradle lying:—
"I'll go with you."

The angel faces
'Mid wings of gold.

AND MONOGRAPHS

Took her embraces
Within their hold.

And with the breaking
Of pallid day,
The crib forsaking,
They flew away.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RICARDO CARRASQUILLA
(1827-1887)

SPAIN AND AMERICA

DO CARRASQUILLA was born of an Andalusian family at Quibdó, Chocó, Colombia. His life made his home at Bogotá, where he was closely identified with the development of Colombian culture.

Spain, her language, laws and creed
In on America bestowed;
I soon the younger country showed
She was of a ripened breed.

Liberty her one desire,
I soon the battle volleys roared,
Then great Bolívar drew the sword
To see triumphant o'er the fire.

Wherefore, valiant from the start,
When Spain beheld her power decay?—

AND MONOGRAPHS

Because herself hath taught the way
Of conquest to the victor's heart.

She gave her speech, she gave her blood,
And all her old traditions gave;
In her we glory with the brave;
In her our needs are understood.

—*Roderick Gill.*

MANUEL DEL PALACIO

(1832-1906)

SECRET LOVE

MANUEL DEL PALACIO was born at Lérida in
and received his education at Granada,
came very prominent in the literary
of Madrid where he published many
of verse and prose.

the confession of my changeless love
from close-drawn lattice in the night
must hear:

the moon, befriending hearts bereft of
cheer,

as well my longing as she gleams above:
as time is cooed to me by that wild dove
these haunts I visit when the eve is
near:

born my madrigals glad voiced and
lear

th their ecstasy the hill and grove.

To you alone my secret reaches never,
Howe'er my heartbeat strives to tell the
tale
Unbidden, ardent in a dear endeavor.
Perchance for all time shall its message
fail,
As falls unheard where Ocean throbs forever
The rill's faint call that tinkles down the
vale.

—*Joseph I. C. Clarke.*

RICARDO PALMA

(1833-1920)

SUN AND DUST

PALMA is a native of Peru, who, from his country, produced in 1853 a volume of poems entitled *Armonías: un desterrado*. It was peculiarly so on account of the number of *can-* which anticipated the author's best song the traditions and history of this may be found in his *Papeletas* *icas*. His remarkable wit does not the historical value of the material which he deals.

It whirlwind rises to the sky
 y cloud of dust, confused and dun;
 s with its wings the glowing disc
 ar-shining sun.

with mockery,—“Go upon your
 ree!”

I have made dim your beams of topaz
bright,
King of the sphere, I have brought low
your pride,
I have obscured your light!

The sun makes answer: "Soon the wind
will fall
You will become base mire, despised and
dumb,
While I light up the heavens and the
earth,—
Today,—and days to come!"
So stupid envy, insolent and false,
The laurel crown of genius fain would
blight.
It is foul dust: intelligence, the sun—
Immortal is its light.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

RAFAEL POMBO

(1833-1912.)

OUR MADONNA AT HOME

L. POMBO, son of a family of mixed
and Spanish blood, was born at Bogotá,
Colombia. He took part in the political
revolutions of 1854 and later came on diplo-
matic service to the United States. Here his
talents as a poet of romantic love came to
the fore. He returned to Bogotá where he
spent his final years in honor. *Our Madonna*
was written originally in English
and was much admired by William Cullen
Brown.

Oh thou portray that face whose
holy spell
Sheds its peace o'er all the loved at
home?
I roam so long in other lands to roam
Thy smile only I remember well.

Hers at whose shrine, when sickness on me
fell

In childhood, suppliant thou didst
kneel, my mother,

And I saw both smile, weep, embrace
each other,

And which the sweeter was I could not
tell.

When memory now in manhood would
recall

Her features who with thee doth share
my heart,

Her half-forgotten face seems like to
thine;

And both are still to me the source of all

That's best in me of poesy and art,—

Nor either mother could my soul
resign.

AT NIAGARA

Again I see thee!—once again I know
Mine oldtime witchery as in years gone by,
Titan of grace, white, fascinating, vast,
Sultan of torrents, calm in matchless power;

RAFAEL POMBO

ially the same, Niagara!
ial in thine ecstasy, awake
y tremendous sway,—unwearying
of thyself, as man untired
izing upon thee.—How couldst thou
ire?
ty, alive forever, acts and lives
rity and cannot fail!—O thou,
perfect daughter without human
ouch
is high Fiat, that perpetuates
aws inviolable in their course,—
sister of the skies, the light, the air!—
t unexpelled of Eden that we lost,
beauty is creation's constant work,
scending even its high Creator's
breath.
, something tells us, here is God!
ar of rapture, and of balm that sprang
nes of old; today beholding thee
e wake within our breast the seeds
livine;
ardent soul to Nature's wonder
swells;
warming love of family grips the heart
ial and indissoluble; thus

AND MONOGRAPHS

As to the sea the drop released
earth,—

Thus for the mother's breast the
inclines,—

Dumb in our intimate delight we turn
To this communion with eternity.

Can God grow weary?—Ah, in things
cloy

There is a deadly, fatal principle,
Inertia, the germ of death at war
With God, the gangrene of a soul apart
From His restoring floods—But when
mind,

Descendst thou?—O Niagara, recall,
And in thy image let me see, the boast
Of souls victorious, behold sublime
The hero in his martyrdom, and gaze
Upon the genius calm amid his powers
Delight me, soothe me, O museum vas
Of cataracts, O foundry of the clouds!
O sea, without a depth despite thy wave
White colonnade some great Alcides re
From out Olympus, here between the
Mediterranean oceans of the world!
Live on, eccentric giant, to delight
In solitary, immemorial mood

RAFAEL POMBO

Of madness of the gods! Unchained
forth

Thine ocean floods along the sloping g
And lost in rapture, drunken with the
Of thine own strength, mind not that
has marked

Thy Titan play among the solitudes,
No more than where the ant lifts u
head

To join itself with thee—What differe
The earth cannot contain thee, in a bu
Thou surgest on unto thine ocean cou

From the globe's confines ultimate,
come

To visit thee, to raise themselves on hi
With contemplation of thy mate
charms.

A thousand tongues along thy
acclaim

In Thee the grandeur of their God, the
Of nature's purest triumph over all.

Heredia came and paid his tribute her
Hailing Niagara in his soul, in dread
More of himself than thee, for all
floods!

AND MONOGRAPHS

The Anglo-Saxon cyclops quick to prove
Unto the world that he is lord of thee,
Spans thy great gorges with his airy bridge,
Embracing thee as with an iron hand,
In sign that man (the insect of the hour,
The dizzying hour!) proclaims his reign
abroad!

'Tis heaven herself laid down beneath thy
feet

These angel pillows colored for the spheres;
And for one bridge, hers are a thousand
round,-

To art of man opposing that of heaven,
Hangs tremulous here, as though the smile
of peace

Amid the heavy breathings about death,
Her tranquil bow amidst the wild abyss!

Sufficing glory is thy ceaseless spring
Of beauties, thou art shrine perpetual
Of man's deep wonder. What can I for
thee,

Save but to add my little name to thine?
I am the trifling shadow at the gates,
A day to hover silent, a light breath
In silence moving through thine icy mist—

RAFAEL POMBO

If to the surge volcanic of thy breast
The earth, thy trembling cradle, hears
wind

Groan through its stony hollows in rep
I know not, for my heart is hushed,
stirs

Within my soul the ardent flame of sor
But what is this to thee, who, changel
Assert'st thy majesty and pomp,—whil
In years of exile stand and weariness
Of soul? Today I gaze on thee with
Of sadness, Amphitheatre divine!—
Where 'mid thy gusts and mists etc
strifes

Of crags and whirlpools rage. In me t
stirs

No combat; nay, thy presence, rather
Thy lofty beauty wakes my wonderm
Inspires prostration,—yea, and chills
soul!

This milky lake asleep beneath my feet
These curdling waves of emerald that
As in a mantle's fold thy rocky bed
Where floods are gasping -all unknow
where

Their destinies are urging; the dread p

AND MONOGRAPHS

And maelstrom that awaits them where in
power

As of an angry sea they writhe and lift
Their heads, like some lethargic boa, rolled
In his majestic, noiseless coils and poised
Magnetic for his dart; and so it is
With me; such is the mortuary sea
Of my existence, where the hidden plan
Sweeps in the whirlpool, gulping, drowning
me.

Whence, O Heredia, thy dread? I look
And find it not. Not so unhappy thou
Hadst thou known real fear. Thy hopes
Grew pale and trembled here unto their
death.

Here over all rules desperation; here
She lifts her craggy altars; from these deeps
And Tartarous regions soars the mighty call
Of demon voices to infernal bliss!
No, Nature never overwhelms the soul
With dread; her very worst is but a boon.
Her very tomb is but a couch of rest.
She is a child, forever innocent
And candorous; a gentle nurse whom
heaven

RAFAEL POMBO

In goodness gave to man. -

To man, the asp
The monster (O Heredia, how well
Thou knewst!) whose contact is affright
me;

The asp that poisons soul and body be
Satan eternal of our brothers' lives,
As well as of our own; disturber born
Of every Paradise that Nature yields,
Of every scene with ordered peace
brings

His mind the memory of heaven,
His wasted destiny! Mankind, the h
Between the angel and the fiend, the f
Of all who would ascend the heavenly
Toward the high model of Divinity!
Away, abortion!—Here is Nature, he
But at the sight of this vast, thunde
stream,—

This splendid comet of the waterways
I would not seek its arms, like that
bow

That trembles o'er its radiant gates
yield

My thoughts nor feelings!—

Thou art so supren

AND MONOGRAPHS

Niagara, so irresistible
 Thy witchery and majesty combined,
 That hapless man, amid his little day,
 Can but adore thee; God grant happy death
 To him who vainly turns to thee to ease
 His overpowering woes!—

O mother mine,
 Sweet martyr soul, thy pardon! 'Tis
 today
 At home, that once was happy, we make
 feast

In honor of thy name. I now implore
 On high thy pardon. 'Tis no fault of
 thine

That I should owe to thee my hapless life.
 Today once more canst save me; once again
 Through thy unfailing tenderness, thy son
 Revived anew, makes offering anew
 Of freshened vigor—

Here, through custom old,
 Come first the wedded from their nuptial
 shrine;

Here is their second nave and altar-place
 Of love; here are their seats beyond the
 world

Within the Love-God's arms of clemency.

RAFAEL POMBO

may He bless them, casting on the surge
pure white jasmine blossom of their
wreaths!—

, rest! chaste visioning! Unto the
sound

ara thy parent rocks thee, rest!

iful shall be thy lullaby, O rest!

I across thy garlands come the voice

re great requiem he chants for thee.

thy soul take my blessing upon thee,—

, it as benediction in thy heart;

éd because thou lov'st; more blessed
still

n thou no more art woman, when thou
die'st,

disappear'st and fallest to repose

soul grows weary o'er thy silent
grave! —

, accomplished—all with perfectness,

od decrees; today the absent turns

way again to thee; again as one

tand together, thou within thy tomb,

dead, they say!—And I perchance,
more dead

i thou —surviving mine own heart! —

Peace! Peace!

AND MONOGRAPHS

Let not my woes disturb thee in thy
 Yet easier would it be, Niagara,
 To speak across the tumult of thy fa

Thy waters seem like the beginning
 That leaps from out the hand
 Divine,

Inaugurating its eternal course
 Throughout the ether deeps! Th
 like heaven

That bends upon the earth amid thy
 Half-veiling here the majesty of God
 Forever new and brilliant in thy swe
 Forever fertile, and magnificent,
 The vital spring of mother N
 breasts

Shining with healthful savors,—tho
 show

Thy grandeur in thy fall, and raisest
 From thine abyss the hymn of prai
 life.

But oh! to me life is a sarcasm now;
 My world has finished, and my
 dead;

In my desire to sing speaks but the
 Of hate, or *De profundis* as of death

RAFAEL POMBO

o lighten weary days,
gara, my steps I hither press;
rn indifferent shoulders to thy ways,
rows immersed amid thine icy sprays.
idering back to thee—forgetfulness.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

GASPAR NÚÑEZ DE ARCE

(1834-1903)

THE DELUGE

GASPAR NÚÑEZ DE ARCE was born at Valladolid. After the restoration of the Bourbons, he served in the Liberal cabinets. Retiring through ill health some years before his death, he devoted himself to poetic and dramatic literature, obtaining great success in Spain and Spanish America. His *Gritos del combate* appeared in 1875; *Un idilio* in 1879. There has been no complete collection published of his works.

MISERERE

It is midnight; the great dwelling
Reared at Philip Second's will
The world's wonderment to fill—
All his mighty story telling,
Lies in haughty shadows, spelling



Gaspar Esteban Núñez de Arce

re history painfully
 : vanished majesty,
 g like some giant writhing
 h the mountain, the last tithing
 his ruined glories see.

the Guadarramas waking
 hill winds have left their caves,
 ting on the architraves
 : shrine and ceaseless breaking.
 e stars above are shaking
 a red and sullen flame,
 at times in sorrow's name
 s the echo-starting bell
 lugubrious would tell
 the convent prays the same.

the church morose and sombre
 ers in its vast repose,
 icy silence close
 omb the ages cumber;
 he cresset lamps in umber
 uncertain gleam afar
 the figures now that are
 dvancing, half retreating,
 ing like the ghost-forms meeting
 hild's or old man's slumber.
 m from the royal fosses

Stirs a rumor strange and clear,
And an awesome form of fear
Lifts above the dust and crosses.
Charles the Fifth, the Cæsar, tosses
Back the clamping funeral stone,
And with face all fleshless grown,
Rises horrid from the mosses.
Striking hard his bony forehead,
As from lethargy so deep
He would shake his mind from sleep
And disperse his nightmare horrid.
And he stared upon the florid
Burial place so still and lone
Where there towered his funeral stone.
Forth he from the tomb advanced
And took his stand and never glanced
Where his ragged shroud was shown.
“Hark ye!—” cried his warlike voice
In the tone the whole world knew
When the ancient ages threw
At his feet its trembling choice;—
“Throw back your sepulchre’s dark walls,
Ye glories of Imperial days,
Ye heroes of immortal rays,
Ye flames of old-time glory,
And from your places mortuary,

SPAR NÚÑEZ DE ARCE

e forth—'tis Cæsar's voice that
calls!"—

answering the haughty word
very depths with rumor stirred,
from their marbles surged
tress half unpurged;
the graves opened wide;
in a line dead kings began
le before him, each one wan
soiled with years, though every man
wore his crown of pride.

re, solemn, and remote
e Philip Second, from his wars
rged, yet unbeaten, by his scars;
son beside him grim did float;
then the King, the all devout,
rumbleness beyond a doubt,
saw great Spain, the victim, torn
some great granite mountain, scorn
earthquakes, blotted out.

1 came the monarch of the blight,
se reign did shame employ
our grandeur to destroy,
shaking still with fever's might—
the dread conspiracy
t the eye might still remark

AND MONOGRAPHS

'Twixt that monarch of the dark
And his wasted monarchy!—
With a terrible confusion
Silently they herd along,
Kings now dead who once were strong!—
Teeming with the grave's profusion.
And the vanished embers start
Gleaming in those brows' dead part,
Throwing uncertain lights upon
Eyepits where the eyes are gone,
And empty skulls that grieve the heart.
And following their monarchs after,
In answer to the mighty call
As though the very hours fall
On Judgement Day, from floor to rafter,
Thronging come Spain's ancient glories,
Through the cloistered corridors,
Princes, Lords and Grand Señores,
Prelates, friars, warriors,
Favorites and counselors,
Theologues and Inquisitors.
Then with Charles's mandate shaking
From the scepter that he bore,
To the organ tottered o'er
A poor skeleton all quaking;
Bony hands the keyboard waking

GASPAR NÚÑEZ DE AR

Stirred a torrent of accord
Till the giant music poured
Litanies and requiems making.
And the voices all in one,
From the dead a holy chant,
At the shrine hierophant
To their God and Maker ran.
And the broken echoes, won
From the victims of the tomb,
Swelled and stirred the startled gloom
And to such a fervor rose
That it seemed the very close
Of a world whose days were done.
"We were as the mighty stream
Of a river that is dry;
None the source can now espy;
Dry and parched the channels gleam'
Yea, O God, our little power
Was extinguished in an hour—
Miserere!

Curséd, curséd the device,
Portent over land and sea,
That spreads the word of life so free
And gives ideas wings of price,
The printed words that all suffice
And wound to death our Sovereignty

AND MONOGRAPHS

Miserere!

Curséd be the wire that starts
All lands and peoples into one,
By which to prayers and hopes are spun
All the world's pulsating hearts.
Nought in silence can be done;
No injustice lurks or darts—

Miserere!

Now no more each people thrives
In solitary state alone;
To chains of iron they have grown
The bonds where human nature strives;
No more are isolation's gyves
On liberty's strong muscles thrown—

Miserere!

A bitter and a brutal blow
Delivered with unsparing hand
Upon the shoulders of our band
Of priest and king, they did bestow.
And nought there is that we can know
To heal the wound their rage has fanned—

Miserere!

And see, alas, how human pride
Upon the heavens is placing hands!
In arrogance the haughty lands
Would even Thee, the Lord, deride!

SPAR NÚÑEZ DE ARCE

not their voice blaspheming guide
peace nor to contentment's strands—
ere!

not in hostile turmoil caught,
in their dismal pit of woe
Thy world perish, ere it know
t in itself its wrong was fraught.
itying they ceaseless brought
death to us—they die also!—
ere!

ife, thou great and mighty river
t hurries onward to the main,
old, our channels dust-heaps vain,
re once did rushing streams deliver!
not the impious rule forever—
evil have an endless reign—
ere!"

n suddenly the organ ceased
mighty rumble, and the light
swiftly off the throng of blight,
all to darkness was released.
le in a vast and solemn feast
read and tears the silence grew
t from the eyeless skulls poured through
ood of weeping never ceased.
unwhile the light was fading out

AND MONOGRAPHS

Mysterious and vague, and all
The rumors died along the wall,
And the great vision shrank to doubt.
With daylight breaking from without,
The white procession paled away
And through the scattering mists of day
Came a far locomotive's shout.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

GUSTAVO BÉCQUER

GUSTAVO ADOLFO BÉCQUER
(1836-1870)

"THEY CLOSED HER EYES"

GUSTAVO ADOLFO BÉCQUER was born in Seville. As a student of painting, he began a poverty-stricken career at Madrid, which ended after an unhappy marriage, he died.

His *Obras* (Madrid, 1871) reveal a writer who influenced greatly by Hoffmann and Heine, possessed one of the most original talents in Spanish literature. He is sometimes considered the founder of the modern Spanish school of poetry. His works have passed through many editions.

They closed her eyes
That were still open;
They hid her face
With a white linen,
And, some sobbing
Others in silence,

AND MONOGRAPHS

From the sad bedroom
All came away.

The nightlight in a dish
Burned on the floor; •
It threw on the wall
The bed's shadow,
And in that shadow
One saw sometime
Drawn in sharp line
The body's shape.

The dawn appeared.
At its first whiteness
With its thousand noises
The town awoke.
Before that contrast
Of light and darkness,
Of life and strangeness
I thought a moment.
My God, how lonely
The dead are!

On the shoulders of men
To church they bore her,
And in a chapel
They left her bier.

GUSTAVO BÉCQUE

There they surrounded
Her pale body
With yellow candles
And black stuffs.

At the last stroke
Of the ringing for the Souls,
An old crone finished
Her last prayers.
She crossed the narrow nave,
The doors moaned,
And the holy place
Remained deserted.

From a clock one heard
The measured ticking,
And from a candle
The guttering.
All things there
Were so dark and mournful,
So cold and rigid,
That I thought a moment:
*My God, how lonely
The dead are!*

From the high belfry
The tongue of iron

AND MONOGRAPHS

Clanged, giving out
A last farewell.
Crape on their clothes,
Her friends and kindred
Passed in a line
In homage to her.

In the last vault
Dark and narrow,
The pickaxe opened
A niche at one end;
They laid her away there.
Soon they bricked the place up,
And with a gesture
Bade grief farewell.

Pickaxe on shoulder
The gravedigger,
Singing between his teeth,
Passed out of sight.
The night came down,
It was all silent.
Alone in the darkness
I thought a moment,—
*My God, how lonely
The dead are!*

GUSTAVO BÉCQUER

In the dark nights
Of bitter winter,
When the wind makes
The rafter creak,
When the violent rain
Lashes the windows,
Lonely I remember
That poor girl.

There falls the rain
With its noise eternal,
There the northwind
Fights with the rain.
Stretched in the hollow
Of the damp bricks,
Perhaps her bones
Freeze with the cold.

Does the dust return to dust?
Does the soul fly to heaven?
Or is all vile matter,
Rottenness, filthiness?
I know not, but
There is something—something—
Something which gives me
Loathing, terror,—

AND MONOGRAPHS

To leave the dead
So alone, so wretched.

—*John Masefield.*

THE WAITING HARP

There in the dusky alcove of the room,
Perchance forgotten by its owner now,
Silent beneath its covering of dust,

The harp was seen.

How many a song was slumbering in its
strings,

As in some bird-breast sleeping on the
boughs,

Waiting the snowy hand whose master touch
Shall waken it!

Alas, methought—how often genius halts
And drowns thus within the bosom's
depth,

Hoping to hear a voice, like Lazarus,
To say its message,—“Soul, arise and walk!”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

SONG

“I am a passion; I am a flame;
I am a symbol of loves that go,

GUSTAVO BÉCQUER

a that desire which transcends shame—
: it I you seek?"

"Not you: no!"

y brow is pale, my hair is gold;
can make your dreams come true.
asures of tenderness I hold—
: it I you call?"

"No: not you!"

m a mystery; I am a dream;
fleeting phantom of light and gloom;
ist; a shadow; not what I seem,—
cannot love you!"

"Oh, come, come!"

—*Muna Lee.*

RIMAS

very atoms of the air
n warmed and stirring everywhere;
sky with golden light suffused:
earth grown bright with dawn unused;
ar in waves of carolings
sound of kisses, sweep of wings;
se mine eyes,—what happens there?—
he passing-by of Love the fair!—

—*Roderick Gill.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

ROSALÍA DE CASTRO

(1837-1883)

THE CARILLON

ROSALÍA DE CASTRO was born at Santiago de Compostela. She is one of the greatest protagonists of regionalism in Spanish literature, and her intimate studies of the Galician province early brought her into literary prominence. Her *Cantares gallegos* appeared in 1863; her *En las orillas del Sar*, in 1884.

I love them—and I hearken
As the winds their notes prolong,
Like the murmur of a fountain,
Like a lambkin's distant song,

Like the birds serenely winging
On their way across the skies,
At the break of daylight soaring
To salute it with their cries.



Rosalía de Castro

ROSALÍA DE CASTR

In their voices saying ever
O'er the plain and mountain peak
Something that is frank and candid,
That a soothing charm would speak.

Should their voices cease forever,
What a sorrow for the air!
What a silence in the belfries!
And the dead—how strangely bare!
—*Garrett Strang*

HISPANIC NOTES

OLEGARIO VICTOR ANDRADE

(1838-1883)

ATLÁNTIDA

Olegario Victor Andrade, who is generally considered the greatest poet of Argentina, after some experience in politics, became editor of *La Tribuna*, the government organ of President Roca. His poems, mostly written within a period of about five years, display unusual patriotic fire and inspiration. His *Atlántida* won the national prize of Argentina in 1881.

The passing centuries the secret kept.
But Plato saw it dimly when beside
The Ægean Sea, he gazed upon the shadows
Falling softly on Hymettus' peak,
And spake mysterious words with restless
waves
That groaned beneath his feet. He knew
the name
Of this last child of Time, destined to be

ature's bride, where dwells eternal
ing;
Ued it fair Atlantis.
d thought best to give the mighty
k
in men, the race that tamed the
rid,
ight its greatest battles.

When the hour was struck, Columbus
ame
ship that bore the fate of Man,
stward made his way.
d tumultuous Ocean hurled against
ny Latin ship the black north
wind,
whirlwinds roaring fiercely rode
stride
itning's blood-red steed.
d the vessel moved, and broke the
eal
tery; and fair Atlantis woke
to find her in a dreamer's arms!

the victor over thrones and
towns,

The restless spirit of the ancient race
Had found fulfilment of its noblest dream,—
Abundant space and light in distant
zones!

With armor newly forged, nor dragging
now

The blood-stained winding-sheet of a dead
past,

Nor weighted down by blackest memories,
Once more it ventured forth in eager quest
Of liberty and glory.

Before it lay a vast, unconquered world.
Here, resting on the sea, 'neath tropic
skies,

And bathed in the white light of rising
dawn,

The Antilles lift their heads, like scattered
birds

That utter plaintive cries,

And dry their snowy wings that they may
fly

To other, distant shores.

Here rises Mexico above two seas,
A granite tower that even yet would seem

OLEGARIO V. ANDRA

To spy the Spanish fleet as it draws nigh
Across the Aztec gulf;
And over there Colombia, lulled to sleep
By the deep roar of Tequendama's fall
Within its bosom hides unfailing wealth

Hail, happy zone! Oh fair, enchanted
land,

Belovéd child of the creative sun
And teeming home of animated life,
The birthplace of the great Bolívar,—
In thee, Venezuela, all is great:
The flashing stars that light thee from above
Thy genius and thy noble heroism,
Which with volcanic force and deafening
crash

Burst forth on San Mateo's lofty peak

Outstretched below the Andes' mighty
chain,

Like one who weeps above an open grave
The Incas' Rome doth lie.
Its sword was broken in the bloody strife
And in obscurity its face was sunk.
But still Peru doth live!
For in a virile race

AND MONOGRAPHS

Defeat doth spell a new, a nobler life.
And when propitious toil, which heals all
wounds,
Shall come to thee at last,
And when the sun of justice shines again
After long days of weeping and of shame,
The ripening grain shall paint with flowers
of gold
The crimson cloak that o'er thy shoulder
floats.

Bolivia, namesake of the giant born
At Mount Avila's foot,
Hath kept his lively wit and valiant
heart,
With which to face the storm and stress of
life.
It dreams of war today; but also dreams
Of greater things, when 'stead of useless
guns,
The engines made of steel
Shall boldly bridge the vales and scale the
hills.

And Chile, strong in war and strong in
toil,

OLEGARIO V. ANDRA

Hangs its avenging arms upon the wa
Convinced that victory by brutal stre
Is vain and empty if it be not right.

And Uruguay, although too fond of s
The sweet caress of progress ever seek
Brazil, which feels the Atlantic's r
kiss,

With greater freedom were a greater s
And now the blessed land,
The bride of glory, which the Plata b
And which the Andean range alone
bound!

Let all arise, for 'tis our native land,
Our own, our native land, which ever so
Sublime ideals. Our youthful race
lulled

E'en in the cradle by immortal hymns.
And now it calls, to share its opulence,
All those who worship sacred liberty.
The fair handmaid of science, pro
art. . . .

Our country turns its back on savage
And casts away the fratricidal sword.
That it may bind upon its haughty
A wreath of yellow wheat,

AND MONOGRAPHS

Lighter to wear than any golden crown. . .
The sun of ultimate redemption shines
On our beloved land, which strides ahead
To meet the future, and with noble mien
Offers the Plata's overflowing cup
To all the hungry nations. . . .

—*Elijah Clarence Hills.*

JOSÉ ROSAS MORENO

JOSÉ ROSAS MORENO

(1838-1883)

THE SPIDER'S WEB

JOSÉ ROSAS MORENO was born and died in Mexico. He was known for his dramas as well as for his lyrical poetry of a sentimental domestic kind. His fables have been widely appreciated.

A dext'rous spider chose
The delicate blossom of a garden rose
Whereon to plant and bind
The net he framed to take the insect
And when his task was done
Proud of the cunning lines his art had spun
He said, "I take my stand
Close by my work, and watch what I
planned.
And now, if heaven should bless
My labors with but moderate success,
No fly shall pass this way,

AND MONOGRAPHS

Nor gnat, but they shall fall an easy prey.”
He spoke, when from the sky
A strong wind swooped, and whirling,
hurried by,
And far before the blast
Rose, leaf and web and plans and hopes
were cast.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT

A serpent watched an eagle gain
On soaring winds, a mountain height
And envied him, and crawled with pain
To where he saw the bird alight.
So fickle fortune oftentimes
Befriends the cunning and the base,
And many a groveling reptile climbs
Up to the eagle’s lofty place.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE CATERPILLAR AND THE BUTTERFLY

“Good-morrow, friend,” so spoke, upon a
day
A caterpillar to a butterfly.

JOSE ROSAS MORENO

The wingéd creature looked another way

And made this proud reply:

"No friend of worms am I."

The insulted caterpillar heard

And answered thus the taunting word

"And what wert thou, I pray,

Ere God bestowed on thee that

array?

Why treat the caterpillar tribe with scorn?

Art thou then nobly born?

What art thou, madam, at the best?

A caterpillar elegantly dressed."

—*William Cullen Bryant*

AND MONOGRAPHS

JOAQUÍN ARCADIO PAGAZA

(1839- ?)

IN THE NIGHT

JOAQUÍN ARCADIO PAGAZA, Bishop of Vera Cruz, Mexico, was a poet of the classic school. Many of his Castilian sonnets are much admired, although he is chiefly remembered as the translator into Spanish of the famous Latin poem *Rusticatio mexicana* by the Jesuit Rafael Landivar (1731-1793), a work sharing, with Balbuena's *Grandeza mexicana*, the merit of fixing the classical style of letters in Hispanic America.

It seems like noon, so bright the lustre
shed

On the damp forest by the moon's white
glow.

The breeze scarce moves yon oak tree to
and fro,

That mid a thousand others rears its head.

JOAQUÍN A. PAGAZA

'er Zempoala, on an azure bed,
The evening star rests just above the snow,
And dimly in the fields the brooklet's flow
Flows like a silver ribbon far outspread.

The heavens shine; the hoophoe's note of
 pain
Sounds on the mountain, and the echoes
 send
Its wail across the broad plains plaintively
Thyllis, come follow me, for I would fain
Enjoy this night; shut up the cot, my
 friend;
Upon the hillside I will wait for thee.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

TWILIGHT

Lowly the sun descends at fall of night,
And rests on clouds of amber, rose and red;
The mist upon the distant mountains shed
Turns to a rain of gold and silver light.

The evening star shines tremulous and
 bright

AND MONOGRAPHS

Through wreaths of vapor, and the clouds
o'erhead
Are mirrored in the lake, where soft they
spread,
And break the blue of heaven's azure
height.

Bright grows the whole horizon in the west
Like a devouring fire; a golden hue
Spreads o'er the sky, the trees, the plains
that shine.

The bird is singing near its hidden nest
Its latest song, amid the falling dew,
Enraptured by the sunset's charm divine.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

ANTONIO SELLÉN

ANTONIO SELLÉN

(1840-1888)

THE BROKEN BRANCH

ANTONIO SELLÉN, younger brother of Cuban patriot and poet Francisco S. was born at Santiago de Cuba. He became prominent in the periodical literature of the Cuban revolutionary period, publishing with his brother, *Estudios poéticos* (1882), during his residence in New York (*Poemas de Lord Byron* (New York, 1877).

Poor branch that broken from the tree
Is at the mercy of the wave—
How swift your flight, how rapidly,
It sweeps you to your grave!

A moment in the angry pool
You struggle with its might in vain
Amid the fury of its rule
How useless to complain!—

AND MONOGRAPHS

What matters it to me should tide
Arise and gulp me down below—
A withered branch and lone, beside
A world of which I nothing know?

When sharp winds blow in hurricane
The branches leafless sad and bare,
And lorn they strive against the strain—
What poor dried bough proves sturdy
there?

The branch that severs from the tree
From which it took its parent birth
Is a soul that in its misery
Is lost to love and life on earth.

—*Garret Strange.*

DIEGO VICENTE TEJERA

DIEGO VICENTE TEJERA

(1848-1903)

JULIET

DIEGO VICENTE TEJERA was born and died in Mexico. He passed some years in the United States endeavoring to organize a socialist party to figure in the Revolution of 1893. *Ramo de violetas* appeared in 1878.

Another kiss, then, Juliette, farewell! —
Another, nay, another thousand more! —"
She holds him back with her adoring spell,
Careless of all, her ardent kisses pour.
Secret transports what mere words can
tell!

Hour of love with all its promised
store! —
Through the still chamber how the quick
sighs spell
The ecstasies their hearts have thirsted
for!

AND MONOGRAPHS

Delight! — forgetfulness! — The dawning
breaks
Across the casement panes. The lover
flies
Before the coming of the ancient day,
Down the high balcony where lightly
shakes
His ladder,—where the swallows' punc-
tual cries,
And swift and polished wings begin to
play.—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TO THEE

And art thou dead?—No, Death oblivion
brings,
And still I dream of thee!
Death, gentle Mother, a dark ruin flings,
Yet still thy face I see!
But if thou haply hast not died as yet—
To-morrow—shalt thou live?
Oh, if to-day—there is no morrow set
When Death the end can give.
Never! Though destiny untimely wrought,
Shalt thou his rigor know;

DIEGO VICENTE TEJER

Thou wert my all of glory,—now my
thought

Shall be my love to show!

Throughout the lonely world by night and
day

Shalt thou with me remain;

Nor any hour I breathe, O Mother, may

Death unto thee attain!

And longer still with me shalt live until

In God I seek thee far;

Until thy rays of heavenly bliss fulfil

And light our double star.

Despite the moans my broken accents
raise—

“Where art thou, Mother, now?—”

Despite the tear that ceaseless comes and
stays,—

O Mother, dead art thou?—

To adoration of my inmost breast

Thy memoried form shall glow.

The world may lay the mothers to Death
rest,

But not their children, no!—

—*Roderick Gill*

AND MONOGRAPHS

LUIS MONTOTO Y RAUTEN-
STRAUCH

(1851-)

OUR POET'S BREED

LUIS MONTOTO Y RAUTENSTRAUCH was born at Seville, where he has always been prominently identified with all civic activities. His works embody the brilliant life of the Andalusian capital. His publications include *Noches de luna, Sevilla, La sevillana*, and most popular of all *Toros en Sevilla, Toros*. He is a member of the Spanish Academy.

"Now whither go ye?"—Would that we
did know—

But who can trace the leaves at midnight
torn

From off the storm-swept branches as they
go

Upon the mighty tempest's path of scorn?

LUIS MONTOTO

"And where abide ye?"—In the
heap,
Our walls and rafters rotting in
dust,—
Dust watered only by the tears we weep
Tears bitter with our need and broken
trust.

"Had ye no father?"—Yea, he dreamt
fame
And scorned the thrifty hoardings of
heart,—
He whom the midnight fever overcame
To sit, his brows with laurel crown
apart.

"What seek ye now?"—His legacy
creed,
The dreamer's treasure buried in the
We are the children of the poet's breeze
Refuse us not an alms, for love of God
—*Thomas Walsh*

THE DAY'S ACCOUNT

Night closes fast my gloomy door,
The hour when I must make account

AND MONOGRAPHS

Of how the world has paid me for
My toilsome day, and what amount.

Ingratitudes, and mean disdain,
And friendship's smirking likelihood,
And promises no deeds sustain,
And many ills, and scanty good,

And all the bitter pangs that start,
And tears that are so prone to course,—
But O what blessing in my heart!
I carry home no grim remorse!
—*Roderick Gill.*

THE INGRATE

The traveller on his torrid way
Will quench his thirst at any spring
Whose cooling waters chance to stray
Beside his road of wandering.

Then on upon his way he goes
Without another thought or glance
Upon the fountain that bestows
Its all of joy and sustenance.

LUIS MONTOTO

And so 'tis with the ingrate's heart;
Who once he can his need obtain
Will on his journey lightly start
And never turn his cheek again.

— *Thomas Walcott*

THE BULLS IN SEVILLE

I

Bulls in Seville! Bulls in Seville!
Come the shouts and flutter white
Of the programmes they are selling
To the experts of the fight.
Bulls in Seville! Bulls in Seville!
Murmur, touching glass to glass,
All the patrons of the cafés
While the weekly journals pass.
Bulls in Seville! is the whisper
Of the damsel in her best;
Bulls in Seville! Bulls in Seville!
Says the *grande dame* with the rest.
Bulls in Seville! is the rumor
Of the palace and the slum;
Child and man and woman murmur
That the noisy feasts have come.
And the brilliant sun of Maytime
And the gentle airs of spring,

AND MONOGRAPHS

The aroma of the flowers
And the orange breaths that fling,
O'er the gracious Guadalquivir
Where the crystal waters shine
And the shadows from the Tower
On the surface rest benign.
Then the joyous festivation
Of the lofty bells is heard,
And Giralda, the most lovely,
Speaks the loudest, highest word
And it seems as if the message
"Bulls in Seville" is refrain
Of the very winds ablowing
Through the length and breadth of Spain.

2

Dandy dons his little jacket,
Ties his double sash around,
Whispering "Now for the Bull-ring!"
Breathless hurries to the ground.
With her light shawl of Manilla
Mariquita makes her fair;
Puts a spray or two of flowers
To give scent and deck her hair,
And she murmurs,—“To the Bull-ring!”

LUIS MONTOTO

he hurries from her door,
n the crowded streets and plazas,
er gladness brimming o'er.
he city's throng is hasting
ugh the quarter on its way;
y breast a bursting brasier
i the gladness of the day.
the Bull-ring! To the Bull-ring!"
y tear is brushed and dried.
the Bull-ring! To the Bull-ring!"—
to-morrows put aside!

3

ie shining blue of heaven
the slightest cloud is seen;
ng with every dower is filling
he world with joys serene.
he great arena glitters
l the crowds awaiting there,
a mighty bee-hive buzzing
the sport that would prepare.
he women in the boxes
i their shining shawls of white;
their raven hair agleaming
i carnations red and bright.

AND MONOGRAPHS

Here are all Triana's neighbors,
And from Macarena too;
Many from San Roqué's parish,
And Calzada's not a few.
Here within the shade, awaiting
As in faculty of state,
All the bachelors and doctors
Of the bull-ring up-to-date.
All the bachelors and doctors
Who hold professorial seat
On the street where the Sierpes
And the proud Campaña meet.
Friends are they to the bull-fighters;
They the fates to-day can spell;
When the others shout, they're hissing;
When the others hiss, they yell.
And the peddlars hurry calling,
"Water of Tomares, buy!"—
"Almond cakes of cinnamon!"—
"Hazel-nuts and seeds, who'll try!"
The President gives salutation;
The gates of entry fling ajar;
See, the cavaliers are coming,
With their coats that shine afar!
Lightly spur the *alguaciles*,
Formal license to obtain,

LUIS MONTOTO

Then return where their companions
Wait to start with all their train.
All the air with noise is ringing,
As the entrance march is heard,
And the bull-fighters are sighted
Through the gateway at the word.
"Blesséd be thy mother, brave one!"
"Mezquita, hail!" "Giralda hail!"—
"Let us see thee, Manuelo!"—
"Rafael, long may you prevail!"
First of all the gallant cohort
You the matadors behold,
Covered with their silken mantles
And their garments wrought in gold.
Two by two, their distance keeping,
Banderilleros then advance
In their little capes distinguished
By the people at a glance.
Then upon their *Baviecas*
Come the picadors along,
With their monkey-like retainers
And their badges in a throng.
And the mules are driven after,
Gay with all their fringe and bells;
Red and yellow in their ribbons,—
Nought their sorry duty tells.

AND MONOGRAPHS

Then the sounding of the trumpets,
Warns that the great bull arrives;
Bellowing the mighty monster
Down the sandy circle drives.
Lighter than the snake or lizard
Through the ranks of lads he goes,
While the crowd is growing frantic,—
“Let them catch him!” shouts arose.—
“Good for that *verónica*, bully!”—
“Bravo, that *navarra*’s fine!”
“Hurra for the Rondeña method.—
Sturdy foot and fearless sign!—”
Picadorès! Picadorès!
To your work, the bull is hot!
Good defence! But hold you steady!
He has not discharged his shot!
“On the sand a fighter’s lying!”—
“Is he injured?”—“Not at all!”
Picadorès! Picadorès!
“There’s another!—God, we call!”—
“Señor President, I offer
Toasts for you and all the band!
Toasts for all the strangers present!
Toasts for all from Seville grand!
Toasts for those who die in Cuba,
Fighting there the war for Spain!

for all the lovely ladies!
gentlemen again!"—
the matador arises,
the bull at last grown still;
with the horns and forehead
point designed to kill.
ree, two *naturals*
pecho that's for grace,
ing,—“Here's to your worships!”
the blade unto its place.
the bull in anguish rocking,
the victor shouts around,
ing with the burst of music
clapping hands that sound.
the public in its frenzy
both hat and parasol,
cane-stick and cloak and jacket,
the matador's control.—
another bull, another,
arises, other cries!
leaves a fresher blood-stain,
hears other sighs!
the afternoon is closing
the hollow night is near;
the joy of day is over,
the plaza dark and drear.

Whither goest? To the Bull-ring!—
Gaily Hope doth make reply.
Whence art coming?—From the Bull-ring!
Sad reality doth sigh.
To the Bull-ring! From the Bull-ring!—
Thus it is we live and die!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

SALVADOR DÍAZ MIRÓN

SALVADOR DÍAZ MIRÓN

(1853-)

TO PITY

SALVADOR DÍAZ MIRÓN is a Mexican poet of Vera Cruz, showing force and originality in thought, and expression. Rubén Darío paid tribute to his greatness in his *Asul*. His best acknowledged work is entitled *Las alas del alma*, 1906).

Thou come to me in pride of gentle beauty.
What various forms hath pride! It
shows to view
the strong lion, rough mane and mighty
roaring,
And in the dove, soft note and changeful
hue.

Heavenly power comes with you to my
sorrow;
It dawns upon the cavern's darksome
night,

AND MONOGRAPHS

And enters in and spreads there like a
music,
Like a sweet fragrance, like a shining
light.

You give to sadness, like a good magician,
A happy truce; moved sweetly by your
graces,
I bless the wound because of its pure
balsam;
I love the desert for its green oasis!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

SNOW-FLAKE

To soothe my pain because thou canst not
love me,
Gazing upon me with an angel's air,
Thou dost immerse thy fingers, cool and
pallid,
In the dark mane of my tempestuous hair.
'Tis vain, O woman! Thou dost not con-
sole me.
We are a world apart, in naught the same.
If thou art snow, then why dost thou not
freeze me?

ELVADOR DÍAZ MIRÓN

do I melt thee not, if I am flame?
re hand, so spiritual and transparent,
en it caresses my submissive head,
at the snow-cap crowning the volcano,
ee burning lava-depths beneath it
spread!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

ENRIQUE HERNÁNDEZ MÍYARES

(1854-1914)

THE FAIREST ONE

ENRIQUE HERNÁNDEZ MÍYARES was a Cuban poet who contributed extensively to the *Revista Cubana* and whose sonnet, *La más hermosa*, has been greatly admired.

Keep on, O knight! with lance uplifted
ride,

To punish every wrong by righteous deed;
For constancy at last shall gain its meed,
And justice ever with the law abide.

Mambrino's broken helmet don with pride,
Advance undaunted on thy glorious steed;
To Sancho Panza's cautions pay no heed;
In destiny and thy right arm confide!

At Fortune's coy reserve display no fear;
For should the Cavalier of the White
Moon

ENRIQUE MÍYARES

1 arms 'gainst thine in combat dare
appear,
ough by adverse fate thou art o'er-
thrown,—

Dulcinea even in death's hour swear
; she will always be the only fair!
— *Alfred Coester.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

J. RODRÍGUEZ LA ÓRDE

(1853-)

TO AN ANDALUSIAN FAN

J. RODRÍGUEZ LA ÓRDEN was born at . . . where for many years he has acted as . . . of the journal *El Baluarte*. Under the name of "Carrasquilla" he has achieved success in poetry, criticism, and in the theatre. His works include *El puñado*, and *Cuatro trozos literarios*.

I wish I were the little man
So deftly painted on your fan,
That when you smile, you'd press its
To school the laughter of your lips;
And I the secret kiss might hear
And mock at them who think it queer
That you with pictured rivals try us
And give the fan what you deny us.

—Thomas W.

JESÚS E. VALENZUELA

JESÚS E. VALENZUELA

(1856-1911)

A SONG OF HANDS

JESÚS E. VALENZUELA was born at Guanaco in the State of Durango, Mexico. He passed most of his life in Mexico City where he founded the *Revista Moderna*, in the pages of which most of his poems made their first appearance.

Hands—like soft blossoming buds—

Of children that search for the breast,
In the calm sea of love's gaze

Cradled and sweetly caressed!
Small hands of Jesus the Christ,
In glory ineffably bright;

Hands like soft blossoming buds,
Hands bathed in milk and in light.

Fairy hands, nimble and fair,

O'er the piano that stray
Like a vague dream of life, or the void—

AND MONOGRAPHS

A dream from some realm far away!
The winged expression are ye
Of a sigh, or some cry on the air,
Floating in infinite space,
Fairy hands, nimble and fair.

Hands of an ivory white,
In the shade of the mantle obscure
Brightening prayer with their gleams
Gentle and starlike and pure!
Through their whiteness have passed all the
woes

That ever humanity knew,
With the rosary's beads, one by one—
O hands of the ivory's hue!

Hands full of charity's grace,
Which to the hungry by night
Carry forth comfort and food,
Bread of hope's joy, of truth's light!
Noble, mysterious hands,
Of kindness unending, sincere!
Brothers are we, one and all,
Hands full of charity dear!

O pale, perished hands of the dead
For love or as martyrs who died!

JESÚS E. VALENZUELA

Leaves of one lily are ye,

Hands that were clasped or spread w

Hands full of questions, desires,

Aspirations and yearnings unsaid—

Hands to the heavens outstretched,

O pale, perished hands of the dead!

Hands with the sword in their grasp,

That by warfare a sceptre have won

And fill the whole world with the flood

Of rivers of blood that o'errun!

Hands of the common folk, armed

When quarrels or battles have birth

Hands with the sword in their grasp,

Red hands of the great of the earth!

Hands that are bleeding and hard,

That plough up the stern, arid soil,

And scarce feel the flight of the hours,

So heavy and cruel the toil;

Hands in the workshop that sweat,

That set up the type in all lands,

Hands that meet death in the mines—

Hard, rough, and blood-spotted hands!

Hands that are wonted to toil,

Strong hands of the brave and the fr

AND MONOGRAPHS

When on the heights, in the depths,
Vibrates o'er land and o'er sea,
Stirring the world from its roots,
The anger of justice on fire—
Hands that are wonted to toil,
You shall that day hold the lyre!
—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*





*From the painting by Sorolla in the Hispanic Society
of America*

Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo

ENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO

RCELINO MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO

(1856-1912)

ROME

RCELINO MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO was the
t literary scholar of modern Spain. Much
is prose work may be considered pure
ry, as well as history and philosophy. His
ked humanistic bent comes out clearly in
metrical work, which may be found in
1, *epístolas y tragedias* (Madrid, 1883).

with devouring fingers spareth
naught,
or populous realm, nor consecrated
laws;
se, now an alien flock to pasture draws
him the shade where once the Tribunes
taught;
more, behind triumphant chariots
caught,

HISPANIC NOTES

Go kings in chains to swell the victor's
cause;
Nor the Clitumnian oxen—'mid the
pause
Move toward the altar pompously en-
wrought.

Like cloud or shadow or swift-fleeting bark,
Laws, armies, glories, all, are swept away;
Alone a cross above the ruins, see!
Tell me, O cross, what destiny you mark?—
Of old Rome's greatness shall the future
say,
'Twas human glory, or God's majesty?
—*Roderick Gill.*

MANUEL JOSÉ OTHÓN

MANUEL JOSÉ OTHÓN

(1858-1906)

THE RIVER

MANUEL JOSÉ OTHÓN was a Mexican poet famous for his studies of nature in poetry arranged for the most part in sonnet sequences. The best known of these is the *Noche rústica de Wulpurgis*.

With graceful waves, ye waters, frolic free
Uplift your liquid songs, ye eddies bright
And you, loquacious bubblings, day and
night,

Hold converse with the wind and leave
in glee!

O'er the deep cut, ye jets, gush sportively
And rend yourselves to foamy tatters
white,

And dash on boulders curved and rock
upright,

Golconda's pearls and diamonds rich to see

AND MONOGRAPHS.

I am your sire, the River. Lo, my hair
Is moonbeams pale: of yon cerulean sky
Mine eyes are mirrors, as I sweep along.
Of molten spray is my forehead fair;
Transparent mosses for my beard have I;
The laughter of the Naiads' is my song.
—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA

ANUEL GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA
(1859-1895)

OUT OF DOORS

ANUEL GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA, the Mexican
leader of the modernist movement in
Spanish poetry, endeavored to amalgamate
French spirit and Spanish form and so produce
a type of poetry with the qualities of intel-
lectual music. He was one of the founders of
Revista Azul and is generally considered
one of the greatest of Mexican poets.

Gardenia pleaded—"See how white
am I!"—

White, but not so white as She!"—Was
my reply.

"Light is of the heavens!"—said Sirius
afar;

Not so Paradisiac as hers!"—I told
the star.

AND MONOGRAPHS

The swallow twittered in the boughs,
To nightingale amid the flowers,
Singing in a glad carouse
As I listened through the hours.
“What a pair of tuneless voices
When compared to notes of hers!
Nor is there a star rejoices
With the glow her soft glance stirs,
Simply telling me—I love thee.
Take away, O God, the light,
The scents, the birds, the stars above me!—
Take away all beauty bright,
But leave her to my sight!”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

WHITE

What thing than the lily unstained is more
white?
More pure than the mystic wax taper so
bright?
More chaste than the orange-flower,
tender and fair?
Than the light mist more virginal—holier
too

GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA

han the stone where the eucharist stands,
 ever new,
In the Lord's House of Prayer?

y the flight of white doves all the air now
 is cloven,
white robe, from strands of the morning
 mist woven,
Enwraps in the distance the feudal
 round tower.
he trembling acacia, most graceful of
 trees,
lands up in the orchard and waves in the
 breeze
Her soft, snowy flower.

re you not on the mountain the white of
 the snow?
he white tower stands high o'er the village
 below;
The gentle sheep gambol and play, pass
 ing by.
rans pure and unspotted now cover the
 lake;
he straight lily sways as the breezes
 awake;

AND MONOGRAPHS

The volcano's huge vase is uplifted on
high.

Let us enter the church: shines the eucharist
there;

And of snow seems to be the old pastor's
white hair;

In an alb of fine linen his frail form is
clad.

A hundred fair maidens there sit robed in
white;

They offer bouquets of spring flowers, fresh
and bright,

The blossoms of April, pure, fragrant
and glad.

Let us go to the choir; to the novice's
prayer

Propitiously listens the Virgin so fair;

The white marble Christ on the crucifix
dies;

And there without stain the wax tapers
rise white;

And of lace is the curtain so thin and so
light,

GUITÉRREZ NÁJERA

Which the day-dawn already shine
through from the skies.

Now let us go down to the field. Foaming
white,

The stream seems a tumult of feathers
flight,

As its waters run, foaming and singing
glee.

In its airy mantilla of mist cool and pale

The mountain is wrapped; the swift bark
lateen sail,

Glides out and is lost to our sight on the
sea.

The lovely young woman now springs from
her bed,

On her goddess-like shoulders fresh water
to shed,

On her fair, polished arms and her
beautiful neck.

Now, singing and smiling, she girds on her
gown;

Bright, tremulous drops, from her hair
shaken down,

Her comb of Arabian ivory deck.

AND MONOGRAPHS

O marble! O snows! O vast, wondrous
whiteness!

Your chaste beauty everywhere she
pure brightness,

O shy, timid vestal, to chastity vow
In the statue of beauty eternal are you
From your soft robe is purity born,
new;

You give angels wings, and give mortals
shroud.

You cover the child to whom life is
new,

Crown the brows of the maiden
promise is true,

Clothe the page in rich raiment
shines like a star.

How white are your mantles of ermine
queens!

The cradle how white, where the
mother leans!

How white, my beloved, how soft
you are!

In proud dreams of love, I behold
delight

GUITÉRREZ NÁJERA

The towers of a church rising white in
sight,
And a home, hid in lilies, that open
me;
And a bridal veil hung on your forehead
fair,
Like a filmy cloud, floating down
through the air,
Till it rests on your shoulders, a marvel
to see!

Alice Stone Blackwell

IN THE DEPTHS OF NIGHT

O Lord! O Lord!—how are the seas
thought
Tonight with waves of direst terror
torn! -
My spirit is in darkness terror-caught
Like Peter's, on Tiberiades borne

The waves are cleaving so my little boat
That to its last destruction it seems
Thou who didst shed Thy light on blind
dark,
Oh, let it now unto my faith reply!

AND MONOGRAPHS

Rise, rise, O Star of Jesus, on the world
That lightly mocks the weakness of my
arms!

My soul is chilled; our earthly hopes are
furled;

Our eyes are closing 'mid the dread
alarms!

Appear across the blackness of the night!—
Our spirits call Thee!—here alone we
wait!—

And coming swiftly let Thy garment white
Appease the waves where there was
tumult late!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

DOÑA RODRÍGUEZ DE TÍO

1859-

MIST

RODRÍGUEZ DE TÍO is a distinguished figure in the history and literature of the island. She was born in Puerto Rico, but passed many years of her life in Havana. Her several volumes of poems have received great appreciation.

remembrances of vanished days
 : stole away on such a velvet wing
 leads and groves, o'er plains and
 mountain ways,
 t grief and sorrow to my heart you
 bring'

back without the shadow of your
 care,
 ie back in silence and without a
 moan,

As the birds cross the unregarding air
Till none may tell the whence or whither
flown.

Come back amid the pallor of the moon
That silvers all the azure rifts at sea,
Or in the deadly mist that in a swoon
Engulfs afar the green palm's royal
tree.

Bring back the murmur of the doves that
made
Their little nests so neighborly to mine;
The vibrant airs—the fragrances that
played
Around the peaks that saw my cradle
shine.

Sing in my ear the melodies of old,
So sweet and joyous to my inmost
heart;
O faint remembrances two breasts should
hold,
Two breasts that Destiny was loath to
part!

RODRÍGUEZ DE TÍO

What matter if a sigh steals through
dream

That shows the withered vine in flower
again?—

So that remembrances in singing seem,
O tremulous lyre, to speak my en-
pains!

—*Roderick G.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

ENRÍQUE MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO

(1861-)

THE CYPRESS

ENRÍQUE MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO, the brother of Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, was born at Santander. He wrote many successful novels and comedies. For his poems, see *Desde mi huerta* (1890) and *Cancionero de la vida inquieta* (1915).

There is a cypress in the neighboring
grove

As black as is the image of my pain;

Whose topmost branches in the moon
attain

Such aspect as some ghostly world would
prove.

Then vagrant fancy ceaselessly would
move,

Transforming all the woodland scene
again;

E. MENÉNDEZ Y PELA

Where yesterday a lawn, now s
wastes reign;
Where was a wood, today a road w
rove.

Alone it stands, resisting every chang
And I, in agony from life's dire wound
Gaze on its heights and all my mo
hushed;
Learning that,—memory or hope!—
range
To grow within my life's own ga
ground
High things that man nor wind hath
crushed!

—*Thomas Wal*

AND MONOGRAPHS

JULIÁN DEL CA

(1863 1893)

TO MY MOTHE

JULIÁN DEL CASAL was born in B
He early became imbued with
the French decadent poets. He
as well as Paris, but never visit
early death closed a career marre
and pessimism. His works are *L*
(1890), *Nieve* (1891), and *Ba*
(1893).

More than a mother as a sai
You were in truth. You ga
and died,

But Oh! my mother when you
God kissed an angel in eterni
Today when in my dreams m
Your smiling face, I gaze on yc
And sigh, sweet mother, as
sighed,

While tears I shed when I ren



Julián del Casal

JULIÁN DEL CASAL

And should we never, never meet again
How sad 'twould be, but I shall always
keep

Your image in my heart, and not compare
For something tells me that you lie asleep
Because my suff'ring would have caused
you pain—

Because my weeping would have made
you weep.

—*Jorge Godoy*

MY LOVES—SONNET A LA POÉSIE D'AMOUR

My loves are bronzes, crystals, porcelain
Windows aglow like jewelled treasures
Hangings of florid, golden argosies,
And salvers brilliant with Venetian stains
My loves are damosels of ancient reign
The old world's troubadour and his
harmonies,

The steed that bounds to Arabic cap
The German ballad with its tear refrain

The ivory-carved piano-keys aflood,
The sounding horn within the forest
glade,

HISPANIC NOTES

The soft aroma from the censer fumed,
 The couch of ivory, gold, and sandal-wood,
 Where virgin loveliness at last is laid,
 A broken flower of innocence en-
 tombed.

—*Roderick Gill.*

CONFIDENCES

Why weepst thou, my sweetheart pale,
 Why bendest down thy lovely head?—
 A dread idea doth assail
 My mind and turn my heart to lead.—

Tell me: have they not loved thee well?—
 Never!—Come, tell the truth to me.—
 Ah, then; one lover only I can tell
 Was faithful.—Who?—My misery.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE PEARL

Hovering o'er a lovely pearl
 That the depths of earth were guarding
 As an offering divine

JULIÁN DEL CASAL

From the hands of the Eternal,
Were two birds of rapine set
With their eyes upon its gleaming,
One with plumage all of gold,
One with plumage black as jet.

Seeing that the pearl was bursting
In its shell within the slime,
They made ready with their beaks
To dissect its broken pieces,—
These two birds of rapine set
With their eyes upon its gleaming,
One with plumage all of gold,
One with plumage black as jet.

—*Thomas Wals*

AND MONOGRAPHS

RAMÓN DOMINGO PERÉS

(1863-)

THE AEOLIAN HARP

RAMÓN DOMINGO PERÉS is a native of Havana but settled at Barcelona, where he has revealed his fine sense of critical values in *Musgo* (Barcelona, 1903). He has also written many poems.

Deep in my dreamland garden sways
A harp aeolian none remembers more;—
Who cares, or listens what it says
In music that is o'er?

No fingers wake it; 'tis by chance
Alone its notes unechoed wake;
Think you the flower of beauty's glance
Through its dim tones could break?

RAMÓN DOMINGO PER

With none to hearken, all alone
Its breathings fugitive it keeps;
When the wind strikes a listless tone
It either sings—or weeps.

—*Thomas Wal*

AND MONOGRAPHS

OLAVO BILAC

(1865-1919)

FROM *CAÇADOR DE ESMERALDAS*

OLAVO BILAC was born at R o de Janeiro. He devoted his entire life to the practice of letters in his native country, his earliest writings appearing in the *Gaceta de Noticias*. He also became famous as an orator. Among his works are *Cronicas e Novelas*, *Criticas*, *Conferencias literarias*, *Poesias infantiles*, *Cuentos patrios*, *A Patria Brasileira*. His greatest poem is entitled *Caçador de Esmeraldas*.

Over his dying head the shadowed veil of
heaven

Pales and grows thin, its nocturn darkness
riven

By the argent lance of the moon a-sail on
high.

His eyes, renewed with radiance, seek in
the lighted space,

OLAVO BILAC

The wraith of a smile hovers and passes
over his face;
Fernan Dias opens his arms to earth and
sky.

In a green heaven the stars break
flames of green;
In the green forest glade green flowers
dance between
Emerald trunks, as oreads dancing
grassy floors;
Lightning flashing green all the still heaven
fills,
The sullen flood of the river breaks
emerald rills;
Green from out green skies a rain
emeralds pours.

Now as a man from death raised by
hands of a lover,
Resurrected, he rises; his dying eyes recover
Sight for the vision that tells again of
seven-year seeking;
Life in his veins flows new; his eager senses
rejoice,

AND MONOGRAPHS

And to his hearing comes the sound
clarion Voice,
Clear in the hush of the night, from
bright glory speaking:

“Die! As in thine hands the stones
thou hast sought
Dissolve as a dream fades, in dust return
to nought;
What matter? Sleep in peace! Sleep
for thy toil is ended!
Link after link, over plain and on rugged
mountain slope
As a belt of emeralds strewn, as a shield
pledge of hope,
Green in the desert sands, the towns of
heart are extended.

“Their hands in Fortune’s hands, linked
what whim of hers,
Marched from the camp each dawn
band of wanderers;
North and south sought they, through
plain and forest maze,
Shelter and surcease of care. Now
each wild hillside,

OLAVO BILAC

The walls of a homestead stand erect with a
victor's pride,
and the beacon light of a hearth on the
desert sheds its rays.

In all thy wandering, adventure compass-
less,
Thou, like the sun, wert a very fount of
fruitfulness;
behind each weary step lay a highway for
man's tread;
Victory hailed thy name by every charted
stream;
and as thou wanderedst on, dreaming
thy selfish dream,
as stirred by the step of a god, the desert
blossomèd

Die! From each drop of sweat, from the
fount of each burning tear,
Fertile, a newer life shall spring in a newer
year;
Fruitful shall be thy thirst, thy vigil and
thy fast.
Under the kiss of the sun, harvests shall
ripening lie,

AND MONOGRAPHS

Under the kiss of love thy race shall
multiply,
And the land whereon thou liest shall
burgeon. Then at last

“In the voice of the plough thou shalt
sing, in the bell’s daily song
In the tumult of crowded streets, in the
midst of the laughing throng,
In hymns of blessed peace, in the clamour
of man’s endeavour;
Through veiling mists of time shall rise thy
bright renown,
Thou ravisher of the desert, thou planter
of many a town!
In the heart of thy fatherland thy name
shall live forever.”

The fateful voice is stilled. All the earth
hushes:
The fair high-sailing moon her silver fingers
pushes
Through the sleeping leaves of the forest
majesties;
In the maternal arms of Earth, content,
enwrapped,

OLAVO BILAC

the eternal peace of the starry spaces
lapped,
ever free from questing, Fernan Dias
dies.

—*Lilian E. Elliott*

AND MONOGRAPHS

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

(1865—)

DOMESTIC SCENES

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO is a native of Galicia who for many years has been attached to the University of Salamanca, where for some time he acted as Rector. His works on literature and philosophy are numerous, and he has published several books of travel.

I

When shades of night have come
And all my house is sleeping,
The silent peace of home
Its arms about them keeping.
And the only sound I hear
Is my children's measured breathing,—
Then my dream sees life appear
Toward a larger meaning wreathing;

G U E L D E U N A M U N O

their breathing seems a prayer
though their voice of dream repeating,
and their consciousness is bare
as if God the Father meeting.
O Dream, thou art the sign
of life that knows no ending,
of stainless life divine
in this present life attending!

2

not upon me with such eyes, my son;
I would not have thee read my secret clear,
would I so deceive my little one
 poison through thy fragile veins
 should sear
O never, may thy father's gloom
protect thee from the joy and glow of
day -
What of joy does voice presume?—
I do not wish thee joy,
on this earth
I live in mirth
I must be saint or fool;—
I am a fool,—God save thee, boy!—
I am a saint—I know not of the school.

A N D M O N O G R A P H S

3

Go, stir the brazier coals, my child;
The fire is growing cold.
How brief today the sun has smiled!
To think the orb that you behold
One day shall cinder turn,
And God's great brow, the heavens, enfold
Its ashes like an urn.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ ASUNCIÓN SILVA

JOSÉ ASUNCIÓN SILVA

(1865-1896)

A POEM

JOSÉ ASUNCIÓN SILVA, one of the founders of the modernist school of Spanish poetry, was born at Bogotá, Colombia. He modeled many of his reforms on the practice of Edgar Allan Poe, and displayed unusual genius throughout his short and unhappy life, which was ended by his own hand. His works were published in Paris by Baldomero Sanín Canals in 1913.

I planned one time to perpetrate a song
One of the new kind, pulsing, free and
strong.

I balanced subjects tragic and grotesque
Conjuring all the rhythms unto my desire

AND MONOGRAPHS

And then the skittish metres gathered
round

Joining in shadowy swing and leap and
bound

Metres sonorous, metres potent, grave,
Some with the shock of arms, some, bird-
songs brave;

From East and West, from South as well as
North,
Metres and stanzas bowing hurried forth.

Chafing their golden bridles, loose of rein,
Approach the Tercets, as if coursers vain.

And opening up amid the gallant ring,
Purple and gold, arrived the Sonnet king.

And all began to sing—Among the rabble
There rose the spirit of a charming gabble.

One pointed strophe wakened my desire
With the clear tinkling of a little spire;

So above all, I chose it for the bride
Adding my crystal, silver rhymes beside.

JOSÉ ASUNCIÓN SILVA

And thus I told a tale, with subtle grace
A tragical, fantastic, never base,—

Though sad enough, a story straight
terse—

Of a fair lady loved and in her hearse

And to sustain the mournful note I gave
Soft lips with *ex professo* kisses padded

I decked the phrase with gold, and rare
rare

Of lute and mandolin was sounded the

I drew the light of distances profound
With solemn mists and melancholies bound

And 'mid the dim obscure, as in a feast
Of mortals, dancers to the dance released

Clothed them in words that clouded
heavy veils,

With midnight masks of satin, veils
trails;—

AND MONOGRAPHS

And in the background intertwining,
wound

The mystical and fleshly, as if bound.

Then in my author's pride, I added there
Heliotrope scent and light of jacinth
rare—

And brought the poem to a critic grand,
Who sent it back—"I fail to understand."

—*Thomas Walsh.*

NOCTURNE

One night,
One night all full of murmurs, of perfumes
and the brush of wings,
Within whose mellow nuptial glooms there
shone fantastic fireflies,
Meekly at my side, slender, hushed and
pale,
As though with infinite presentiment of
woe
Your very depths of being were troubled,—
By the path of flowers that led across the
plain,

same treading,
the rounded moon
high heaven's blue and infinite pro-
found was shedding whiteness.

your shadow
aid, delicate;
my shadow,
shed by the white moonlight's ray
the solemn sands
a path, were joined together,
we together,
we together,
we together in a great single shadow,
we together in a great single shadow,
we together in a great single shadow.—

ever night
—all my soul
sated with infinite woes and agonies of
leath,
d from you, by time, by the tomb
and estrangement,
the infinite gloom
high which our voices fail to pierce,

Silent and lonely,
Along that road I journeyed—

And the dogs were heard barking at the
moon,
At the pale-faced moon,
And the croaking
Of the frogs—

I was pierced with cold, such cold as on
your bed
Came over your cheeks, your breasts, your
adorable hands,
Between the snowy whiteness
Of your mortuary sheets;
It was the cold of the sepulchre, the chill of
death,
The frost of nothingness.—
And my shadow
Sketched by the white moonlight's ray,
Went on alone,
Went on alone,
Went on alone over the solitary wastes;
And your shadow, slender and light,
Languid, delicate,

JOSE ASUNCIÓN SILVA

s on that soft night of your springtime
death,
s on that night filled with murmurs, with
perfumes and the brush of wings,
ame near and walked with me,
ame near and walked with me,
ame near and walked with me—Oh,
shadows interlaced!—
h, shadows of the bodies joining in shadow
of the souls!—
h, shadows running each to each in the
nights of woes and tears!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE SERENADE

he street is deserted, the night is cold,
he moon glides veiled amid cloud-banks
dun;
he lattice above is tightly closed,
nd the notes ring clearly one by one
nder his fingers light and strong,
While the voice that sings tells tender
things,
s the player strikes on his sweet guitar
he fragile strings.

AND MONOGRAPHS

The street is deserted, the night is cold,
A cloud has covered the moon from sight.
The lattice above is tightly closed,
And the notes are growing more soft and
light.

Perhaps the sound of the serenade
Seeks the soul of the girl who loves and
waits,
As the swallows seek eaves to build their
nests
When they come in spring with their
gentle mates.

The street is deserted, the night is cold,
The moon shines out from the clouds aloft;
The lattice above is opened now
And the notes are growing more low, more
soft.

The singer with fingers light and strong
Clings to the ancient window's bar,
And a moan is breathed from the fragile
strings
Of the sweet guitar.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

LUIS MUÑOZ RIVERA

(1865-1916)

TO HER

MUÑOZ RIVERA was a native of Puerto Rico and became prominent at the time that became part of the United States. He was editor of *La Democracia* and served as Commissioner of Puerto Rico to the United States Government. His poems, under the title *Tropicales*, were published in New York in 1902.

In my lyre I touch the strings apart
An arch of melody serene and rare,
And glory comes stealing o'er my heart
And gentle thoughts in thousands gather
Here.

Like floats before me in a glance
A golden wonder hovering at my eyes;
A sphere delicious would entrance
A soul with perfumes out of Paradise.

The sparkle of her glances sets aflame
The hearth-place of the inmost of my
soul;
It glows with inspiration; strings acclaim;
The chant begins and swells beyond
control.

Then as the radiant vision dies away,
As melts afar some white cloud full of
dew,
My verses through my mind begin to play,
And on the page my pen would catch a
few.

—*Roderick Gill.*

FABIO FIALLO

•
FABIO FIALLO

(1865-)

NOSTALGIA

FABIO FIALLO is a native of San Domingo, one of the leaders of the *modernista* movement, and known widely for his writings in prose and verse.

There we were and the good St. Peter
Who came to God on high—
A dauntless fellow of a crusader,
A pretty maid, and I.

The soldier prayed that he might ever
Fight as on earth he fought:
And St. Michael gave his own picked
As the boon he sought.

The maid sobbed out a stammering prayer
To return to her lover's sight,
And she became the kiss of dawn by day
A ray of the moon by night.

AND MONOGRAPHS

592	HISPANIC ANTHOLOG
	<p>My turn next; and God said blandly, "Already I know your will; You desire the harp of My singer Dav —My pride leapt up—but, still—</p> <p>"Oh, no, Lord; another thing! To be a tree on the tropic shore Watered by my own Ozama, And there, deep-rooted, to live more!"</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Muna I</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES





Rubén Darío

RUBÉN DARÍO

(1867-1916)

TO ROOSEVELT

RUBÉN DARÍO, the leading modernist poet in Spanish America, was born at León, Nicaragua. He devoted his early life to journalism in various parts of South America. Later he took up residence at Madrid where he greatly influenced the writers of his generation. His principal publications are *Azul* (1888), *Profanas*, and *Cantos de vida y esperanza*, *El canto errante* (1907). Darío returned to León shortly before his death.

I

Only with the Bible or with Walt Whitman's verse,
you, the mighty hunter, are reached
by other men.

You're primitive and modern, you're sin
and complex,—
A veritable Nimrod with aught of W:
ington.
You are the United States;
You are the future foe
Of free America that keeps its Indian blo
That prays to Jesus Christ, and speak
Spanish stil
You are a fine example of a strong
haughty race;
You're learned and you're clever; to '
stoy you're opposed;
And whether taming horses or slay
savage beasts,
You seem an Alexander and Nebuchad:
zar too.
(As madmen today are wont to say,
You're a great professor of energy.)
You seem to be persuaded
That life is but combustion,
That progress is eruption,
And where you send the bullet
You bring the future.

RUBÉN DARÍO

2

he United States are rich, they're power-
ful and great
They join the cult of Mammon to that of
Hercules),
and when they stir and roar, the very
Andes shake. . . .

ut our America, which since the ancient
times . . .

as had its native poets; which lives on
fire and light,

n perfumes and on love; our vast America,
he land of Montezuma, the Inca's mighty
realm,

f Christopher Columbus the fair America,
merica the Spanish, the Roman Catho-
lic, . . .

men of Saxon eyes and fierce, barbaric
soul,

his land still lives and dreams, and loves
and stirs!

Take care!

he daughter of the Sun, the Spanish land
doth live!

AND MONOGRAPHS

And from the Spanish lion a throng
 of whelps have sprung!

'Tis need, O Roosevelt, that you turn
 to himself . . .

Before you hold us fast in your grasp
 of iron claws.

And though you count on all, one thing
 is lacking: God!

—*Elijah Clarence*

SONATINA

The Princess mourns—Why is the Princess
 sighing?

Why from her lips are song and laughter
 dying?

Why does she droop upon her crown
 of gold?

Hushed is the music of her royal bow
 Beside her in a vase; a single flower
 Swoons and forgets its petals to unfold

The fool in scarlet pirouettes and flirts
 Within the hall the silly dueña chats

RUBÉN DARÍO

Without, the peacock's regal plumes
gleams.

The Princess heeds them not; her thoughts
are veering

Out through the gates of Dawn, past
and hearing,

Where she pursues the phantoms of
dreams.

Is it a dream of China that allures her
Or far Golconda's ruler who conjures

But to unveil the laughter of her eyes

He of the island realms of fragrant roses

Whose treasure flashing diamond hoards
discloses,

And pearls of Ormuz, rich beyond
mise?

Alas! The Princess longs to be a swan

To be a butterfly, to soar, to follow

The ray of light that climbs into the ether

To greet the lilies, lost in Spring
wonder,

To ride upon the wind, to hear the thrush

Of ocean waves where monstrous billows
run.

AND MONOGRAPHS

Viols there amid the gloaming
 Hail the sun that dies,
 And the white spray in its foaming
 "Miserere" sighs.

Harmony the heavens embraces,
 And the breeze is lifting free
 To the chanting of the races
 Of the sea.

Clarions of horizons calling
 Strike a symphony most rare,
 As if mountain voices calling
 Vibrate there.

As though dread, unseen, were waking,
 As though awesome echoes bore
 On the distant breeze's quaking
 The lion's roar.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

CANCIÓN OF AUTUMN IN SPRING-
 TIME

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,
 Unreturning ye pass by!—

RUBÉN DARÍO

ld I weep?—no tears I measure;—
my tears—I know not why!—

poor heart hath been divided
its days celestial here;
e was a gentle maid, unguided
rough this world's affliction drear;

the white dawn was her vision;
e the flower her gentle smile;
her dusky locks elysian
emed of night and grief the style.

but a lad unknowing,—
e, as natural, would play
ugh my love's fond ermine, showing
rodias and Salomé.

of youth, my sacred treasure,
turning ye pass by!—
ld I weep?—no tears I measure;—
my tears,—I know not why!—

e was another then, more tender,
re sensitive, more subtly kind,
soothing, more delight to render
an ever I had thought to find;

AND MONOGRAPHS

But 'neath her gentleness unceasing
A violent passion was concealed
And through her filmy robe releasing,
A wild Bacchante was revealed.

To breast she took my young ideal,
And nursed it softly as a child;
Then slew it, left it sad, unreal,
Of all its light and trust defiled.

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,
Unreturning ye pass by!—
Would I weep?—no tears I measure;—
Then my tears—I know not why!—

There was another took my kisses
To be the casket of her flame;
She laughed amid our wildest blisses,—
Her teeth against my heart-strings came!

Amid the maddest of her passion
She looked across with wilful eyes,—
As though our fond embrace could fashion
The essence of eternal skies;

RUBÉN DARÍO

ough our fragile flesh were tying
e boughs of endless Edens here;
indful that with Springtime dying
e joys of body disappear.

of youth, my sacred treasure,
turning ye pass by!—
ld I weep?—no tears I measure;—
my tears—I know not why!—

all the others! In how many
nds and climes,—they ever were'
xts for a rhyme,—or any
tion in my heart astir!—

my search for that high lady
r whom I have awaited long.
life is hard and grim and shady,—
ere was no princess, save in song!

ite of Time's unyielding measure,
y thirst for love has never died,—
gray head bends to scent with pleasure
e roses of the garden-side—

AND MONOGRAPHS

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,
 Unreturning ye pass by!—
 Would I weep—no tears I measure;—
 Then my tears—I know not why!—

Mine is still the Dawn of golden treasure!—
 —*Thomas Walsh.*

PORTICO

I am the singer who of late put by
 The verse azulean and the chant profane,
 Across whose nights a rossignol would cry
 And prove himself a lark at morn again.

Lord was I of my garden-place of dreams,
 The heaping roses and swan-haunted
 brakes;
 Lord of the doves; lord of the silver streams,
 Of gondolas and lyres upon the lakes.

And very eighteenth century; both old
 And very modern; bold, cosmopolite;
 Like Hugo daring, like Verlaine half-told,
 And thirsting for illusions infinite.

fancy, 'twas sorrow that I knew;
youth—was ever youth my own
deed?—

still their perfume round me strew,
perfume of a melancholy seed—

as colt, my instinct galloped free,
youth bestrode a colt without a rein;
I went, a belted blade with me;
Ill not—'twas God who did sustain—

my garden stood a statue fair,
marble seeming yet of flesh and bone,
a spirit was incarnate there
positive and sentimental tone.

l of the world, it fain would hide
from its walls of silence issue not,
when the spring released upon its tide
pour of melody it had begot—

ir of sunset and the hidden kiss;
hour of gloaming twilight and
etreat;
ir of madrigal, the hour of bliss,
adore thee" and "Alas" too sweet.

And 'mid the gamut of the flute, per-
chance,

Would come a ripple of crystal mysteries
Recalling Pan and his old Grecian dance
With the intoning of old Latin keys.

With such a sweep and ardor so intense
That on the statue suddenly were born
The muscled goat-thighs shaggy and
immense
And on the brows the satyr's pair of
horn.

As Góngora's Galatea, so in fine
The fair marquise of Verlaine captured
me;
And so unto the passion half divine
Was joined a human sensuality;

All longing, and all ardor, the mere sense
And natural vigor; and without a
sign
Of stage effect or literature's pretence—
If there was ever soul sincere—'twas
mine.

RUBÉN DARÍO

The ivory tower awakened my desire;
I longed to enclose myself in selfish bliss;
Yet hungered after space, my thirst of
fire
For heaven, from out the shades of m
abyss.

As with the sponge the salt sea saturates
Below the oozing wave, so was my heart
Tender and soft, bedrenched with bitter
fates
That world and flesh and devil heart
impart.

But, through the grace of God, my con
science
Elected unto good its better part;
If there were hardness left in any sense,
It melted soft beneath the touch of Ar

My intellect was freed from baser thought
My soul was bathed in the Castalia
flood,
My heart a pilgrim went, and so I caught
The harmony from out the sacred wood

AND MONOGRAPHS

O sacred wood! O rumor, that profound
Stirs from the sacred woodland's heart
divine!

O plenteous fountain in whose power is
wound
And overcome our destiny malign!

Grove of ideals, where the real halts,
Where flesh is flame alive, and Psyche
floats;

The while the satyr makes his old assaults,
Let Philomel loose her azure-drunken
throats.

Fantastic pearl and music amorous
A-down the green and flowering laurel
tops;

Hypsipyle stealthily the rose doth buss
And the faun's mouth the tender
stalklings crops.

There, where the god pursues the flying
maid,
Where springs the reed of Pan from out
the mire,

RUBÉN DARÍO

: Life Eternal hath its furrows laid
and wakens the All-Father's mystic
choir.

soul that enters there, disrobed should
go
-tremble with desire and longing pure,
or the wounding spine and thorn
below,—
o should it dream, be stirred, and sing
secure.

, Light, and Truth, as in a triple
flame
roduce the inner radiance infinite;
, pure as Christ, is heartened to exclaim
*I am indeed the Life, the Truth, the
Light!"*

Life is mystery; the Light is blind;
the Truth beyond our reach both daunts
and tades;
sheer perfection nowhere do we
find;
the ideal sleeps a secret in the shades.

AND MONOGRAPHS

Therefore to be sincere is to be strong.

Bare as it is what glitter hath the star;
The water tells the fountain's soul in song
And voice of crystal flowing out afar.

Such my intent was,—of my spirit pure
To make a star, a fountain music-drawn,
With horror of the thing called literature—
And mad with madness of the gloam and
dawn.

From the blue twilight such as gives the
word

Which the celestial ecstasies inspire,
The haze and minor chord,—let flutes be
heard!

Aurora, daughter of the Sun,—sound,
lyres!

Let pass the stone if any use the sling;
Let pass, should hands of violence point
the dart.

The stone from out the sling is for the
waves a thing,

Hate's arrow of the idle wind is part.

RUBÉN DARÍO

ue is with the tranquil and the brave;
he fire interior burneth well and high;
triumph is o'er rancor and the grave;
oward Bethlehem—the caravan goes
by!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

LUIS G. URBINA

(1867-)

THE MOONBEAM

LUIS G. URBINA is a Mexican poet of the modernist school, much of whose work has been inspired by the natural beauties of Cuba. His principal works are *Poema del lago* and *Poema del Mariel*.

Moonbeam, come in! Thou art a welcome
guest.

'Tis long since I have seen thy silver
flame.

Although I left the casement open wide,
Shadows alone into my chamber came.

Ungrateful comrade, thou art still the
same—

The beam transparent, gliding through the
night,

LUIS G. URBINA

he beauteous gleam of splendor from on
high,
Diaphanous with amber's yellow light.

ome in! She is not here; naught canst
thou spy.
Moonbeam, thou canst not now be indis-
creet,
Even if thou upon the nuptial couch
shouldst cast thy pearly radiance, clear
and sweet.

Overflow the carpet like a glittering rain,
Flood all the silent room from wall to wall,
And, clinging to the darksome drapery,
Give it the semblance of a silver shawl!

See'st thou, all things are dusty and un-
kempt;
The heart is chilled to view their mournful
air.
Upon the blackened nail the bird cage
hangs
Empty and hushed; the songbirds are not
there.

AND MONOGRAPHS

See'st thou, around the railing rough the
vine
Its faded blossoms wreathes; no flower we
spy
Upon the rose-tree; all the lilies now
Are withered, the sweet basil plants are
dry.

Thou brightness indiscreet, from heaven
above!
She loved thee in the past: I love thee now.
How often have I seen thy glimmering
light
Reflected from her pure and pensive brow!

The girl with golden hair is here no more,—
The dreamer, pale and white as ocean foam,
Who said, as on thy shifting light she gazed,
“It is the smile of God within our home!”

Ungrateful comrade, only thou and I
Are in this chamber, now a place of dole:
Yet welcome, heavenly brightness indis-
creet!

If thou would'st see her, come into my soul!
—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

BLANCO-FOMBONA

RUFINO BLANCO-FOMBONA

(1868)

AT PARTING

RUFINO BLANCO-FOMBONA is a Venezuelan poet, whose political fortunes were bound up with those of President Cipriano Castro, who appointed him governor of the wild Territory of Amazonas. He was imprisoned by President Gómez, and in later years has resided in Paris, associated with the *Revista de América*. His poems appeared in *Pequeña ópera lírica* (Paris, 1904) and *Cantos de la prisión y del exilio* in 1911. He has also published an annotated edition of the correspondence of Simón Bolívar the Liberator.

My love had known fifteen springs—
I kissed, and I pressed to me
Her lips like a flower, her chestnut hair,
Beside a lyric sea.

AND MONOGRAPHS

"Think of me; never forget,
No matter where I may be!"

—And I saw a shooting star
Fall suddenly into the sea.

—*Muna Lee.*

GÓMEZ RESTREPO

ANTONIO GÓMEZ RESTREPO

(1869-)

EYES

ANTONIO GÓMEZ RESTREPO is a native Colombian, prominent in the life and national affairs of Bogotá. Besides his own admirable work in poetry, he has edited for the Colombian Government the writings of *Rafael Pombo* (Bogotá, 1917-18) and the work of *Ignacio Antonio Caro* (Bogotá, 1918)

There are eyes so full of dreams
That they show us scenes of yore;
Eyes whose pensive glances pour
Light of other skies and streams;
Eyes of grief that nourish themes
Dimly seen, as from the shore
Halcyon wings that wander o'er
Broken waves and clouded gleams.

AND MONOGRAPHS

Eyes there be whose sorrows fair
Teach oblivion from the skies
To the hearts whose cross is there;
Eyes that sweet old gladness prize,
Whose ethereal cloudings bear
Stars from a lost Paradise.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TOLEDO

Perched on its yellow peak beneath a sky
Inclement as of Africa, there lifts
Toledo, with its brows of wrinkled rifts
Crowned with the belfries of the long gone-
by.

The sacred city shuts its midday eye
To take siesta 'mid the Orient wifts;
Only from out the forge the rumor drifts
Where on the sword-blade still the armorers
ply.

Deep in the choir's ancient glooms, behind
The Gothic lattices, there bends in
prayer
A pallid monk upon his ritual.

GÓMEZ RESTREPO

And on the balcony outside there wind
The garlanded carnations burning there
Fresh as the lips love's earliest sigh
enthrall.

Thomas Walsh.

THE GENERALIFE

Alone it stands, an idle heap of dust,
The dreamland Arab palace on its hill,
And should Boabdil, its old lord, come
still,
His grief would find an equal in its rust
The sweet Granada spring herself dot
trust
Ungrudging here, and her green charm
fulfil;
The fountains play, and dream would
have its will
Over the perfumes spilled on every gust

Who in this gracious tower-retreat, remote
Could muse an hour upon the langu
charm
Of beauty and the smiling thought of
love,

AND MONOGRAPHS

And find not through his drowsy senses
float

Another voice that sounds the soft alarm
Of tears, as in the nightingale's full
throat?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

SÉ MARÍA GABRIEL

É MARÍA GABRIEL Y GALÁN

(1870-1908)

TO A RICH MAN

MARÍA GABRIEL Y GALÁN was born at
de la Sierra, Salamanca, Spain. He
his life to school-teaching and farming.
enjoys great popularity among the
sh peoples for his sincere and powerful
g of the simpler things of life. His
completas (Madrid-Sevilla, 1909) have
into several editions.

'e did you get this money and estate'
was by your labor honestly acquired,
ft you when your relatives expired
it is robber's booty, miser's bait.

which you give the beggar at your
gate

noble if your arms to get it tired;
'twas a legacy, 'tis nobly squired,
was a theft—good sir, your pride abate!

AND MONOGRAPHS

I once beheld a wolf that fed
 Unto a starving cur the bone
 When he himself was going
 through;
 So thou, rich glutton, drop
 there,
 And let the pauper have
 share,—
 Unless the wolf be killed
 you—?

—THE

THE LORD

In the name of God—who says
 I close the doors of my
 ing—

closing my life out from the
 closing my God as in a temple

Oh, there is need of a heart
 blood of hyenas, and a brain
 to speak the farewells that
 are struggling from my brain

Oh, there is need of a martyr
 to meet today

JOSE MARÍA GABRIEL

the icy chalice trembling in my hold
beneath my clouded eyes of hope.—

Now is the house deserted;
The elders silently have stolen forth;
None it is for me to seek the loving
Christ,
Here with His arms stretched wide—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

AMADO NERVO

(1870-1919)

TRANSLUCENCY

AMADO NERVO was a prolific poet of Mexico, much of whose life was passed in France and other parts of Europe. His *Perlas negras* and *Místicas* reveal the hidden character of the man, whose later poems took on a patriotic tone not so artistically effective.

I am a pensive soul. Do you know
What a pensive soul is?—Sad,
But with that cool
Melancholy
Of all soft
Translucencies.—All that exists,
Turning diaphanous, is serene and sad.

A Sabine pilgrim
Beholds in the quick
Transparencies of the voicy water



Arnado Nervo

AMADO NERVO

the fugitive
rings of his hair—
abine pilgrim!

loud, making a twin of its image, a
cloud
its on the fountains, rises on high.

, in deep silences, God
Himself in the mirror of Himself—

knocks at the door
a wild woman who wastes her
ghts:
Open to me! It is time!
singers, listen
he external noises!"
en and listen
he external voices! . . ."

soul does not hear her, my senses are
asleep,
soul and my senses are slumbering
deep.

HISPANIC NOTES

The river's sin is in its flowing;
Quietness, my soul,
Is the wisdom
Of the fountain.
The stars fear
To be shipwrecked in the perennial turmoil
Of water curling in spirals:
When the wave is in ecstasy, the stars
people its crystals.

Conscience,
Be clear;
But with that rare
Inconsistency
Of all projections on a mirror.
To importunate Life, return
Only a reflection
Of its furtive passage in the moonlight.

Soul, become deep;
That flower and foliage
May print on you their fugitive trace;
That star and hirsute cloud
May mistake their route
And in your clear stretches find
A divine prolonging of their own abyss.

AMADO NERVO

by the virtue of a singular fortune,
infinite and you will be the same.
—*Ernest F. Lucas.*

THE CORTÉGE

arch in a cortége perpetual—
art of the cortége;—my footsteps fall
ind the Sacrament that leads ahead
the temple. Are our minds at
one—?
ndividual—; Does the same sun
it all? —O Lord!—what trifling prayers
we said!

arch in a cortége perpetual,—
knowing if my death shall end it all.
f through other cycles I am led;
re with an exile's footsteps I shall go
ough dusty roads forever,—or shall
know,
umble pilgrim, at the end, instead,
grateful shoulder bending low
re my last rest is spread.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

MYSTICAL POETS

Bards of brow funereal
With your profiles angular
As in ancient medals grand,

Ye with air seignorial,
Ye whose glances lie afar,
Ye with voices of command;

Theologians grave and tried,
Vessels of love's meted grace,
Vessels full of sorrows found,

Ye who gaze with vision wide,
Ye whose Christ is in your face,
Ye in tangled locks enwound,—

My Muse—a maid marmoreal
Who seeks oblivion as her star,
Can find alone her raptures fanned

Amid your air seignorial,
Amid your glance that lies afar,
Amid your voices of command.

AMADO NERVO

My soul that doth your spirits trace
Behind the incense's rising tide,
Within the nave's calm shadow ground.

Hath loved the Christ upon your face,
Hath loved your sweep of vision wide,
Hath loved your tangled locks en
wound.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ALLEGRO VIVACE

Listen, O child of woe,
What is the band below
Starting to play?
Where the great halls aglow
Gladness betray?

Let us begin the dance,
Waltz in a dizzy trance;—
Madame, the pleasure?—
In the mad whirl to prance
To the wild measure!

Waltzing and spinning,
In lovely beginning
To twirl to the brink;

AND MONOGRAPHS

With a kiss at the inning
Ere deathward we sink!

Paolo, thy memory,—
Thine too, Francesca, be
Clear in my mind;
Wild be our dance and free,
Dizzy and blind!—

Waltzing and spinning,
In lovely beginning
To twirl to the brink;
With a kiss for our sinning
Ere deathward we sink!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

BALBINO DÁVALOS

BALBINO DÁVALOS

(1870-)

MY GLORY

BALBINO DÁVALOS was born in the city of Oaxaca, Mexico. He was one of the favorite contributors to the *Revista Azul* and entered diplomatic career, serving as secretary of Mexican embassy at Washington, London, Lisbon. He has translated much of the poetry of the Greeks, and English, German, Italian poets.

the azure of thine eyes, the crimson glow
on thy lips, thine ambrous locks, thy
cheek

the wondrous texture of white lilies,—
show

here for his honey my soul's bee may
seek

thy smile with all the fulness of its grace,
thy witchery benign and generous,—

AND MONOGRAPHS

The silvery fall thy laughter's courses
trace,
In sweeping pearl and crystal tremu-
lous,—

Thy full surrender to my arms and kiss,
Thine humbleness before my passion's
claim,—

What glory can life give me more than this,
My treasure, my ambition's utmost aim!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LOS HERMANOS QUINTERO

SERAFIN AND JOAQUÍN ÁLVAREZ QUINTERO

(1871-)

(1873-)

ATRIA CHICA OR OLD ANDALUSIA

THE brothers Serafin and Joaquín Álvarez Quintero, were born at Utrera, near Seville, and have earned a commanding position in Spanish letters through their success in a long series of plays. Their poems are marked by great finish and dash. They are much admired as poets.

Of all Spain I'm the Don!
I hail from the opulent region
Of wine and of sun!
To build me a castle of fancy
I but need a cigar;
To take for a day to my pillow,
A touch of catarrh.

AND MONOGRAPHS

I'm a general—I that can conquer
Without cannon or frays;
I plan every winning maneuver
While I sit in *cafés*.
I'm a Turk with my wine without water—
But Inquisitor too;
I am off to the bulls in the *plaza*
When the sermons are through.
“*Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus*”—
As I thump at my breast;
“*Señor presidente*,—a word to your honor,
'Gainst this bull I protest!”—
There's no time for repining,
For of Spain I'm the Don!
I hail from the opulent region
Where they barter and barter forever,
for seats in the shade and the sun!
—*Thomas Walsh*.

AT THE WINDOW

Within the little street the shadows hide,
And there a lattice wears a garden smile;
There is a rose behind its grate, the while
A faithful gallant makes his court outside.

LOS HERMANOS QUINTE

The happy pair lets not a thought divide
The love that holds them in its home
wile;

She at the grating joys without a gun
He at his post with ne'er a woe is tried

Night spreads her veil o'er both;
chatter bright

And laughter free they pass the hours
away,

Breathing in love their mutual delight
If to that lover you, perchance, would
say:

"I give you heaven for your place tonight
He'd answer, "Heaven is here and here
stay!"

Thomas Walsh

ABANICO

Thy fan is as a butterfly
Upon thy fingers lighted
Since nowhere else it could espy
A rose to take its loving eye
Until thy hand it sighted.

—Thomas Walsh

AND MONOGRAPHS

ENRIQUE GONZÁLEZ MARTÍNEZ

(1871-)

THROTTLE THE SWAN

ENRIQUE GONZÁLEZ MARTÍNEZ was born at Guadalajara, Mexico. He became a professor of physiology and a politician. His poetry represents the full revolt against European affectations among American poets, and he urges "that the swan's neck be wrenched," intending an attack on the merely decorative writers. He is greatly admired throughout Spanish America.

Wring the neck of the lying-feathered
swan

That gives a white note to the fountain's
blue:

Its prettiness is well enough, but on
The soul of things it can't say much to
you.

way with every speech and every
 ion

1 deep life's latent rhythm does
 live;

e itself adore with passion,
 ke Life feel the homage that you

the sober owl that takes his flight
 e Olympian refuge Pallas made,
 i himself in silence to that tree.
 h he has no swan's grace, you can

ess profile sharp against the shade,
 ting the mystery of night.

—*Muna Lee*

LAYER OF THE BARREN ROCK

und my brow the winds of heaven
 re hurled,

the burning sun I bend my head;
 loud that passes, like a bird is
 ed

another world.

I know the Winter blasts that freeze and
sting,
The long monotony of Summer rain;
My eyes upturned to heaven implore in
vain

The miracle of Spring.

No forests crowd upon my barren crest,
No singing streams of water, running
bright
Through beds of moss and drowsy
flowers, invite

The traveller to rest.

But even as spectres in their tombs awake,
Haunted by dreams of paradise denied,
My dull heart stirs, and in my soul I hide
A thirst I may not slake.

My feet are buried in the mountain height,
My feet are chained; my hope soars to
the sky.

Men know me not, like strangers they
pass by

My prison bars of light.

GONZÁLES MARTÍN

And since I am denied the friendly floor
The fragrant beds of moss, the silver
stream,
Lord, let the nesting eagles mate
scream
Above my mountain towers.

Yet by my loneliness would I express
As in a symbol, that exalted mood
Which in impassioned, godlike solitude
Finds everlastingness.

—*John Pierrepont Ri*

AND MONOGRAPHS

JOSÉ JUAN TABLADA

(1871-)

PRE-RAPHAELITISM

JOSÉ JUAN TABLADA was born in Mexico City. He has given his whole life to politics and letters. He has also contributed widely to the reviews and has published *El Florilegio* (Mexico, 1899) *Florilegio* (Paris, 1904), *El sol y bajo la luna* (1917).

You have the grace that through a book of
hours

Some patient monk enscrolls on vellum
fair;

Or in the imaged dawn and sunset bowers

Your figure shines in holy windows rare.

Your parted locks are radiance round your
brow;

White hosts and lilies are upon your
cheek;

JOSÉ JUAN TABLADA

Your forehead bears the starlight's crown
 ing glow;
Behind you, peacock wings of splendour
 speak.

Your hands two lilies fold upon your
 breast
Veiled as two lovely and half-hidden
 flowers;
Cherubs with timbrels round your feet are
 pressed,
And angels lost amid their viol's powers
Thus as in some mysterious triptych
 framed,
Your face adown from other ages shines
Thus 'mid the gleam of some mosaic
 flamed
With gold and purples, rise your beauty
 shrines.

Soaring aloft to heaven in Gothic spires
Beyond the shadowed cypress groves
 high,
Surge from my dream the old Chartreuse
 choirs
Where you were virgin, and the abbot.

AND MONOGRAPHS

Putting aside my beads of olive worn,
My hands grew anxious for the brush
and paint;
Light from my ogive windowed cell was
borne;
The halls with laurel shadows were
acquaint.
There from the stroke of dawn, the sacred
hour
Of Eucharistic joy, until the bell
Of Angelus enswathed the cloister bower
With the vague sadness of its evening
spell,

I painted in a fever mystical
Thy breast's enchantment all in aureole;
Decking your robe with gems purpureal,
Forming your face of hosts and roses
whole.
And as I worked upon your gentle smile
And taught your forehead fairer, whiter
words,
From out a cornice spoke to me the
while
The singing voices of Saint Francis'
birds.

• habit white! My Gothic spire!
• heavenly blues, my lilies all in
• rwer!—

• eliness for that old Chartreuse
• oir

• you were virgin, mine the Abbot's
• rwer!—

• dead, the Umbrian lily, dead!
• f the friar's palette light hath
• d,

• loth the slightest gleam of joy
• main;

• er etching of his grief hath fed
• the red blood of his heart's last
• in.

Thomas Walsh.

RAMÓN PIMENTEL CORONEL

(1872-1909)

JESUS

RAMÓN PIMENTEL CORONEL was born in Caracas, Venezuela, being at the time of his death, Venezuelan Consul at Hamburg, Germany. His poetry, which is well known in his native country, has never been collected.

Dear Sons of God,—of Him whom Sinai
saw

Mid rolling thunders trace the road of
Right,

Clear carven on the tables of the Law,—
A road, rough cast or smooth, for day and
night.

I come not from My Father to enslave,
But with the lamp of knowledge that ye
crave,

the prayers of those who grace
re,
et eyes and soothing bosoms sore;
ng on the Cross the world to

he King of whom the Prophet
of God—Messiah—see in Me.
the flame and quiet down the
b,
he child and help the weak and

ffened corpse my cry “Arise
again” be spoken,
re the cere-cloth fallen lies,
h’s cold seal upon the tomb is
en.

y robe I wear; no golden sceptre
;
ity frontlet can My brows endure;
l the lowly heart My treasures
he law of all the good and pure.—

Mine is the army of the worn and sad,
Beaten by sun and wind,
No spearsmen have I in brave armor clad,
Yet thus I come to rule mankind!

The works that smile to God as things of
worth
Can lend no glow to the satanic fires:
Strike down the things of evil at their
birth,
And stifle in your robe-folds base desires.

Let little children gather at My knees;
Their snow-white innocence shall be
The garb of those who mount to Heaven
with Me.
Verily I say, be ye as one of these!

Drive from your soul the vengeful thought;
Vengeance is His who rules the realms
above,
Give good for evil that your foe has
wrought;
I am the Lord of Hope, the Lord of
Love!

PIMENTEL CORONE

Do good, do good, but free of vaunt or boast
Without vainglorious show,
So that of which your right hand knoweth
cost,
Your left hand shall not know.

No golden key of wealth may ope the door
Of God's great temple in the heavenly
mead;
Yea, I who give you precepts, go before
To give example of the deed;

Behold Me humbled and a-hungred, poor
The fishes have their homes beneath the
waves,
The birdling holds his downy nest secure
The wild things of the forest have their
caves,
The insect has its place of lure. . . .

Jesus alone
Who comes from sin to bring release
And free man's life from dread,
Preaching the faith of poverty and peace
Yea, Jesus, Son of God, has not a stone
Whereon to lay His head!

-Joseph I. C. Clarke

AND MONOGRAPHS

GUILLERMO VALENCIA

(1872-)

SURSUM

GUILLERMO VALENCIA is a native of Popayán, Cauca, Colombia, and stands high in the estimation of South American critics as a poet. A short experience in politics was followed by his withdrawal to a literary career in his native city. His *Ritos* were published in London in 1914. See also the article by Baldomero Sanín Caro in *La Revista de America* (1913, vol. i, pp. 126-36).

A pallid taper its long prayer recites
Before the altar, where the censers
spread
Their lifting clouds, and bells toll out
their dread,
In grief's delirious sanctuary rites.
There—like the poor Assisian—invites

GUILLERMO VALENCIA

A cloistered form the peace All-Ha-
lowéd;

Against the dismal portals of the dead
Resting his wearied brows for heavenly
flights.

Grant me the honey-taste of the Divine,
Grant me the ancient parchments' rudd
sign

Of holy psalmody to read and prize!
For I would mount the heights immortal
crowned,

Where the dark night is 'mid the glorie
drowned,

And gaze on God, into His azure eyes!

—Thomas Walsh

THE TWO BEHEADINGS

*Omnis plaga tristitia cordis est et omnis
malitia nequitia mulieris.—Ecclesiastes*

JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES

(THESIS)

White and round were the breasts that
subtly stirred

AND MONOGRAPHS

And shone in rhythm with the Hebrew's
tread,
Waking the murmurous harmonies of the
red
Of rubies and the cincture's starlight gird.
Her lip's two jacinths made of every word
A vase of lurking essence harvested;
Her flesh a treasury with honey fed;
Her cheeks by tear or pallor yet unblurred.

Stretched on his sandal couch the Assyrian
Lay prone, the while the uncertain shadows
ran
Lugubrious patterns from the torch's
glow;
And she, as in his sloth he slumbered there,
Lone and inscrutable, the sword laid bare,
Made ready in the darkness for her blow.

As the sleek tigress crouches in the vine,
So Israel's daughter for the deed pre-
pared;
Then, the sheer blade in silent fury
bared,
She clave the head from the great form
supine.

GUILLERMO VALEN

In floods, as from some broken jar of w
The sudden stream broke round he
she dared,

A murderess amid the crimson snar
To raise on high her haggard counter

In the blank eyes, the bloodless ch
the beard

Entangled in the blackened moist
clung

In baleful knots of shadow where
white

Steel bit the ripened pomegranate a
seared,—

The trunkless head amid the dark
hung,

A rose unhallowed in the bowers of n

SALOMÉ AND JAOKANANN

(ANTITHESIS)

A woman and a serpent formed in one
The dancer Salomé swung round
round

Lasciviously unto the crotals' sound
Her body bared in perfumed unison

AND MONOGRAPHS

All of the Orient through her dance
 spun,
 Pacings that fire the sleeping blood
 bound,
Or bow to earth the human crown
 crowned,
And leave life flowerless and the
 undone.

His eyes inflamed within his parched
 face,
The ghastly Tetrarch leans him from
 place
 Upon the fair one, murmuring in
 greed:
"For thy lips' honey, my Tiberiade
And she: "Keep thy dead cities; on
 knees
 Grant me the Esenian's head mine
 to feed!"

As the swift wind amid an ancient
 So passion through the aged T
 played;
His eyes gave signal; the great
 obeyed

aming sword against his muscles
 d.
 the silence as the Just Man's
 d
 a scarlet stream beneath the
 le;
 atipas signed to have the salver

 siren in her bestial mood.

mortal gleaming from afar
 ie radiance of a dying star
 ertyr's pallid lips and marble
 ws;
 he foam of some death-brooding
 ,
 ead all bloodless seemed to keep
 ath of myrrh as from the censer
 vs.

THE WORD OF GOD

(SYNTHESIS)

athan the Rabbin (incarnate
 l and body of all Bible lore)

My poem heard,—his lips were smiling for
The thought he from the Inspired Text
would state.

“To womankind,” he said, “trust not your
fate;

She breedeth madness; she is mandra-
gore;

Drink of her cup, your conscience lives
no more,

Your songs are done, your roads are deso-
late!”

And more he added, “Yet withhold your
fear;

Woman, man’s ancient enemy, is here

Among us flaming like a comet dread;

She cleanses earth from love that is but vice,

And makes—to ease her burning thirst—
suffice

The very dewes the wounds of martyrs
shed.”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MANUEL MACHADO

MANUEL MACHADO

(1874-)

THE HIDALGO

MANUEL MACHADO was born at Seville
is noted for very fine technical qualities
shown in his volumes, *Alma*, *Museo*, and
lares (1907)

In Flanders, Italy and Franche-Compe
And Portugal he made his two
campaigns;

Now he is forty, and in all the Spains
He is the oldest soldier, so they say.

Retired with honors, now he passes thro

The arches of the plaza, solemnly,
The sunlight shedding native glory due
Unto his medals—stately champion h

Claiming the battlefield of Nancy still
As lost but at the Duke of Alba's will.
His daughter's hand refusing haughti

AND MONOGRAPHS

To rich Don Bela's scant nobility;—
Telling his deeds of prowess on a scroll
To Olivares for the pension roll.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ADELFO

I am like all who from my country hail—
Of Moorish blood, close ancients of the
sun,—
Who have gained all and losing all have
failed.
Firm is the soul we Arab-Spaniards
won.

My longings died one night beneath the
moon
Wherein I learned neither to dream or
love;
My one ideal, disillusioned swoon;—
And now and then a woman's kiss to
prove.

Within my soul, a sister of the night,
There are no labyrinths; my passion's
rose

MANUEL MACHADO

Is but a simple flower, exotic, quite
Without a perfume, form, nor colour
shows.

Kisses,—why not give them? Glorify
What belongs.

Their atmosphere be my full breath
awake!

Let the waves drive or draw me in
thongs,—

But never force me any path to take

Ambition!—None of that! Love I know
not.

I burn not e'er for faith or gratitude
Mine was a vague desire for art—now
forgot.

No vice controls me, though I seek
good.

My aristocracy no man can doubt;
One gains not, one inherits bla-
ment;

But the devise ancestral is rubbed out
To a poor blur; the sun eclipse
sent.

AND MONOGRAPHS

I ask you nought, nor love you, nor would
hate;

Letting you pass, pray do for me the
same.

Let life itself arrange my mortal fate;

As for myself, I shall not take the
blame.

My longings died one night beneath the
moon

Wherein I learned neither to dream or
love.

From time to time a kiss—a simple boon

Of generous lips—that seek no more to
prove!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ANTONIO MACHADO

ANTONIO MACHADO

(1879-)

5? COUNSELS

ANTONIO MACHADO is a younger brother of the poet Manuel Machado. He was born in Seville and is distinguished in his *Solea* (1903) and *Campos de Castilla* (1912) for great simplicity and force.

Learn how to hope, to wait the parting
tide—

As on the coast a bark then part with
out a care;

He who knows how to wait wins victory
bride;

For life is long and art a plaything
But should your life prove short

And never come a tide

Wait still, unsailing, hope is on your
Art may be long or, else, of no import

—*Thomas Walsby*

AND MONOGRAPHS

LEOPOLDO LUGONES

(1874-)

HOW THE MOUNTAINS TALK

(From *Gesta magna*)

LEOPOLDO LUGONES, recently editor of the *Revue Sud-Amerique*, was born at Cordoba, Argentina. His earlier poems appeared in *Montañas del oro* and *Crepúsculos del jardín*. Later he published *Lunario sentimental*.

One day to Tupungato came a sound from
far away,

Of waves or of battalions, rolling up-
wards to the height.

It rose from out the forests deep upon the
swelling slopes

To mighty Tupungato, mountain of
craters white.

Who from his veins pours waterfalls, whose
peak is like a lance,

LEOPOLDO LUGONE

Submerged in dawnlight when the
with eye of blazing gold,
Looks from that giant balcony of heaven
to explore
The moveless host of granite rocks
stretching, manifold.

And Tupungato, turret of the winds
home of storms,
White like a pillow vast whereon
age-long dreams repose
Of countless generations—he lifted up
voice,
And all the world around him heard
sea, which darkly flows,

The forests where on stormy nights
wind wakes deep laments,
The green plains, wrinkled over
cattle where they spread.
In his great voice, unwonted for a thousand
years to speak,
He called to Chimborazo: "Be on
watch!" he said.

Asleep was Chimborazo. Dead proud
conquered faiths,

AND MONOGRAPHS

The vanquished, lost religions, that
hoary grandsire now
Was but a corpse, mute, motionless, a pillar
of the sky,
Above a waste of ruin lifting a silent
brow.

He let a hundred winters make white his
shoulders broad,
And in his beard the condors nest, and
rear their fledgings there.
In vain the stormy hurricane plucked with
its wild, fierce hand
At the enormous cataract of his white-
flowing hair.

The roots of oak trees pierced his sides;
the sunsets and the dawns
Spread o'er his grim and savage pride
their colors delicate.
That summit in the distance was terrible
to see!
When a cloud nimbus veiled his rest, he
seemed to meditate.

Perhaps the clouds that floated around
him were his thoughts.

LEOPOLDO LUGONE

The tempests talked to him, the winds
hurled at him insults deep,
And in her blooming purity the Dawn
him smiled.

The giant kept the silence of discourse
He was asleep.

But when he heard the cry that stirred
mountains far and near,
He lifted from his eyes their veils
hoary lashes white;
He looked and saw the glaciers of
mighty mountain chain
All flushed and shining, gilded with
ecstasy of light;

The ocean calm, the cloudless day,
breaking, diamond clear;
The caravans of trees far off, out
o'er vale and hill;
And yonder, almost at his feet, the
fire of the sun.
All things were swimming in its light
and all was hushed and still.

The frosty summits mingled the outlines
of their backs

AND MONOGRAPHS

Like sheep that journey in a flock, upon
a long march led.
The sky its cup inverted above the picture
fair—
And to the stern, steep mountain the
lofty mountain said:
“I hear a sudden tempest approaching
through the vales;
It sweeps on, roaring. It would seem
the sea is drawing nigh!
The trees are bending, dust-clouds vast
rise from the troubled plains;
Black, shapeless masses surge along, a
torrent wild and high.”
The other mountain answered and said,
“It is the wind.”
Heavy with sleep, his brow he veiled
among the clouds once more.
But Tupungato reared his head far up-
wards to behold
The cause of that broad galloping the
mountain echoes bore.
Higher it came, all streaked with flame,
that sparkled in the sun.

LEOPOLDO LUGONES

The mountain on his shoulder hug
 lifted the arching sky,
He saw, and spake: "'Tis not the wind
 He fancies that in vain!"
He said to Chimborazo, "'Tis God who
 passes by!

"No, it is Freedom! Bronze and steel
 have crowned her brow with stars
The flashes glitter keen and bright, far
 shining in the sun!"
Then Chimborazo raised his voice above
 the deep abyss,
And, with a crash of breaking rock
 replied, "The two are one!"
—*Alice Stone Blackwell*

THE GIFT OF DAY

Amid the glory of the sun, the world
 A-tremble lifts in tossing clouds and blue
Melodious architraves, with towers and
 furled
Like festal banners to the daylight
 view.

AND MONOGRAPHS

Afar prophetic, sounds the cock's loud call
Hierophant before the gates of light;
Amid his radiant canticle stirs all
His emerald plumage in its joyous might.

And every little pebble shines with gold;
The harvest fields exhale their fragrant
heat;
Swept are the woods with waves of
shadows old;—
Day is like bread, a blessing clean and
sweet.

—*Garret Strange.*

OSÉ SANTOS CHOCANO

JOSÉ SANTOS CHOCANO

(1875-)

THE MAGNOLIA

JOSÉ SANTOS CHOCANO, the greatest exponent of Americanism in Spanish poetry, is a native of Peru. His literary career began in prison with an account of the revolutionary activities celebrated in his volume *Iras santas* of 1894. He has spread the gospel of Americanism throughout the south, influencing not only the later poems of Darío, but most of the younger writers of Spanish America.

Deep in the wood, of scent and song the
daughter,

Perfect and bright is the magnolia born,
White as a flake of foam upon still
water,

White as soft fleece upon rough brambles
torn.

AND MONOGRAPHS

Hers is a cup a workman might have
fashioned

Of Grecian marble in an age remote.

Hers is a beauty perfect and impassioned,
As when a woman bares her rounded
throat.

There is a tale of how the moon, her lover,
Holds her enchanted by some magic
spell;

Something about a dove that broods above
her,

Or dies within her breast— I cannot tell.

I cannot say where I have heard the story,
Upon what poet's lips; but this I know:
Her heart is like a pearl's, or like the glory
Of moonbeams frozen on the spotless
snow.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

ODA SELVAJE

Woods of my fathers, sovereign deity,
To whom the Incas and the Aztecs bowed.

JOSÉ SANTOS CHOCA

I stand and greet you from the tremble
sea

That like some white-haired slave before
queen,

With all its shining foam, fawns at your
I greet you from the sea above wave
combers

Your heavy perfumes break upon
wind;

Behind them tower your mutilated trees
And beckon me to the Americas.

I greet you from the sea that woos
still,

Like some wild chieftain with disheveled
locks,

Knowing that from your undeciphered
heart

Is born the hollow ship that scars its
And mocks its depths with straining
and sail,

Woods of my fathers, sovereign den
To whom the Incas and the Aztecs bowed
I stand and greet you from the shining

I turn to you and feel my soul set free
Forgotten is the stress of modern ways

AND MONOGRAPHS

I have become for very sight of you,
Like one of your wise tribal patriarchs,
Who slept of old upon your tender grass,
And drank the milk of goats and ate their
bread

Sweetened with honey of the forest bee.

I look on you and I am comforted,
For the thick ranks of all your tufted trees
Recall to me how centuries ago
With twice ten thousand archers at my
heels,

I led the way to where the mountains
smoke

And lift their craters from the shores of
lakes:

And how, at length, I wandered to the
realm

Of the great Inca, Yupanqui, and went,
Following him upon the mountain tops,
Down to Arauco and its peaceful slopes,
And rested in a tent of condors' wings.

I look on you and I am comforted,
Because the centuries have marked me out
To be your poet, and to raise the hymns
Of joy and grief, that in heroic dawns
The Cuzco smote upon his lyre of stone—

JOSÉ SANTOS CHOCA

Legends of Aztec Emperors and songs
Of bold Palènkes and Tahuantisúyos,
Vanished like Babylon from off this earth

Here in your presence, with your sacred
spell

Leaping in all my veins, the centuries
Lift like a vision from the abyss of time
And pass before me in unfading youth

So I evoke the ages still unformed
That saw your first tree burst its boned
stone,

And all the others headlong on its track
With the ordained disorder of the stars

So I evoke the endless chain of time,
Of creeping growth and slow monotony
That passed before your roots were
with sap,

And all your trunks took form beneath
their bark;

And all the knots of every branch
loosed,

To join the hymn of your primeval Spirit

And now your flowering branches
cage

For singing birds—fantastic orchestras

AND MONOGRAPHS

Above whose din the fickle mocking-b
Pours its strange song; and only o
mute:

The solemn *quetzal*, that in silence fla
His rainbow plumage with heraldic
Above the tombs of a departed race.

Your countless blue and rosy butte
Flutter and fan themselves coquettish
Your buzzing insects glitter in the sun
Glimmer and glow like gems and talis
Encrusted in the hilts of ancient swor
Your crickets scold, and when the d
spent,

And fire-flies light your depths, v
beasts of prey

Stalk in the gloom, as through a night
gleam

The sulphurous pupils of satanic eyes

Yours is the tapir, that in mou
pools

Mirrors the shape of his deformity,
And rends the jungle with his mons
head;

Yours the lithe jaguar, nimble acrot

JOSÉ SANTOS CHOCA

That from the branches darts upon
prey;

And yours the tiger-cat, sly strategist,
With gums of plush and alabaster fan
The crocodile is yours, that venerable
Amphibious guardian of crops and stre
Whose emerald eyes peer from the
caves;

And yours the boa, that seems a mi
arm

Hewn from the shadow by a giant axe

But like a sponge, into your labyrinth
Of tropic growth, you suck each li
thing—

The strength of muscles and the bloo
veins—

There to beget in your exuberance
The warlike plumes of your imperial pa
Whose milky fruits refreshed in by-
day,

The tribes grown weary with long pilg
age.

And there the patriarchal *ceiba* tree
Offered its canopy to pondering chiefs
Counciling war or peace beneath its bo

AND MONOGRAPHS

And there is Pindar's oak, and there the
tree
Of Lebanon, and the mahogany,
Whose fragrant wood in European courts
The cunning craftsman polishes and
shapes
To thrones of kings and marriage-beds of
queens.

Woods of my fathers, sovereign deity,
To whom the Incas and the Aztecs
bowed,
I greet you from the sea, and breathe this
prayer:
That with the night, the close approaching
night,
You may entomb me in your sacred
dusk
Like some dim spectre of forgotten cults,
And that, to fire my eyes with savage
light
And wild reflection of your revelry,
To burn upon the tip of every tree
That points into the night, you set a
star.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

JOSÉ SANTOS CHOCAY

SUN AND MOON

Between my aged mother's hands gleam
bright

Her grandson's locks; they seem a harvest
fair

Of wheat, a golden sheaf beyond compare
The sun's gold, stolen from the day's
clear light.

Meanwhile her own white tresses in
sight

Shed brightness all around her in the
Foam of Time's wave, a sacred glory
Like spotless eucharistic wafers white

O flood of gold and silver, full and free
You make my heart with gladness overflow
If hatred barks at me, what need I care

To light my days and nights, where
be,

In my child's curls I always have
sun,

The moon in my dear mother's silver

—*Alice Stone Blackwell*

AND MONOGRAPHS

A SONG OF THE ROAD

The way was black,
The night was mad with lightning; I be-
strode
My wild young colt, upon a mountain road.
And, crunching onward, like a monster's
jaws,
His ringing hoof-beats their glad rhythm
kept,
Breaking the glassy surface of the pools,
Where hidden waters slept.
A million buzzing insects in the air
On droning wing made sullen discord there.

But suddenly, afar, beyond the wood,
Beyond the dark pall of my brooding
thought,
I saw lights cluster like a swarm of wasps
Among the branches caught.
"The inn!" I cried, and on his living flesh
My broncho felt the lash and neighed with
eagerness.

And all this time the cool and quiet wood
Uttered no sound, as though it understood.

JOSÉ SANTOS CHOCA

Until there came to me, upon the night
A voice so clear, so clear, so ringing sweet
A voice as of a woman singing, and
song

Dropped like soft music winging, at
feet,

And seemed a sigh that, with my sigh
blending,

Lengthened and lengthened out, and
no ending.

And through the empty silence of the night
And through the quiet of the hills
heard

That music, and the sounds the night wind
bore me,

Like spirit voices from an unseen world
Came drifting o'er me.

I curbed my horse, to catch what she might
say:

"At night they come, and they are gone
day—"

And then another voice, with low refrain
And untold tenderness, took up the strain

"Oh love is but an inn upon life's way

AND MONOGRAPHS

"At night they come, and they are gone by day—"

Their voices mingled in that wistful lay.

Then I dismounted and stretched out my length

Beside a pool, and while my mind was bent
Upon that mystery within the wood,
My eyes grew heavy, and my strength
was spent.

And so I slept there, huddled in my cloak.
And now, when by untrodden paths I go,
Through the dim forest, no repose I know
At any inn at nightfall, but apart
I sleep beneath the stars, for through my
heart

Echoes the burden of that wistful lay:

"At night they come, and they are gone by day,

And love is but an inn upon life's way."

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

HERRERA REISSIG

JULIO HERRERA REISSIG

(1875-1909)

THE CURA

JULIO HERRERA REISSIG was born at Montevideo, Uruguay, of a family of distinction which however did not preserve him from a bitter end. His really remarkable collection was not collected until after his death. Only the first collection, *Los peregrinos de la Piedra*, has yet made its appearance.

He is the Cura—Long the silent peaks
Have watched him breast his hardships
on his knees,—

Risking the passes when the winter
freeze,—

Taking the lonely routes the midnight
seeks. -

As though by magic, 'neath his blessing
hand

A plenteous harvest its responses speak

AND MONOGRAPHS

His very mule indulgenced graces leaks
That lift the parish to a heavenly land.

From his asperges to his clogs and hook
He turns in readiness to drain his brook
Of mountain gold to deck his altar
rude;

His preaching through a breath of basil
sounds,—

A nephew is his only turpitude—
His piety with cowlike airs abounds.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE PARISH CHURCH

In blessed silence vegetates the place;
The wax-faced Virgins sleep in their
attire

Of livid velvets and discolored wire,
And Gabriel's trumpet wearies on his face.
A marble yawn the dried-up font would
trace;

There sneezes an old woman in the
choir;

And in the sun-shaft dust the flies aspire,

HERRERA REISSIG

As though 'twere Jacob's ladder for the
grace.

The good old soul is starting at her choir
She shakes the poor-box, and in reverent
pores

To find how the Saint Vincent alms
going;

Then here and there her feather-dust
hies;

While through the vestry doorway, come
the cries

From out the barnyard and the gallows
crowing.

Thomas Walston

THE CARTS

Long ere the noisy barnyard sounds, or
The dusky smithy strikes its morning
lay, —

Ere chemist wakes, or barber starts
day,

A single lamp burns,—lightless on
square.

Athwart the melancholy dawning fare

AND MONOGRAPHS

The oxen, throwing up their furrow way;
Beneath the gloom of the unsettled gray
The ploughman mutters rustic curses
there.

Meantime the lordly manor dreams.—The
jet
Through its old marble speaks the foun-
tain's soul;
And where the tranquil shepherd's-star is
set,
Waking the lone path's yearning for its
goal
Of old, slow breathing airs in echo roll
From tinkling carts the daybreaks
ne'er forget.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JULIO FLORES

JULIO FLORES

(1875-)

GOLD-DUST

JULIO FLORES is a native of Colombia, whose poems have gained him great popularity, whose literary touch is characterized by unusual lightness.

HYMN TO AURORA

Thou heavenly butterfly
Whose great and tenuous wings
Their gold and rose spread high;
Thou that in ample heaven's sight
Over the Andes' mighty summits flings
In bland and radiant flight!—

From what far garden-place,
Butterfly divine, dost race?—
What heavenly branch or vine

AND MONOGRAPHS

Gives thee sustaining wine?—
Perchance the gardens of the night
Strengthened thy wings of light?—

What gleaming flower shall ease
Thine infinite thirst?
Perchance the golden leas
Where heaven's star-blooms burst?—
Perchance the bright horizons filled
With glorious rays
Where gold-dust of thy wings is spilled
O'er seas and mountain ways?—

Thou heavenly butterfly,
Come on my breast to lie;
From thy transcendant sphere
Seek out our poor world here,
Ere thee in winging turn
To ashes day shall burn!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MAGALLANES MOURE

MANUEL MAGALLANES MOURE

(1875-)

MY MOTHER

MANUEL MAGALLANES MOURE, is a native of Chile, who in his volume *Matices* sings of his brilliant countryside.

I feel like a small child, lost
In a scene of gaiety.
Where are you, mother mine?
Not there—that is not she -

Nor this one. . . . Mother mine,
How can I search? I do not know
Which you are! Vainly seeking,
My tears fast flow.

Just like a little child
I weep in misery.
Is your cheek dark, O Mother?
Or fair to see?

AND MONOGRAPHS

This is not you, nor that. . . .
Where are you, Mother mine?
To lighten my dark soul
Your eyes must brightly shine.

Your hands must be soft,
Gentle with tenderness;
Your lips must drip honey
To sweeten my bitterness.

Your kind breast must be
Oblivion of grief;
You must be, O Mother,
Love beyond belief.

Your love must be
A vivifying breath,
And your caresses
Sweet as sweet death.

Are you my mother?
To each woman I pray
Some sigh, some laugh, not knowing
The thing that I say.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

MAGALLANES MOURE

THE RENDEZVOUS

She will come? She will not come?

The passing cloud declares she will;
The quiet tree, no longer dumb,
Beckons,—She comes not; wait her still.

She will come? She will not come?

The sunlit paths with promise thrill
And file away; but waters drum
Across the lake—No, wait her still.

She will come? She will not come?

My heart is resolute she will;
But, hush, these murmurs troublesome—
She will not come—Await her still
—Garret Strange

AND MONOGRAPHS

FRANCISCO VILLAESPESA

(1877-)

THE HESPERIDES

FRANCISCO VILLAESPESA was born in Spain at Almería. He is considered a disciple of Rubén Darío in his many fine sonnets and other poems to be found, in part, in *Tristitia rerum* (1907).

Garden of Hesperides, divine
And golden garden shining in mine eyes,
Dream or reality?—what paths shall twine
Unto thy shores, O Paradise of mine?
So to his dream the pilgrim makes repine
Falling in mire and blood amid his sighs.
To seek this garden—destiny is thine,
But never shalt behold it anywise.

Never to see it, for it lives alone
Within the bosoms that have sorrow known,
The treasure-house of all their fantasy—

VILLAESPESA

in thine arid eye its gates would find;
prose of life is all too near the mind,—
and far—too far away—is Poesy!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AFTER LAS ÁNIMAS

aged castellan beside the fire
is o'er his parchment leaves, in his desire
to learn the wise old proverbs of the past
to speak of gerfalcons' and hawks' wild
cast;

chatelaine her rosary unwinds
on her dainty fingers; and the buffoon binds
his bells in imitation, for a laugh,
tossing his ruddy hood and tinkling staff.

And hence the fair damsel draws the threads
of silk and gold; beneath her lashes sheds
glances on the ruddy page who stands
before her dais smiling half in glee,

while he plucks the hound's ear
carelessly,
till a hollow growl sounds 'neath his
hands.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

694	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>SOME MODERN BRAZILIAN POETS</p> <p>I</p> <p>ANONYMOUS</p> <p>THE CANDLE</p> <p>That I might read my page, I lit thee. Sought thy light To bring to my dark room, and to my inner sight, Radiance of knowledge. In vain. Im- mersed in dreaming I saw naught but thy glow, perceived no other gleaming. Then I regarded thee. Thy flame, to the still night given, Ros like a sentient soul, rose like a passion, driven Upwards in strength and might, seeking heaven with its fire, Crying aloud to me: "Here rises thine own desire!</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

FAQUNDES VARELL

Here is the page immortal know
holding,
The book of books all ancient lore en
ing;
Wisdom of Thales, Plato, Paul and C
anointed,—
To that true light is my small fla
pointed.”

—*Lilian E. Ellic*

II

FAQUNDES VARELLA

LIFE IN THE INTERIOR

The rocking of a hammock, a
fire
Under a humble roof of thatch,
A talk, a song, a tune on the guitar,
A cigarette, a tale, a cup of coffee.

A robust horse, pacing more lightly
Than the wind blowing from the plain
With a black mane and eyes of fire;

AND MONOGRAPHS

His feet scarcely touching the ground as he gallops.

And at the end a smile from a pretty country girl

Of gentle gestures, kindly words;

A girl with bare neck and bare arms, her curls free—

A girl at the age of blossoming.

Kisses, frankly given under the open sky;

Gay laughter, light gossip;

A thousand jests in the evening when the sun sinks

And a thousand songs at dawn when the sun rises.

This is the life of our vast plateaus!

Of the great uplands of the Land of the Cross,

Upon a soil that yields only flowers and glory;

Under a sky that sheds only magic and light.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

BULHAO PATO

III

BULHAO PATO

THE TWO MOTHERS

Two mothers met one day at the door of a church.

One entered, full of radiant joy,
And and triumphant, carrying in her arms
A little child for baptism.

The other, the unhappy one, leaving the threshold,
Carried a child, but this poor mother
Brought it, dead, for burial.

Two more steps and the two met—
One who bore in her happy arms
A child of her love;
The other, bathed in tears,
Followed her dead baby.

Their eyes met. And at that moment
Was the happy mother from whose eyes

AND MONOGRAPHS

Tears broke, while the stricken woman
Who had lost her child—
Oh, miracle of love, smiled, forgetting her
grief,
At the rosy baby.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

SAMUEL A. LILLO

VASCO NÚÑEZ DE BALBOA

A. LILLO, is a Chilean poet, whose
Canciones de Arauca and *Chile*
 are vivid pictures of nature and primi-
 in his country.

At night a herd of savage buffaloes
 they plunge into a quiet backwater
 there into ripples the sleeping
 their
 their great bodies,
 it out all the shining reflection
 great moon, trembling and luminous,
 as like a silver flower upon the
 water,
 the once peaceful pool turns ferocious
 and troubled, leaping and tossing;
 when the herd has passed on its way
 once the heavens gently send
 on's shimmering image,

Unstable as the faint hue announcing
A pallid dawn,
But at last it shines with the radiant clarity
Of a diamond glowing from its dark bed.

So in this world it may be, that ignorant or
perverse

Men may pass, troubling the even current
Reflecting the glory and fame of some hero
Of Mars or Minerva; and then, when no
longer

The sounds of the caravan are heard in the
distance,

Then in the calm waters of history,
Like the silver flower from the feet of the
herd

There rises, pellucid and bright,
The illustrious memory once lost
In the stir of the crowd.

Thus, across the long years,
In this fair land of Columbus
Now, free from mistakes and illusions,
Thou unfortunate Captain of Spain!
There glory shines, lighting thy valiant
face,

SAMUEL A. LILLO

Sent to thy grave by envy, because
gavest

Splendor and kingdoms to Spain,
And because, conqueror in terrible
flicts,

Thy sovereign courage drew from
depths

Of the mysteries of earth a great ocean
That doubled the size of the world.

His was a spirit audacious, adventurous
Given the wings of the condor, the eye
the kite,

A mixture of bully and knight

With a trace of the Spanish hidalgo

—*L. E. Elliot*

AND MONOGRAPHS

CARLOS PEZOA VÉLIZ

(1879-1903)

AGE

CARLOS PEZOA VÉLIZ was a native of Santiago de Chile. He devoted his short life to periodical literature. His works, collected after his death, were published by his friends under the title *Cárlos Pezoa Véliz, Poetas líricas* (Santiago, Valparaiso, 1912).

Few my years, when hopes were many,
Dreams were gay, and I sang any—
Now my hopes are few, and older
Griefs pile up, and sighs grow bolder.

I have seen but few hopes tarry
On the road where the far years carry;
Mine, it seems, by age were frightened,—
For Hopes are maids that scorn the white-
head!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

CARLOS PEZOA VÉL

THE HOSPITAL, ONE AFTERNOON

Athwart the fields the drops are falling
Softly, gently, on the plains;
And through the drops a grief is calling
It rains.

Alone amid my sick-ward spacious
Where I my bed of weakness keep
There's naught to fight my grief voracious
But sleep.

But mists are gathering around me
With choking hold upon my veins,
I wake from out the sleep that bound me
It rains.

Then, as if in my final anguish,
Before the landscape's mighty bring
Amid the mists that fall and languish
I think.

—*Thomas Watson*

AND MONOGRAPHS

VIRGILIO DÁVILA

(1880-)

HOLY WEEK

VIRGILIO DÁVILA is a native of Puerto Rico. He has gained great popular esteem by his book of sonnets dealing with the actual life of his people, entitled *Pueblito de antes—Versos criollos* (San Juan, 1917).

I

Here's Holy Week!—How very different
We spent it in our native town at home!
Where everybody still and pious went
And hushed as though beneath some
convent dome.

The merry tinkle of the belfries stilled,
The rattles had begun their hollow roll;
The entrance to the village church was
filled
With pious folk grown anxious for their
soul.

VIRGILIO DÁVILA

The women had put off their colorful
dress

And gaudy flowers and ribbons, to come
In mourning garb their Jesus' death
loss;

The men suspending labor now attend
Dressed in their best, awaiting to the end
"The Seven Last Words" and "Statue
of the Cross."

2

Then the procession—from the crowd
nave -

Moves solemnly, a mighty multitude
With sacred hymns and attitudes of
grave

As though with mystic powers it were
imbued.

Saint Antony's Sodality is there—

Old women who have made the church
their home;

Each "Child of Mary" and each un-
bare—

How many in God's honor thither come

AND MONOGRAPHS

The Cura forth 'mid chants and incense
files
Beneath the canopy borne down the aisles
By parish notables with airs that brag;
But haughtiest of all, the village-mayor,
In broidered coat pre-eminently there,
Goes first to bear the patriotic flag.

3

'Tis Holy Saturday; the sunbeams smile
As though some sweetheart saw her love
appear;
Crowds in the church are waiting hopeful
while
The Lord prepares to rise—for ten is
near!—
The linen sheet across the chantry parts—
“*Gloria in excelsis*”—scarce the priest has
prayed,
When the high belfry's jubilation starts,
The organ roars—the “Royal March”
is played.

At once the rattle of old musketry,
The sounds of children shouting in their glee

VIRGILIO DÁVILA

To chase old Judas down the crowd
way!—

Life seethes in alleys that before were bare
Anew the shopkeepers display their wares
And each heart patters—"Resurrected
Day!"

—*Thomas Walsh*

AND MONOGRAPHS

LUIS FELIPE CONTARDO

(1880-)

HOME OF PEACE AND PURITY

LUIS FELIPE CONTARDO is a native of Chile, and a priest whose education was completed in Rome. He is author of *Cantos del camino* (Santiago de Chile, 1918).

In the little room where the day was
dying, .

Children bend above their books, their
mother at her toil;
And on the little table within the lamplight
lying

There was set a spray of lilies snowy
from the soil.

Like a peaceful vase of purity, the dwell-
ing,—

“Here there is no touch of life upon its
troubled way!”—

LUIS F. CONTARDO

So the snowy lilies, fresh and pure and
telling,
This is what their subtle perfume to
young hearts would say.

—*Thomas Walsh*

THE CALLING

LORD, Thou dost know with what implacable
hand

Life cut its wound across my inmost
breast:

How I was lost amid the worldly band

How I have suffered where its blade was
pressed!

Lord, Thou dost know how from all healing
banned,

No cure I found in all the world possessed

How I in gloom would walk, and trembling
stand

Before Thy mystery with doubt confessed

Thy words came then unto mine ear—
sweet,—

Yea, sweeter far than mother's lullaby.

AND MONOGRAPHS

Unto the path, O Lord, Thou drew'st my
feet;

My wounded wing against Thy breast
did fly,

And there, as in predestined grief's retreat,
Within Thy heart, as in its nest did lie.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LUIS C. LÓPEZ

LUIS C. LÓPEZ

(1880-)

RIVER-FOLK

LUIS C. LÓPEZ was born at Cartagena, Colombia, where he has been intimately identified with the culture of his native land. His poems are very popular.

I

THE VILLAGE BARBER

The village barber, in his old straw hat
And dancing pumps and waistcoat
 piqué,
Plays sharp at cards, and on his knee-b
 squat
Hears mass, and rails at old Voltaire
 day.

AND MONOGRAPHS

An "old subscriber" to *El Liberal*

He works and sparkles like a merry
glass

Of muscatel, his razor's rise and fall

Timing his gossip of what comes to pass.

With mayor and veterinary, pious folk

Who say the rosary, he speaks no joke

Of miracles by Peter Claver wrought;

A tavern champion, and a cock-pit sage,

Amid the scissors' clip, his wars he'll
wage,

Sparkling like muscatel the light has
caught.

2

THE VILLAGE MAYOR

The village mayor, in a soiled panama

With a tricolor ribbon at its crown,

Stout as Hugh Capet, in his loose eclat,

Glitters with bull-dog face across the
town.

A doughty neighbor, ruddy as the tow,

His dagger's point his only signature,—

LUIS C. LÓPEZ

When at the night the garlic soup
flow,
He makes his girdle strap the less so

His wife, a nervous, pretty, little thing
Holds him as in an iron fastening,
Cheering herself the while with Paul
Kock;

Decked in glass-beads, her eyes
painted clear, -

The while her spouse through the h
town will steer

With stomach jewels and a face of r

--*Thomas Wal*

VERSES TO THE MOON

O Moon, who now look over the roof
Of the church, in the tropical calm
To be saluted by him who has been ou
night,

To be barked at by the dogs of the sub

O moon, who in your silence have lat
at

All things! In your sidereal silence

AND MONOGRAPHS

When, keeping carefully in the shadow, the
Municipal judge steals from some den—

But you offer, saturnine traveler,
With what eloquence in mute space
Consolation to him whose life is broken,

While there sing to you from a drunken
brawl

Long-haired, neurasthenic bards,
And lousy creatures who play dominos.

—*William G. Williams.*

EMILIO CARRÉRE

EMILIO CARRÉRE

(1881-)

THE MANTILLA

EMILIO CARRÉRE was born in Madrid, received his education at the University of Madrid, later publishing many books. Among them are *El caballero de la manta Romántica*, *El divino amor humano*, *Diario sentimental*.

Black

As though it were a very breath
blows

From Madrilenian shadows, in its
And nightly flutter, the mantilla shows

The street-girl duchesses of Goya's
In the light carts by Manzanares' tide

The black mantilla held its gallant re-
In Holy Week Sevilla caught its pride
Amid her patios and her orange train

AND MONOGRAPHS

To the blue-shadowed eyes of maids distressed

As their own heart-songs, its soft folds brought rest

In the infuriate passion of their love;
Under its midnight was a lurid glow
Upon the breast - a ruddy brooch to show
Like a red rose, a gloomy heart above.

White

Silken mantilla, in whose snowy woof
Lurk the dark lashes, with their Moorish spell,

Of eyes whose midnight gives a deeper proof
When the bull's bloodstains on the plaza tell.

Tangle of pearl and moonlight, blossoming
Of snow and swan and silver sails that shine,—

White flowers of Holy Thursday in a ring
About the Seven-Dolored Virgin's shrine!

Blossom of gallantry, snow-tipped mantilla,
With graceful ripples of the seguidilla,
Blason of Goya's festivals of old,

EMILIO CARRÉRE

g, clear and joyous as the vanished
strains

t shower from silver orange groves like
rains

pon our beauties with the flesh of gold!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNEZ

(1881-)

ONE NIGHT

JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNES was born at Moguer in Huelva, Spain. He has gained recognition through several collections of poetry revealing a very melancholy nature. He has recently admitted free-verse as a vehicle for his poetry. His publications include *Arias tristes* (1903), *Melancolía* (1912), *Diario de un poeta recién casado* (1917), and *Poesías escojidas* (Hispanic Society of America, 1917).

The ancient spiders with a flutter spread
Their misty marvels through the with-
ered flowers,
The windows, by the moonlight pierced,
would shed
Their trembling garlands pale across the
bowers.

JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNEZ

The balconies looked over to the South
The night was one immortal and serene
From fields afar the newborn springtime
mouth

Wafted a breath of sweetness o'er the
scene.

How silent! Grief had hushed its speech
moan

Among the shadowy roses of the swan
Love was a fable—shadows overthrown
Trooped back in myriads from oblivion
ward.

The garden's voice was all—empires
died—

The azure stars in languor having known
The sorrows all the centuries provide,
With silver crowned me there, remote
and lone.

—*Thomas Walcott*

GRIEF-WEARINESS

In the dark my grief increaseth;
A grimmer phantom grows my old
morse;

AND MONOGRAPHS

The shadowy finger never ceaseth
To trace its "Mene, Tekel's" bloody
course.

My bosom, shaken by its weeping,
Is as a mountain sad and drear,
Where clouds are black illusions heaping;
Where dream is chill, and glory, fear.

What hand is there to undo the portal—
To blunt each thorn-point on a rose;
With peace at twilight, and the mortal
Bosom melted to a star that glows!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

FROM *ETERNIDADES*

Let me draw rein,
Let me put a curb upon
The steed of dawn;
And let me enter—white—upon life.

Oh, how they stare at me,—
The mad
Flowers of all my dreamings,
Lifting their heads unto the moon!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TURNER FROM *PIEDRA Y CIELO*

eping and the starlight
 r met, and joining swift,
 as though one tear,
 as though one star.

rew blind,—and heaven
 lind of love—And all the world
 thing more than sorrow
 r, and glitter of a tear,
 —*Thomas Walsh.*

THE PARK

ient spiderwebs of all the halls
 at the twilight fires of amethyst,
 alcony 'mid rains and trees recalls
 led hues some story time has missed.

s as though a dance of long ago
 d waken in this twilight lone and
 air,
 il is wet, from the chill branch
 elow
 e sounds the muffled sob of love's
 lespair.

A hush—the scent of trampled roses—
night,
Wherein the golden lustres gleaming
throng;
Down the long avenue there fades from
sight
An old coach bearing off—alas!—what
song!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

•

VICTOR DOMINGO SILVA

VICTOR DOMINGO SILVA

(ca. 1883-)

BALLAD OF THE VIOLIN

VICTOR DOMINGO SILVA was born at Temuco, Chile. He has published *Hacia allá* (1904), *El derrotado* (1908), *Selva florida* (1911)

This youth, suffering, weak,
Plays the violin in the sun
For a drink of rum
And a handful of tobacco.

And listen! While he ripples
A Spanish roundelay
Or some Slavic song.
This youth, suffering, weak,

Goes out to seek the sun
To fill his shabby sack
To get a drink of rum
And a handful of tobacco.

AND MONOGRAPHS

Goes out to kill despair
When he plays the violin,
Comes out to seek the sun
As a snail creeps from its shell.

This weak and suffering boy
Died playing the violin.
What of it? He came to his end
With a drink of rum
And a handful of tobacco.

They found him in the sun
Clasping his violin.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

THE RETURN

I have come back to the old home—
therein
To weep my childhood gone, my father laid
in death;
Days, months and years have passed
upon their way,
And all the house in ruin lies, from roof
To cellar, oh, what bitter change o'er all,—
How everything I knew has met decay!

VICTOR DOMINGO SILVA

I come again in weeping for the hours
(Bright-shining mornings, evenings
with dreams

And slumberous afternoons!) I once
known,

Where "he who has returned to us
changed

With rounded shoulders and his hair
snow"—

Seems now so different from his y
days flown.

Awaiting ever, ever his return,

We are not quite surprised; we feel his

Upon our foreheads as in days of old.

My mother sighs; the grave domestics

With reverent mien, and the old
begins

His barking as if back the years
rolled.

How long the voyage, Saviour, oh
long! —

And in my years away, how many dro

How many mountain glooms and
of dread! —

AND MONOGRAPH

A silence falls; it seems each other reads
Sorrows in each, and weariness in some,
And worlds of dream and grief o'er every
head.

How long the voyage, Saviour, oh, how
long!—

Here by the frigid hearthstone of my home,
With all surrounding me, I bid them
tell,

If I look older?—They reply to me;

“Yes, father dear, we find you very
changed.”

And I:—“Poor children, you are changed
as well.”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

PÉREZ-PIERRET

ANTONIO PÉREZ-PIERRET

(1883-)

MY PEGASUS

ANTONIO PÉREZ-PIERRET was born in San Juan, Puerto Rico. He is equally well-known in the United States and the Antilles as a poet of distinction and charm.

My mount is Arab-English, firm and strong,

With slender, agile legs, and lengthened throat;

He nerves upon his flanks in network throng,

His beauty has a strange and curious note.

He blooded stock to which his sires belong
Shines on his forehead with its tangled coat;

He paws and curvets 'neath my bridle's thong,

AND MONOGRAPHS

And sniffs eternities in breaths that
gloat.

In pastures calm he grazes,—but on high
His crest of light goes singing toward the
sky,

His mouth athirst for azure depths afar,
As though to gulp the starry spaces down;
When sudden, with a brutal hand, I drown
His frenzy, and the reins a-trembling are.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

R. ARÉVALO MARTÍN

R. ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ

(1884-)

FROM *LAS IMPOSIBLES*

(To the Students of Honduras and Nicaragua)

R. ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ is a native of Honduras, whose work in metre and in shows extraordinary imaginative and atic qualities. His poems possess a beauty clarity and great depth.

I am the first love. I am the enchantment
I am the pain of that white form
the time you wrapped yourself in
cloak
and studied here or in Salamanca.

Woman is pain. But of all,
I am she who worst wounds and blinds
mains,

AND MONOGRAPHS

I am the first night of the nuptials
of the soul, to which none ever came.

I launch my glances like falcons
to all those virgin souls
that give easy prey to women.
I am she who smiles on the balconies
full of the moon, in the outskirts,
to the poets and the freshmen.

Sometimes I was the cousin, cousin mine,
white as the flower of the lemon tree
and when you brushed my hand
you gave me more than a body entire.

Perhaps I gave you my mouth. But be
sure
that if you kissed it, it was only once
astride the wall
and I so closely wrapped against the moon
that when I saw you go you went drunk,
forehead high, in your smile a prayer
and you kissed the air; and you went
blinded by me as by a light shining in all
things.

R. ARÉVALO MARTÍN

Students, you whom Honduras
or Nicaragua sends to Guatemala
and who mingle dreams and penury
and live three or four in a room;

Crimson immigration of youths
half bohemians and half singers
sonorous with the preludes of lutes,
luminous with the blood of stars,

Who all know the mad cup
and stand two months in your land's
debt;

I am that golden-haired school girl
who, with a kiss which she left on
mouth,

pinned a wing to your shoulders
and put the sun in your hearts.

—*William G. Williams*

THE CONTEMPORARY SANCHE PANZA

Today Sancho cloaks himself in various
disguises,

Sancho Panza criticises, Sancho Panza
writes verses.

AND MONOGRAPHS

His bearing is the dominie and his speech
dogmatic.

From two crutches hangs his great plethoric
paunch.

He has the puerilities of grammar
and loves the adolescences of rhetoric.

If modernist clothes dress the ideal,
in he thrusts his grammatical incisive.

He writes the classic sonnet; turns to the
estrambote
and laughs in his sleeve at Don Quixoté.

And the sad and curious thing is that the
insane Don Quixoté
opens a new trail into unknown lands
and when it is beaten by him, comfortably
passes the bell-shaped figure of his squire.

He has left his ass, he wears fine clothes
and shouts in a loud voice at inns and
upon highways:

"Praise with me all those who renew the
tongue;

I open new pathways for the young."

ould I tell by what strange accord-
 3
 madman always walk a hundred
 ones.

ood Sancho, I admire your rustic
 ence
 annot deny that you have in
 dance
 ' life which laughs at madness,
 h is of a hundred thousand San-
 the common sense.

, to its very full, your derision
 the adventures of knighthood,
 peace comes after the battle
 1 to the rebukes of your master
 are silent.
 all-men, life is forever lovely
 t slopes they know how to roll
 1 it.

ad squire of easy soul and broad

Don Quixote the Good, what
 d become of Sancho?

Your master misses a hundred times; but
once he hits
and that sole time is worth more than all
your dead life.

In opening to the mind a sealed path,
thus history combines the divine pair;
in front, the thin master dragging his
squire;
and behind, the fat servant, laughing, but
he comes.

—*William G. Williams.*

GABRIELA MISTRAL

GABRIELA MISTRAL

(ca. 1885-).

FROM THE "SONNETS OF DEATH"

GABRIELA MISTRAL, or Lucilla Godoy, native of Chile where she has given her life to the education of children and the creation of poetry to be sung by them. Her works are as yet uncollected.

The hands of evil have been on your life
Since when, at signal from the stars
 sowed

It 'mid the lilies Beauteous was it
Till hands of evil wrecked the fair at
Unto the Lord I said: "From mortal
Oh let them bear him,—spirit with
 guide ;

Save him, O Saviour, from the grim
 wraths,

And plunge him in the dream, Thy
 arms provide!"

AND MONOGRAPHS

Lament is vain—in vain I strive to follow;
Black is the tempest that drives on his
sail;

My breast for him, or mow away his
flower!—

Woe! Woe!—the seas his bark of roses
swallow—

Is pity in my heart of no avail?—

Thou that shalt judge me, Lord, speak
Thou this hour!

—*Roderick Gill.*

FERNANDO MARISTANY

FERNANDO MARISTANY

(1885-)

FERNANDO MARISTANY is a native of Barcelona where he still continues to reside. He republished his original poems under the title of *En el azul* (Barcelona, 1919). His contributions to international letters may be found in his volumes *Poesías excelsas de los grandes poetas, Las cien mejores poesías de la lengua francesa, Las cien mejores poesías de la lengua inglesa, Las cien mejores poesías de la lengua portuguesa.*

(Soul sings)

soul is distant, with a crystal note,
virginal waters in a hidden moat.

soul is hushed in haughty solitudes,
some old lordly manor in the woods.

AND MONOGRAPHS

My soul is frank and simple in its ways,
As the light rain that flecks the rose with
sprays.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE PENALTY

Fourteen years old—

And in the study-hall,
Broad and unfurnished, at the school I
stayed

Alone and friendless, though some other lads
Were with me.—It was six o'clock, but we
Were kept till eight.—

It was October's close,
And the first chill—and down the garden
walks

The tossing trees were shaking off their
robes;

Amid the rustle of dead leaves, a hush
More silent than a hush,—amid the sway
Of fluttered curtains, struck the deep-
voiced clock

The hour of six—

The class in violin—

ERNANDO MARISTANY

own the staircase broad, the broken
notes
tuning—then, O God, arose and lifted
me
heights undreamt of—trembling, ex-
quisite
etness and bitterness—a pure *noct-
turne*—
pin, my brother, oh, my brother, now
twenty years I bear within my heart
r melody divine!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

ERNESTO MONTENEGRO

(ca. 1885-)

TO MODERN POETS

ERNESTO MONTENEGRO is a native of Spain where he is well known as a poet and for the reviews. He has spent some time in the United States.

Truce to the hunt of gold,
O brothers strong and bold;
Life hath a beauty far
Beyond this traffic jar;
In vain trade's towers on high
Blacken against the sky—
The wind, a wild thing—blows—
And bluer, purer now the heaven sl

From factory, wharf and wall
Some pallid flower may crawl;
Take it and from your soul
Put off the childish rôle,

MONTENEGRO

And, though across a grill,
Let sun your ruins fill.
Fear not, your little song
Can stay machines not long
From their gigantic beat;
The meadow-lark with fleet
Sweep to heaven from the soil
A shaft of song is, for the son of toil.

Ye heralds of the suns,
And swallow-myrmidons,—
Lend courage to me now
This hour of solemn vow;—
That here amid our rude
Metropolis may brood
Forever fruit of song;
That artists, poets, long
Their refuge here may find,
Comfort and peace of mind;
That here all work, all thought,
All song, to harvest brought,
May see the grim tower to a block
wrought!

—*Roderick G.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

JOSÉ MANUEL POVEDA

(1885-)

THE MANUSCRIPT

JOSÉ MANUEL POVEDA is a native of Cuba where he has become an associate editor of *El Fígaro*. His *Versos precursores* (Manzanillo, 1917) have won him great admiration as a poet.

It rests within its crystal royally,
With ceremonious bareness set apart;
Subservient ribbons mark its sovereignty;
A seal is sign of its authentic heart.
No fingers dare to turn its pages o'er;
No modern reader comes to study there;
Its object now is to be read no more,—
Its mission sole is but to last fore'er.

In all the *coro* not a single thing
Displays such haughty air or blazoning
As does the boast of its antiquity;

JOSÉ MANUEL POVEDA

Antiquity that ne'er can be destroyed
Which, while it treasures ages, is eternal
To assert abroad its own supremacy.

—*Thomas Walsh*

SONG OF THE CREATIVE VOICE

I turn unto the demiurgic nights
Of cruel, male fecundity;
I turn amid creative, squandering waters
Exultant where the cities be.

The spreading cities feel my anxious passion
In penetration 'gainst their heart,
Forming the letters that at last shall fashion
The word of Song apart.

The city gloats upon its silence dire,—
And shall I then be silent,—no!—
For Destiny would of me song require,
Bidding the city hearken low!

For this I brave the brows of its disdain,
Persistent, in my sorrow strong,
Faithful unto mankind amid my pain,
Till mine shall be his song!

—*Thomas Walsh*

AND MONOGRAPHS

MONTOTO DE SEDAS

(1888-)

SPANISH EYES

SANTIAGO MONTOTO DE SEDAS was born at Seville, the son of Don Luis Montoto Rautenstrauch the poet. He is a graduate of the College of San Hermenegildo, and has become Archivist of Seville. His poetical works include *Última hora de Torcuato Tasso* (Seville, 1910), *Poesías* (Seville, 1911).

*"Trust not black eyes' smile or frown,
And be coy of eyes of blue;
Glances of the chestnut brown
Are the only good and true."*

Street Song.

Thinkst thou I can trust thy pleading
With such singing in the town,
When in thy clear eyes I'm reading
Trust not black eyes' smile or frown?

MONTOTO DE SEDAS

Nor in thine whose eyes are shining
Starry for a love-clasp due,
Other warning they are signing,—
And be coy of eyes of blue.

One alone my heart entrances,
One with pining bends me down,—
She who turns the mellow glances,
Glances of the chestnut brown.

Hers that hold no trace of scheming
Nor cajoling in their hue;
Eyes that meet me in my dreaming
Are the only good and true.

—Thomas Walsh

AND MONOGRAPHS

RENÉ LÓPEZ (*Cuban*)

THE SCULPTOR

Sculpture's great mother was the rock-
crowned crest:

The frozen granite was her prophet old;
In blazoned bronze her lyric praise was
told;

With molding clay was her fair body
dressed.

My chisel is of steel whose flash is manifest
As arrows flying past a sun of gold.

I am the God of Art: the athlete bold,
Proud chiseler of beauty pure and blessed.

Time crumbles not the shapings of my
hands.

Under the feet of my great Moses stands
Man, trembling as before a presence
mighty.

RENÉ LÓPEZ

'Tis I whose hammer-blows, mid hurtling
chips,
Out of the block made rise from heel
lips
The curves implacable of Aphrodite.
—*Joseph I. C. Clarke.*

MARTINA PIERRA DE POO (*Cuban*)

LOVE'S MIRROR

"Girl, gazing in the crystal pool,
What see you there to make you
merry?"

"I see within the waters cool
My image—very like me, very."

"You find it beautiful?"

"Indeed I do."

"And that is why you're glad?"

"Why, certainly."

"My beauty, 'tis,—face, form, and hue—
That holds Sebastian dead in love with
me."

AND MONOGRAPHS

"Girl, so fair and frank and pure,
Sebastian's dying now to net you:
God grant that he may not forget you
If dies your beauty as the lure." . . .

"Poor woman gazing in the crystal pool,
What's there so saddening to see?"

"I see mine image shining cool
In its transparency."

"And is it beautiful?

"No longer; no."

"And that is why it makes you sad?"

"Yes; even so.

Sebastian's love lifts up to fret me:

My beauty gone, he doth forget me."

"Poor woman! Tho' you weep and weep,
Tho' life may of your peace take toll:

Learn that the only love that's deep
Is that which rises from the soul."

—*Joseph I. C. Clarke.*

DMITRI IVANOVITCH

DMITRI IVANOVITCH

(1888-)

THE CHILD ASLEEP

DMITRI IVANOVITCH is the pen-name of José Betancourt, the son of Don Julio Betancourt, born at Cartagena, Colombia, and educated at the College of the Pious School at Seville, Spain. He is the author of many poems, and one of the editors of *La Prensa* New York

In the hushed dwelling, where the plaintive
ray

Of one poor candle's light on roof and
floor

Weaves in its flickerings fantastic store
Of shadowing, a little head doth lie

Upon its snowy pillow while the play
Of rhythmic breathing calmly stirring o'er

The couch mysterious and pure and meek
As with a wavelet -sets its depths a-way

AND MONOGRAPHS

There watching at her side, I gently f
Her light breath stir and move agains
own

That pauses with the awesome thou
that steal

Across me,—stricken to my very sc
With the vague dread of life that I
known;

I yearn to be her shield, her cloak
stole.

—*Thomas Wal.*

GUILLÉN ZELAYA

ALFONSO GUILLÉN ZELAYA

(1888-)

LORD, I ASK A GARDEN

ALFONSO GUILLÉN ZELAYA is a native of Juticalpa, Honduras, who was educated at the Escuela de Derecho. His principal technical works are contained in *El agua de la fuente* about to appear and *De la luz ignorada* (in preparation).

Lord, I ask a garden in a quiet spot
Where there may be a brook with a good
flow,
An humble little house covered with bell-
flowers
And a woman and a son who shall resemble
Thee.

I should wish to live many years, free from
hates,

AND MONOGRAPHS

And make my verses, as the rivers
That moisten the earth, fresh and pure.
Lord, give me a path with trees and
birds.

I wish that you would never take my
mother,
For I should wish to tend her as a child
And put her to sleep with kisses, when
somewhat old,
She may need the sun,

I wish to sleep well, to have a few books,
An affectionate dog that will spring upon
my knees,
A flock of goats, all things rustic,
And to live of the soil tilled by my own hand.

To go into the field and flourish with it;
To seat myself at evening under the rustic
eaves,
To drink in the fresh mountain perfumed
air
And speak to my little one of humble
things.

GUILLÉN ZELAYA

At night to relate to him some simple
Teach him to laugh with the laughter
water

And put him to sleep thinking that
may later on

Keep that freshness of the moist grass

And afterwards, the next day, rise
dawn,

Admiring life, bathe in the brook,

Milk my goats in the happiness of
garden

And add a strophe to the poem of
world.

—William G. Williams

AND MONOGRAPHS

JUAN GARNERO CÍVICO

(1889-)

THE VISION

JUAN GARNERO CÍVICO was born at Seville and graduated from the College of the Escolapios. His poetical work includes *Cantares* (Seville, 1916).

Between the cloister grates I have had
glimpse

Of her—her brows beneath the snowy
coif concealed;

Yet through the veils, her eyes of azure clear
Like ardent coals of fire were revealed.

Then came again the vision mystical
Of that strange day she took the cloistral
white;

And lone I peer athwart the snowy veils
Into the heavens of her blue eyes of
light.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

DANIEL DE LA VEGA

SOME YOUNGER POETS OF CHILE

I

DANIEL DE LA VEGA

(ca. 1890-)

THE DOOR

My door is always closed and always dark
My old door, crossed and recrossed with
bars,
Is harsh and hostile—nobody would believe
That safe behind it songs and bright
raptures glow.

Before it sleep, silent, three steps of brick
That lead from the earth into my solitude
The sun of my innocent days rose up there
And knocked at the door with heaven's
humbleness.

Up to my door, one misty and quiet day
Two little hands of a woman came to knock

AND MONOGRAPHS

And the leaves opened with the impetuous
haste
Of a bird opening its wings for sudden
flight.

Her little feet hurried and tripped up the
steps,
Traversed the threshold with light and
gentle tread,
And the two halves of the door shut
themselves, dumbly,
Seeming like eyes that do not wish to look.

Then perhaps there was heard a light
laugh of joy,
And the faint sound of a kiss—then the
silence of love,
But the old door, obstinate, selfish, con-
cealed
Even the most shadowy echo within its
heart.

Slowly I move through life. In the restless
Depths of each day, comes the future to
knock
And I say smiling: It is too soon!

JUAN JOSÉ VELGAS

Living and singing have still the
sweetness!

But some day Death will draw near to
door;

He will enter and silently give me his hand

While still the future calls with the call
brother,

Poets wail for you! This is the final

And I, as a poet will cry with my
breath:

"It is too soon! Death, you are still
soon!"

L. E. Ellis

II

JUAN JOSÉ VELGAS

THE AZURE SKY

What is the blue of the sky? It can
be Thy mantle,

For things corruptible are naught to
Almighty,

But when on its calm beauty we rest
tired eyes

AND MONOGRAPHS

There comes the blessed solace of quick
tears.

At close of day, painted with flaming
clouds,

The sky is a dread vision of the City of
the Lost,

And at dead of night it broods with
such veiled mystery

That we must fain prostrate ourselves
before it.

The calm blue of the morning is a sign
of Thy omnipotence!

For this hast Thou created its pure
beauty,

For this hast Thou permitted the arts
of man

To penetrate its depths—and for this, O
God!

I crave that some day in my sad and
restless life

Blue eyes may shine upon me with the
love of woman.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

MARIANO BRULL

MARIANO BRULL

(1891-)

INTERIOR

MARIANO BRULL was born at Camagüey, Cuba, and after a long sojourn in Andalusia returned to his native land where he graduated from the University of Havana in 1913. He became Secretary of the Cuban Legation at Washington in 1917. He has been a frequent contributor to *El Figaro* in Havana and has published a volume of poems, *La casa del silencio*, Madrid, 1916. A new volume is in preparation, entitled *En el país del vuelo*.

Here in her little room all still and lone

The things that made her life are greener
me.

It seems as though her body as it were
Had left a spirit footprint, mindfully.

AND MONOGRAPHS

'Twould seem as in the mirror-moon were
shown
The shadowy glimpse of what she used
to be;—
And sing more sad her bird its caged
lament,—
And through the room her absence whisper
free—

Her gilt-edged book of prayers is lying there
Upon the table; and it says: "The care
Is small of worldlings,—Upon God,
thine eye!"

I raise my glance, and in my grief I moan:—
Oh, had I but, that final hour, known
The anguished sweetness of her last
goodbye!

—*Roderick Gill.*

TO THE MOUNTAIN

Just as soon as Mass is over,
Put our pious airs away;
And with luncheon in our baskets,
To the mountain! To the mountain!
To the mountain, for the day!

MARIANO BRULL

Hark, the bells of glory ringing
From the belfries of the Spring!
Sun and sky!—oh, what a blessing
After gloomy days, they bring!

How the water o'er the mill-wheel
Rumbles furious and fast,
Bursting through a thousand echoes
Until—there—'tis gone at last!

For the woods our hearts are hungry,
Every bird hears us reply;
Incense seems to sweep our bosoms—
To the mountain! To the mountain
To the mountain, let us hie!

Every grotto holds a secret;
Every cleft its creed and rite;
On the slopes is scattered grandeur—
Hawthorn flowers and crags in sight!

On the peaks the wind is hymning,—
Heaven is nigh—the town, far down;
Ah, why should not human dwellings
All the free-world mountains crown?

AND MONOGRAPHS

At the nightfall with our baskets
Empty -to the town we haste;
All the mountain fills with shadows,—
Spirits of the dreaded waste!—

—*Roderick Gill.*

REQUENA LEGARRETA

EDRO REQUENA LEGARRETA

(1893-1918)

110YL

EDRO REQUENA LEGARRETA was born at Mexico City of a well-known family. He received his education at the Jesuit schools in Mexico City and Washington, D. C., graduating at the National University, Washington, in 1911. Later, political conditions in his native country forced him to take up his residence in New York, where he devoted much of his leisure to literature. He has translated some of Rabindranath Tagore's poems into Spanish. His poems are in preparation for publication.

Opal breasted morning of the spring
Shine o'er the meads her luminous urn
Can swing.

AND MONOGRAPHS

When from the nests the tremulous light
flute

Of songs comes thawing, and the echoes
mute

Awake and mingle with the distant brawl
Of lowing cattle and the shepherds' call:

'Twould seem that, falling from the morn-
ing's urn,
Each ray of light would into singing turn.—

Alone amid the pasture's splendid breast
There stands a tree, a shadowy poem blest.

Among its prescient leaves there lurks a
trace

Of old-world sadness and of pastoral grace;

And bending o'er the field, the green gar-
goyle

Of one long branch from out the trunk
would coil.

A-straddle on the branch a maiden rides.
As though a nymph some haughty centaur
guides;

REQUENA LOGARRE

Blonde is the maid, and naked, tall and
With glow transparent as the morning

A sudden breath along the meadow goes
Stirs with a kiss the branch ere it will
pass.

And she, whom hasty breaths of life
seize,
Grips the bough tighter with her snail
knees.

The while the icy jewels of the dew
Send a sharp chill her silken body thro'

Her locks float back in airy coronal
Above her shoulders, as the dawn rays
fall;

And green and rose the shifting bow
appear
Like some great butterfly her lips a-neath

She sways a moment, then, as some daisy
Young nymph that Jove enamored would
entwine,

AND MONOGRAPHS

Her scarlet kisses all the green bough
cover,—
And the tree trembles,—as it were her
lover—

—*Garret Strange.*

I WOULD ENFOLD YOUR DEATH
AND MINE

I would enfold your death and mine, as
close
As our two lives have been together
bound;
To your dire scar I would conjoin my
wound,
And bind with yours my fate of joys and
woes.
I would entwine our wills, until yours chose
To be my partisan forever found;
For I have gained your love, and sorrow-
crowned,
You have shown courage to a world of foes.
Like the simoon I gather up your dust
And heap on high a little pile of trust
And hope and pain on pain, to call it
ours;

EQUENA LEGARETTA

at the gates of an eternal rest,
all our dreams have known the self-
same bowers,
shall my soul and yours have but one
breast.

-Thomas Walsh.

AND MONOGRAPHS

LUIS G. ORTIZ

(1896-)

MY FOUNTAIN

HARD by the cottage, innocent and free,
Where swayed my cradle,—near that
hidden cot,

Its ripples overflowing from their grot,
Bursts forth my fountain, lost in greenery.
When the new moon was mirrored radiantly
On its clear wave in that sequestered spot,
How oft I cried, “Oh, happy is their lot
Who cross the vast expanses of the sea!”

It was God’s will that I the deck should tread
And find my wish to full fruition grown
Amid the billows of the tossing sea.
God in the deeps I saw, and bowed my head;
And now, upon the sea, I dream alone
My humble, sweet and murmurous fount,
of thee!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

MUÑOZ MARÍN

MUÑOZ MARÍN

(1898-)

SYMPHONY IN WHITE

MUÑOZ MARÍN, the son of Muñoz R. was born in San Juan, Puerto Rico, in . He was educated at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., and his published works are *Borriones* (San Juan, 1917), *Madre posa* (San Juan, 1917). His *La selección del siglo* is in preparation.

'Twas midnight when she died; her
lay

White as the wheaten wafer of the priest
What time the heavens were weeping
Let us pray,

O friend and servant, for her soul
leased!

Good Chaplain, seeing thus her body
And white as was the maiden soul

AND MONOGRAPHS

How shall they know in heaven, the angels
there,

If welcome to her soul or flesh they bid?

Her hair was as the gold on sunset heights;
Her body framed as vaguely as the dawn;
It seemed that God to form its pure delights
Merely a copy of her soul had drawn.

There in her casket-boards I saw her lie,
The purer even without Ophelia's love,
Stretched all agaze upon the star-lit sky
In the close shaft that shuts me from
above.

Now it is morning, Padre, and the sun
Is up—the sun that hid behind the
rain,—

The sun that yester's holocaust has done,—
The sun you know so well,—my sun
again—

I fall to meditation, how whene'er
Some bureaucrat or alms-dispensing dame
Passes away, the sun is always there
With share of gold the same!—

MUÑOZ MARÍN

If justice be in God, as light in stars,
Green in the fields, and in the hea
blue,—

Why for her death across the morning
Comes not a double dawn or sun in

The Padre bowed his forehead white
old

Into the breast of his soutane of bla
And on his eyelids a slow tear unrolled
And hung, reflecting the new sun
back.

-Thomas Wal

AND MONOGRAPHS

772	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

INDEX OF AUTHORS

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
Alcázar, Baltasar de	28
Aldana, Francisco de	28
Alonso X.	38
Álvarez Gato, Juan	8
Álvarez Quintero, Joaquín }	6
Álvarez Quintero, Serafín }	6
Andrade, Olegario Víctor	56
Anonymous:	
<i>Abenamar</i>	12
<i>Flight from Granada</i>	12
<i>Gentle River</i>	12
<i>Lord Arnaldos</i>	12
<i>Río Verde</i>	12
<i>Razón de Amor</i>	12
<i>Siege and Conquest of Granada</i>	12
<i>The Black Glove</i>	12
<i>The Candle</i>	62
<i>The Lay of the Cid</i>	26
<i>To Christ Crucified</i>	26
<i>Vientecito Murmurador</i>	12
<i>Villancico, Three Dark Maids</i>	52
Arévalo Martínez, R.	72
Argensola, Bartolomé Leonardo de	28
Argensola, Lupercio Leonardo de	26
Argote y Góngora, Luis de	26
Argüjio, Juan de	28

AND MONOGRAPHS

	PA
Arteaga, Fray Hortensio Felis Paravincino de	3
Bécquer, Gustavo Adolfo	4
Bello, Andrés	3
Berceo, Gonzalo de
Betancourt, José (<i>Dmitri Ivanovitch</i>)	7
Bilac, Olavo	5
Blanco-Fombona, Rufino	6
Blanco White, José María	3
Borja, Francisco de (<i>Prince of Esquilache</i>)	3
Boscán Almogaver, Juan	1
Bretón de los Herreros, Manuel	4
Brull, Mariano	7
Calderón de la Barca, Pedro	3
Camoëns, Luis Vaz de	1
Campoamor, Ramón de	4
Caro, José Eusebio	4
Caro, Rodrigo	2
Carpio, Sister Marcela de	3
Carrasquilla, Ricardo	4
Carrère, Emilio	7
Casal, Julián del	5
Castillejo, Cristóbal de	1
Castro, Rosalía de	5
Castro y Anaya, Pedro de	1
Cervantes Saavedra, Miguel de	2
Chocano, José Santos	6
Cívico, Juan Garnero	7
Contardo, Luis Felipe	7
Cota de Maguaque, Rodrigo	1

EX OF AUTHORS

775

	PAGE
Virgilio	704
Balbino	635
Abén	595
En, Salvador	535
an de la	119
Zúñiga, Alonso de	221
uan (<i>Comendador</i>)	116
icente	258
la, José de	421
e, Prince of (<i>Francisco de Borja</i>)	318
de Moratín, Leandro	374
bio	591
Francisco de	235
lio	687
Galán, José María	623
Jaén (<i>Gasparillo</i>)	352
Avellaneda, Gertrúdis	434
strepo, Antonio	619
Luis de Argote y	267
Martínez, Enrique	640
Morales, Baltasar	341
Francisca (<i>Sister</i>)	363
laya, Alfonso	751
Nájera, Manuel	551
isch, Juan Eugenio	417
José María	405
z Míyares, Enrique	538
Fernando de	226

D MONOGRAPHS

IV

	PAGE
Herrera Reissig, Julio	683
Hita, Archpriest of (<i>Juan Ruíz</i>)	42
Iglesias de la Casa, José	368
Imperial, Micer Francisco	601
Iriarte, Tomás de	370
Ivanovitch, Dmitri (<i>José Betancourt</i>)	749
Jiménes, Juan Ramón	718
John of the Cross (<i>Saint</i>)	244
Jordi de San Jordi, Mossén	38
Juan II of Castile	70
Juana Inés of the Cross (<i>Sister</i>)	357
León, Fray Luis de	188
Lillo, Samuel A.	699
López, Luis C.	711
López, René	746
López de Ayala, Pero	50
López de Mendoza, (<i>Marquis of Santillana</i>)	54
Lugones, Leopoldo	664
Luna, Alvaro de	52
Machado, Antonio	663
Machado, Manuel	659
Magallanes Moure, Manuel	689
Manrique, Gómez	76
Manrique, Jorge	82
Marcela de Carpio (<i>Sister</i>)	349
Maristany, Fernando	737
Martín de la Plaza, Luis	295

DEX OF AUTHORS

71

	PAGE
ez de la Rosa, Francisco	395
o, Francisco de	255
ez Valdéz, Juan	372
Francisco Manuel	347
Juan de	72
e, Rafael María de	457
lez y Pelayo, Enrique	562
lez y Pelayo, Marcelino	547
, Gabriela	735
legro, Ernesto	740
o de Sedas, Santiago	744
o y Rautenstrauch, Luis	524
Marín, Luis	769
Rivera, Luis	589
Manuel Gutiérrez	551
Amado	626
de Arce, Gaspar	484
Francisco de	328
uis G. . . .	768
Manuel José	549
, Rodríguez del	106
, Joaquín A	516
, Manuel de	467
Ricardo	469
ino de Arteaga, Hortensio Felis (ray). . . .	306
Felipe	415
ulhas	697
Ramón Domingo	570
Pierret, Antonio	727

ND MONOGRAPHS

I

	PAGE
Pezoa Véliz, Carlos	702
Piferrer y Fábregas, Pablo	454
Pierra de Poo, Martina	747
Pimentel Coronel, Ramón	648
Plácido (<i>Gabriel de la Concepción Valdéz</i>)	431
Pombo, Rafael	471
Poveda, José Manuel	742
Quevedo y Villegas, Francisco de	311
Quintana, Manuel José	379
Requena Legarreta, Pedro	763
Rivas, Duke of, (<i>Ángel de Saavedra</i>)	397
Rodríguez de Tío, Lola	559
Rodríguez la Orden, J. (<i>Carrasquilla</i>)	540
Rosas Moreno, José	513
Ruiz, Juan (<i>Archpriest of Hita</i>)	42
Saa de Miranda, Francisco de	124
Saavedra, Ángel de (<i>Duke of Rivas</i>)	397
Saldaña, Diego de	123
Sánchez Talavera, Ferrant	63
Santillana, Marquis of (<i>López de Mendoza</i>)	54
Segura, Juan Lorenzo	40
Selgas y Carrasco, José	463
Sellén, Antonio	519
Silva, José Asunción	581
Silva, Victor Domingo	723
Silvestre, Gregorio de	174
Tablada, José Juan	644
Tallante, Mossén Juan	118
Tassís, Juan de (<i>Count of Villamediana</i>)	320

DEX OF AUTHORS

77

	PAGE
Diego Vicente	521
e Ávila (<i>Saint</i>)	166
s, Francisco de	326
lachiller Francisco de la	232
Antonio de	461
io, Miguel de	578
Luis G. . . .	614
Gabriel de la Concepción (<i>Plá-</i>	
. . . .	431
lso, José de	265
, Guillermo	652
ela, Jesús E. . . .	541
Faqundes	695
amoëns, Luis	177
de Leca, Mateo	253
aniel de la	755
arcilasso de la	152
rpio, Lope Felix de	278
Juan José	757
de Saavedra, Pedro	291
Gil	163
sa, Francisco	692
Esteban Manuel de	322
liana, Count of (<i>Juan de Tassís</i>)	320
do Ceo (<i>Sister</i>)	343
osé María Blanco	387
José	439

ID MONOGRAPHS

IV

2042 7







3 204

THE BORROWER WILL BE
AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS B
RETURNED TO THE LIBRA
BEFORE THE LAST DATE
BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF
NOTICES DOES NOT EX
BORROWER FROM OVERD

EXPIRES

OCT 16 1994

169

MAY

OCT

CAN

DEC 10 1994

UNRECEIVED

